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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

"Why Smith Gets My Vote," by Ida

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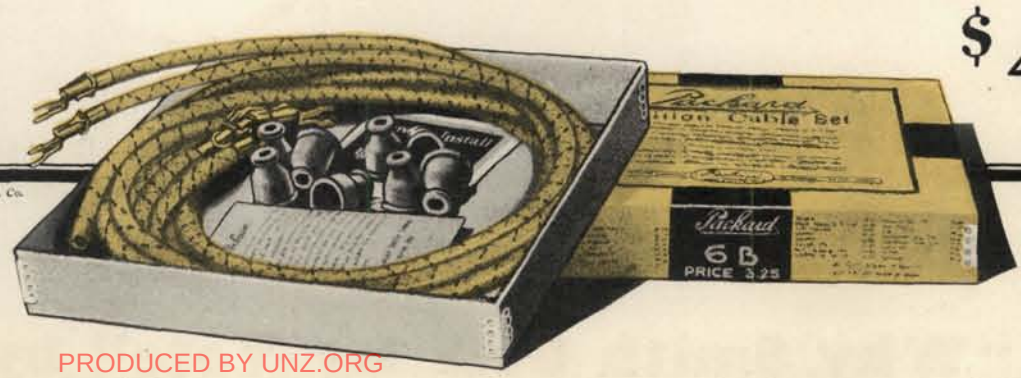

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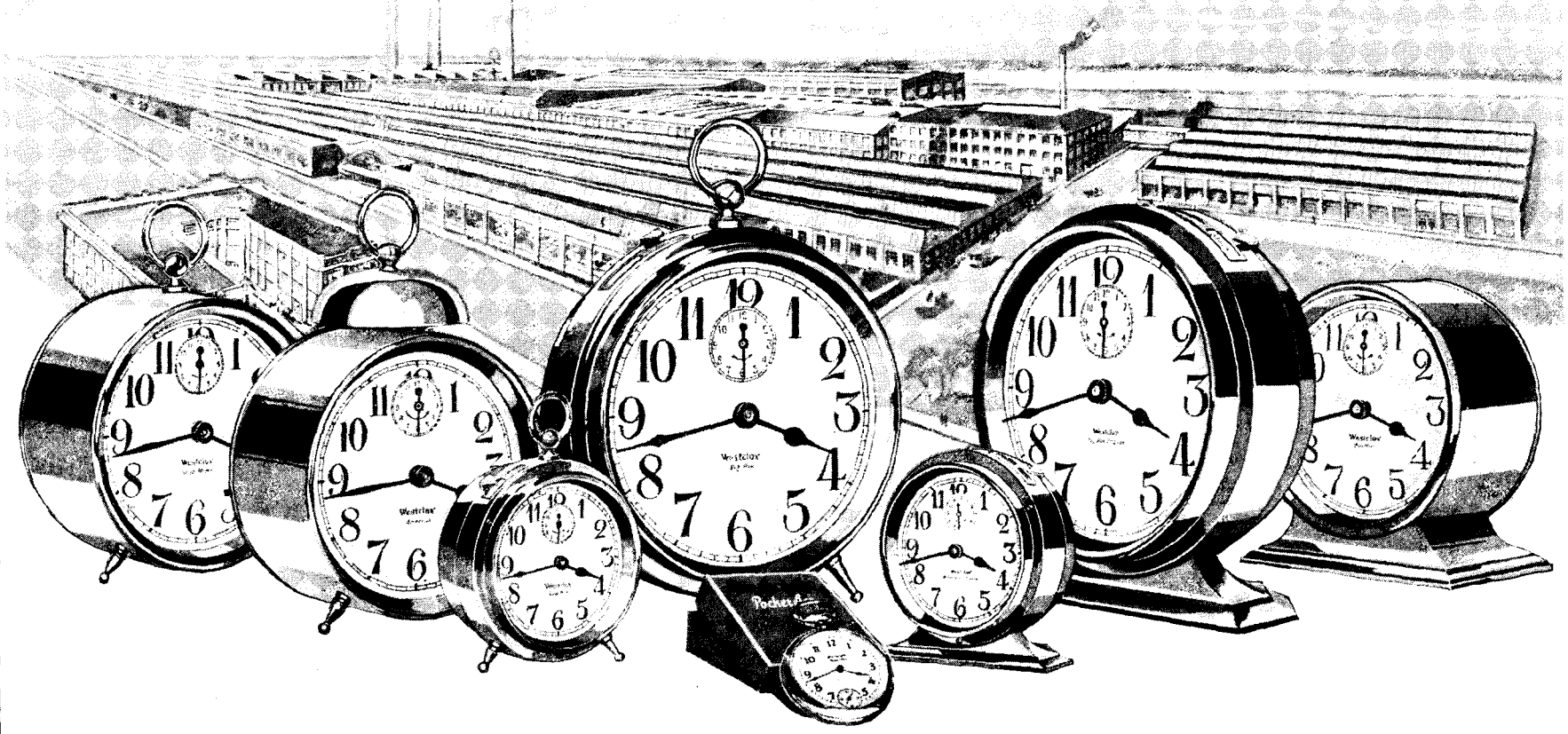
Westclox



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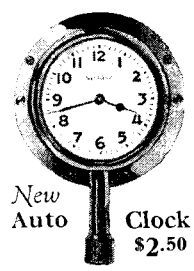

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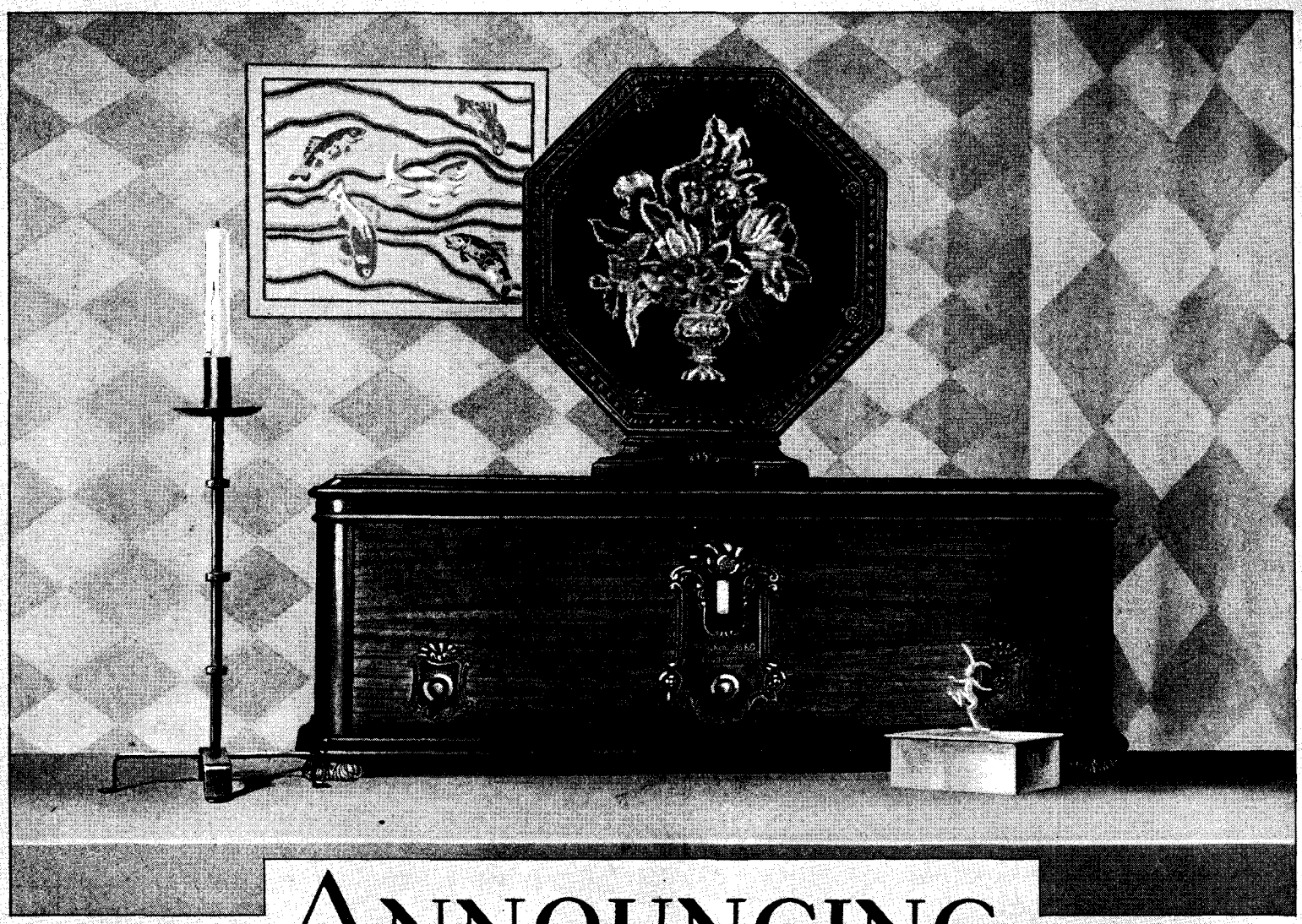

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Phyllis the Unwanted

By TERESA HYDE PHILLIPS

Coles Phillips, the celebrated artist, was eager to illustrate "Phyllis the Unwanted" because his wife wrote it. He finished one drawing before his tragically untimely death and it appears on this page. Mr. R. V. Culter was asked to continue the work

THE night of the Junior League Follies Mr. Lanier came home and told his wife that he was financially sunk. Phyllis ran into the living-room to say good-by—hurrying because she was to go on in the first act—and found desolation. Her father looked at her as if he did not see her, and her mother seemed to have been crying, but one could not be sure because she was now sitting up very straight and powdering her nose.

"What is it?" asked Phyllis and, having heard, threw warm, comforting arms around her father. "Silly!" she cried. "Your side of it is terrible, but if you are worrying about us, stop it! You will have it back in no time, and if you don't, Mother and I shall love being poor." For how unspeakably better to have it simply the evaporation of money than one of the dreadful things she had fancied in the first instant—such as a doctor's having pronounced her father's death warrant or his being accused, unjustly of course, of some loathsome fraud at the bank.

It was at the dance following the performance that the other thing happened. She saw Scott Thornley's face as he took her evening wrap from Estelle Lord and knew the truth at once: Scott was in love with Estelle. With Estelle and her intimate little way of greeting every man as if between them was something secret and poignant and with the look on her face of demanding, "Am I not entrancing?"

PHYLLIS turned her flinching eyes away and pretended to listen to the man beside her, but how was she to hear him when there was a savage phrase pounding in her head as though devils inside her ears were singing it? "Troubles never come singly," they screeched; "troubles never come singly," over and over: foolishly and perversely lumping into one bland, silly aphorism mere financial disaster and this—this horror; this having, irretrievably, insupportably lost Scott.

The dumb misery that followed was first cousin to the most crucifying pain. And it was during this phase that the professional who had directed the Follies told her, to her intense surprise, that he considered her an absolute find; that her dancing would make a place for her on the stage any day. Had she ever tried posing for artists? For he took it for granted that she was subject to the prevalent débutante craze for a career.

"Posing!" In happier days Phyllis would have hooted. "Why not? I'm so beautiful!"

"You'll get by." It was not insult, but, then, it was hardly praise.

"I thought models had to be beauties?"

"You've been reading Fannie Hurst." He handed her his card, writing her name on it. "Take this to Neil Farragut and watch him fall on your neck."

The man was mad, that was clear! She never saw him again, and he never knew that he had then and there settled her future for her. For it was only the next day that Phyllis, taking him at his word, entered the Beaux Arts Studios, a block from Fifth Avenue, and sent his card to Neil Farragut.

This young man, who for the last five years had been drawing beautiful girls for magazines, was by now, naturally, a woman hater. Day in and day out from nine till four he sat and looked pretty girls in the face. His friends, who set great store by him, said that, if he ever did marry, the lucky girl would be a college professor with buck teeth.

But when it came to matrimony, Mr. Farragut was not taking any. To the bitter annoyance of mothers of marriageable daughters, he expressed his conviction that every artist should be consecrate to that exacting goddess, Art; the painter, he held, was the high priest of Beauty and as such inevitably celibate. So he built his lovely home in Westchester and lived there with his terraces and his fountains and his men friends and his dogs and painted unceasingly in his studio in town while women frothed at the mouth to see a young, attractive, successful, clever man get along so beautifully without them.

Here was Phyllis, silent, sad, in love with another

They claimed that he was absolutely without sentiment. As a matter of fact, his cynicism with regard to the modern girl was not bred by lack of sentiment but because he had too much of it. He had extraordinary standards for women, for he had had an extraordinary mother. She had died some years before and no woman he had ever met could equal her; women nowadays had not her granite strength of character nor her endearing weaknesses. For instance, her fear of bugs, a foolishness that he had loved in his contradictory mother.

Women now had no strength and no dear weaknesses. They were not made of steel, but of not too pure ice. He had started out thinking them all wonderful; he was disillusioned because he had been deluded in the first place. And it was not his idea to let himself drift in a world where he could perceive no ideals to cling to. So he went into the temple of art and closed the door behind him.

It was to this philosopher, then, that Phyllis applied for work, and nothing,

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as it turned out, could have proved more satisfactory for either. Here was he, a man of iron, and there was she, silent, sad, in love with another, possessing quantities of smart clothes and a fond ambition to show her father that she could take care of herself—not too beautiful, but with the born dancer's sublime ability to turn raiment from being merely covering for nakedness into the lovely estate of art.

From the first minute he knew that she was his predestined model. The desk had telephoned that Miss Lanier was calling, and he had left the door open, sat down and straightway forgotten her. Phyllis, no one in sight, walked in. She crossed a tremendous room that seemed to be all light and distances until she came to the end, where space and sky and the tops of the Bryant Park trees were framed into the interior by an enormous expanse of leaded glass. And there she discovered a dark, apparently not very tall, engaging but abstracted young man in tweeds.

THIS lean, bronzed person looked as though he had a bag of golf clubs under his arm and a pair of hunting dogs at his feet, though this, of course, was not so, but was merely part of his open-air, outdoor appearance. For a moment she thought he could not be the illustrator she had come to see, but decided finally that it must be and looked at him with interest.

But this was more than Mr. Farragut did at her. He had forgotten that a model was approaching, did not hear her come in, and was gazing into space thinking about his next picture.

"Mr. Farragut?" asked Phyllis tentatively and at the call the remote young man returned to earth. The light fell upon his well-modeled face, and Phyllis expected to see it assume a conventional welcome, but nothing like this happened. His distance-focused eyes remained blurred and in this condition fell upon her. He thought at first he was dreaming. There stood a woman who, his competent gaze informed him, was a dancer. Only a dancer holds herself as if standing were a positive thing, the process by which one manifests and displays the God-given body rather than a mere negative refraining from falling to the ground. This ability to stand is for a model the first and greatest commandment, and Mr. Farragut's heart took a leap. Then he saw the eyes that were generally supposed to be Phyllis' sole claim to beauty. And he thought, for he was still confused, that the lashes must have been raised in a hothouse by an expert.

All this passed in a moment, and he jumped from his chair with the wild cry of delight given off by artists under such circumstances.

"Am I crazy," he demanded, "or how did I miss you when you came in?"

Phyllis did not know the answer, so she kept still.

"Well," said Mr. Farragut, "I don't know where you've been all these years."

Phyllis tried to think. . . .

"Never mind," he said. "You're here now."

"Then you think you can use me?" asked Phyllis intelligently.

And if anything could have healed her broken heart, it would have been the earnest enthusiasm and prepossessing countenance of Mr. Farragut as he assured her that he most indubitably could.

So began Phyllis' career as a working girl.

Of course her parents objected.

"Never," protested her mother—"never shall I allow you to become a model! Shocking!"

Phyllis reproved her gently. It was almost impossible to teach one's parents that nothing one did was shocking. As for no nice girl's doing such a thing, had they not learned that there were no such things as nice girls any more? Mrs. Lanier, having gone through all the motions of protest, presently gave up. "Has Mr. Farragut spoken of your hands?" she asked. "You inherited them from my side." And when Phyllis said yes, he had, Mrs. Lanier felt sure that the child was safe, working for a man of that much sense.

This conversation took place on the train, for they were suburbanites. Phyllis looked down the track, so gray, so straight, so undecorated, and it seemed to her that that was how her life was to be from now on. Just a graveled, empty stretch leading to places that no one cared about going to anyhow.

She could not help feeling sorry for herself, but at least she had work to do.

"You suggest all lovely things," said Farragut slowly

This work was harder, too, than anything she had ever imagined. It was appalling how she ached at nights, nevertheless she liked posing and kept on liking it better. As the delicate drawing grew under Mr. Farragut's swift fingers she felt that she was taking part in its creation. She did not grow to like him better, for from the first she had liked him tremendously, as indeed, did everyone. They understood each other perfectly.

Silently, on a fixed schedule, they labored—thirty minutes' pose, ten minutes' rest, an hour off to rest, back at work until four—and out of all this furious creation on his part and of patient suffering on hers the thing of wonder was born.

Against a screen stood an Oriental princess. Across her bosom, in a gesture of exquisite repose, lay hands that told of generations of queens. And straight out of the picture, looking back across the centuries, were the eyes for which Antony laughingly and gladly gave up the mastery of a world.

Phyllis, seeing it finished, could not take her eyes from it. How beautiful, how captivating! And the really strange and incomprehensible thing was that it really did look like her, Phyllis!

"But who would have dreamed," she breathed, "that you could do anything like that from me!"

"That's my job." And he looked at the drawing with the disappointment the creative artist always feels before his finished thing.

"But from me!" she knitted her brows and tried to comprehend it.

He was silent and regarded her with the intent look with which artists do homage to beauty.

"No," he said calmly, "you are not beautiful."

"I have never said I was!" flared Phyllis indignantly. Did the man think she was a fool?

"No," said Mr. Farragut slowly. "Certainly not beautiful. But something greater than that, for you suggest all lovely things. The very sight of your face," he went on, smoking hard in the effort to make clear to himself and her the thought that was in his mind, "conjures up the idea of beauty."

"Oh!" said Phyllis, and looked at him with shining eyes. She thought that was the loveliest thing any man had ever said to any woman.

"OF COURSE," he went on honestly, interested by his own train of thought, "in order to feel that beauty you've got to have, so to speak, a nose for beauty: a sort of imaginative eye—if you'll let me mix my figures. For after all," he concluded, "beauty is not regularity of feature but the ability of those features to initiate the beholder into a mood."

"Now," said Phyllis, "you've spoiled it." And it had been such a lovely compliment! But she was still thinking about it. "Well," she said at last, "it may conjure it up to you, but it doesn't seem so to anyone else." She sighed.

"Not to the tired business man probably," agreed the painter. "But then, no business man ever sees anything until an artist of some sort has opened his eyes."

The subject was closed for him, it was clear. And leaving, they emerged on Fortieth Street and ran into, of all people, Scott and Estelle. Phyllis' heart stopped for a second, as it always did whenever she came upon Scott unexpectedly, and then there were introductions and suppressed excitement on the part of Estelle and an evident purpose on the part of Mr. Farragut to escape. He had spent a large part of his life avoiding this sort of casual and unprofitable contact and was letter perfect. Before anyone could protest he had smiled engagingly upon them all and was halfway up the street.

"So that's Neil Farragut!" cried Estelle and gazed after him speculatively. "Why, he's fascinating! The stunningest thing I have ever laid eyes on!" And somehow she seemed to be promising herself further acquaintance.

"How nice to see you!" she said then to Phyllis as if it weren't nice at all and felt a kind of glow. Exhibiting her power over Scott before Phyllis always affected her pleasurably. She brushed an imaginary fleck of dust from his sleeve with a proprietary air. As if, thought Phyllis scornfully, she was in training to be a valet!

ENTERTAINING toward Phyllis the contempt that blondes universally feel for brunettes, Estelle usually ignored her. Phyllis was small and dark; Estelle tall and glorious and fair—and cruel. One could not put one's finger on that cruelty exactly, but it was there. As now she let an awkward space of silence fall and then said condescendingly, "Would you care to lunch with us?" as if offering the crumbs from their table. Hateful, hateful person! Something young and weak in Phyllis cried out, "Oh, you have Scott, do be kind!" and something brave and independent shouted, "Really, you *are* a frightful simp!"

Scott, from his royal six feet two of blondness, smiled tolerantly on the top of her hat. "Don't imagine I can give you much time," he seemed to say; "remember, you are only one of many." Hating this expression, humiliated by it, Phyllis could summon up nothing but a stunned tribute. Was this, she wondered passionately, to go on all the rest of her life? She had started to love him when she was ten and, having started, it appeared that she could not stop. It was as if she had been inoculated with a virus that made her forever his, while he, adored by all, went his way practically unconscious of her existence.

"Didn't know you were acquainted with Farragut," he said, surprised. And Phyllis, coming out of her reverie, looked up into his spoiled, handsome face and read it like headlines. It was his notion of the sophisticated way of treating life to be a Farragut fan, and he was much pleased with her for knowing the illustrator.

"I haven't known him long," said Phyllis, resting her tired eyes on his arrogant face. "I am posing for him," she added by way of explanation, and thought he looked like one of those gilded statues standing there full in the sun.

"Posing for him!" said Estelle and Scott together, astonished, and they stood quite still, like a royal couple, staring down at her. Their minds were finding it hard to function, for their mental conventions were flouted by this news which came upon them like a minor physical injury.

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Estelle at last, and her eyes blazed and then narrowed and fell upon Phyllis with the cold enmity with which a queen might look upon an intrusive scullery maid.

(*Continued on page 46*)

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The Bamberg Saga

By HOWARD McLELLAN

Counselor Krumnitzer's Pickpocket Trust gets into deeper water than he wanted

Illustrated by JOHN H. CROSMAN

Into this box she had seen Hymie drop handfuls of glittering things

NOW and then Fortune squanders a smile on her shady customers. She lavished one on Counselor Krumnitzer's Pickpocket Trust. Under his shrewd guidance talented dip mobs got the jack. Seeking to honor him for this signal service, and in so doing put a friend of their own in court, Simmie the Shoemaker, generalissimo of the leather lifters, proposed that the boys back Counselor Krumnitzer's candidacy for the police court bench. They did. To understand what happened to that candidacy, and why it happened, one must part certain branches of the Bamberg family tree and peer into the hefty part where the younger branches join the trunk.

Spring, the impartial, came suddenly into Hester Street. Children were playing in the street below the windows of the Bamberg flat, first floor front. Mom Bamberg could hear their voices piercing the warm air in a jumbled medley of shouts and cackles. They were coatless and hatless and, as they darted past in their blouses of many shades, Mom Bamberg's eyes caught the movement of color—but very, very dimly, for her eyes were red and swollen from a night of incessant crying. Yet she knew that spring was on the job.

She was standing in the window shielded by a benevolent lace curtain from the eyes of the children and passers-by. A boy with an armful of newspapers stood on the sidewalk directly beneath her, looking with yearning at the playing children. In one hand he held a single newspaper loosely, front page right side up so that Mom Bamberg's eyes caught a flaming scarehead:

SUBWAY BANDIT DIES IN CHAIR!
"*Another Innocent Man Slaughtered*"
Bamberg's Lawyer Protests

The newspaper headlines rekindled her anguish. Her withering body swayed; her throat throbbed from the pain of all-night sobbing. Into her mind flashed the tragic panorama of the lives of Hymie, twenty-six; Bennie, two years younger, and Solly, the last. Bennie and Solly were a little better off than Hymie, but not much.

She thought of other early spring days like this one, when her boys, in knee pants, pranced on the sidewalk and in the street where these happy children now were playing. She pictured murky Sundays of earlier summers when, with an arm basket loaded with fat pastrami and salami sandwiches, dill pickles and apple strudel, she had toted her offspring down to the old Brighton Beach L, which rattled them off to the beach at Coney Island.

Quickly Mom's mind passed from this scene to the first shadow that cast its darkness across Hymie's childhood. Hymie was sixteen. Breathless, his face red from hard running, he rushed into the dining-room and on the table dumped a pocketful of nuts and candy.

Mom Bamberg was in the morris chair, dozing. She looked up, saw Hymie, then dropped her head back on the cushion and closed her eyes. Three unfriendly raps on the door awakened her with a start. She looked toward the door and saw old man Finlan enter, uninvited. He too was puffing and in a rage.

"Your boy is a crook," he bellowed at Mom Bamberg. She arose only half awake. She did not comprehend the full meaning of Finlan's visit until he scooped up the nuts and candy and, fastening a hand on Hymie's shoulder, shook him violently.

"You kid guerrilla," old man Finlan raged.

HYMIE wriggled himself from the shopkeeper's grasp and ran to his mother. She ordered old man Finlan out of the house. Sophie entered as Finlan was leaving. She had heard her mother's angry voice.

"For this you should whip Hymie, Mamma," the girl said.

But Mom Bamberg spouted a threat at Hymie and let it go at that.

The panorama moved forward two years. Hymie was eighteen. Mom Bamberg remembered Hymie bursting into the dining-room. She was abed, but half awake, awaiting his return. There was the clatter of heavy objects on the table. She sat up and, peering into the room, saw an assortment of tools, new wrenches, chisels and brass hardware on the table, and, alongside, a new automatic pistol. Sight of the gun brought her out of bed with a jump. She made a bee line for the table and reached for the gun. Hymie's quick hand grabbed the weapon and slid it into his lap.

"Mein Gott, Hymie, you are carrying a shooter!" she exclaimed. "Give it to me. . . . Give it to me," she insisted, and Hymie moved the gun from his lap into his coat pocket.

"I took the gun off a little kid," Hymie explained, lying. "I grabbed this stuff off the same kid," he went on, indicating the pile of tools. "I'm waitin' for the guy who owns this stuff to come and get it." This too was a lie. Mom Bamberg went back to bed, and presently a fat old man knocked gently at the door. Hymie let him in. He was "Scratch" Moran, who kept a secondhand tool store two blocks down Hester Street. Scratch put the tools into a gunnysack, laid a dollar bill in the boy's hand and departed.

In the morning two plain-clothes men came for Hymie and marched him off to Essex Market (*Continued on page 54*)

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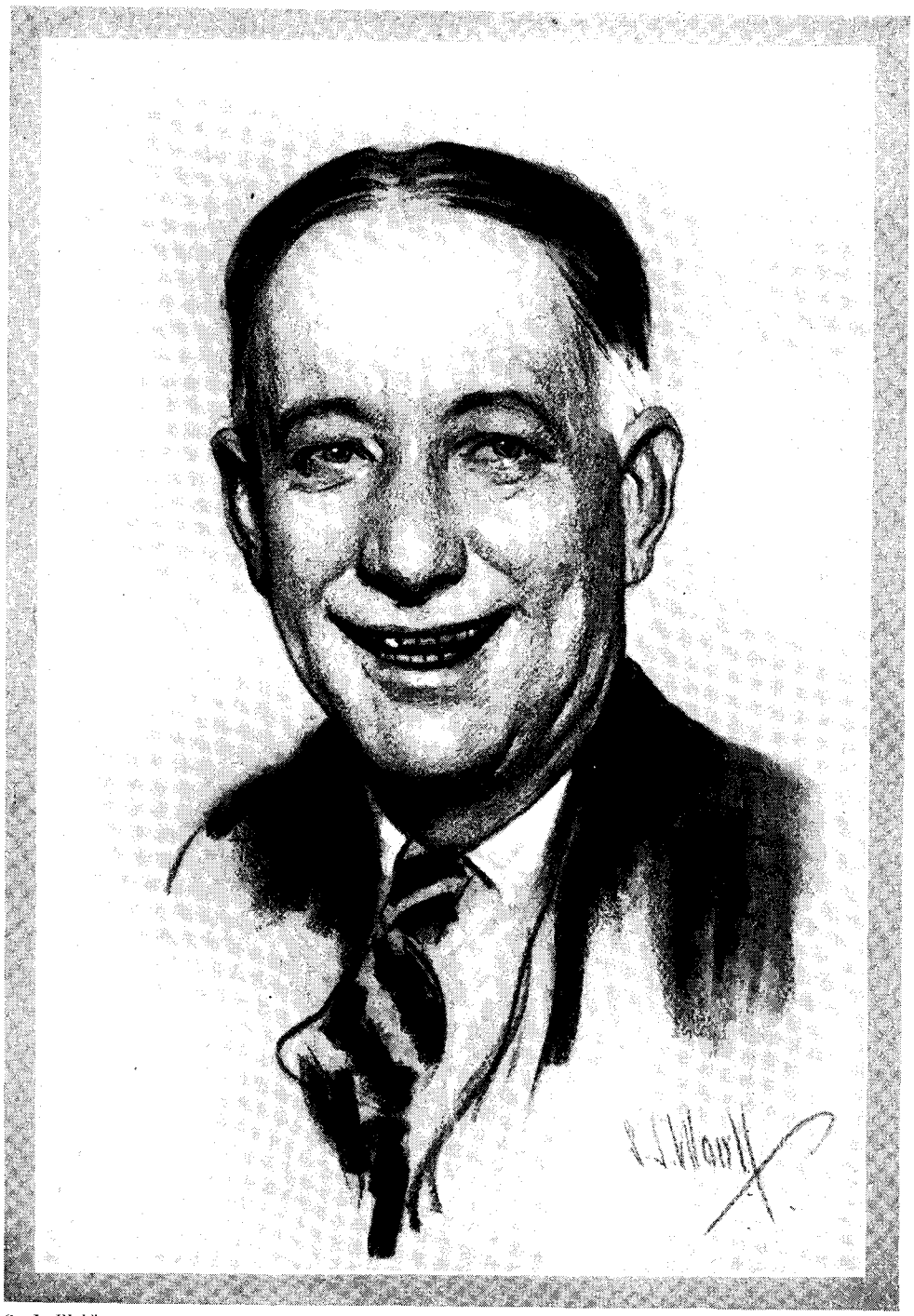
Why Smith gets my Vote

By IDA M. TARBELL

Born into a family of Lincoln Republicans, Miss Tarbell's political conscience first asserted itself in 1880, and she joined the Mugwumps. Grover Cleveland made her a Democrat, but William Jennings Bryan drove her from the party. She came back when Woodrow Wilson was first nominated and since that time has been able to remain.

Miss Tarbell has never sought or desired office. President Wilson invited her to take a place as a member of his first Tariff Commission, but she declined. In 1917 she was named by the President as one of the ten women making up the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense, and served through the war.

In 1919 she served on President Wilson's first industrial conference and in 1921 on President Harding's unemployment conference. She has never taken an active part in political campaigns.



S. J. Woolf

"WOULD you tell me, please," said Alice to the Cheshire Cat, "which way I ought to walk from here?"

"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the cat.

"I don't much care where," said Alice, "so long as I get *somewhere*."

There are a good many people in this country at the present moment who feel about the coming Presidential election as Alice in Wonderland felt about the direction she took.

They say that one political party is like the other, so they see nothing for it but to vote for the man Herbert Hoover or the man Alfred Smith, as the one or the other takes their fancy; that is, to decide as Alice did when the Cheshire Cat informed her that one of the two roads before which she hesitated led to the Hatter and the other to the March Hare. "I have seen a Hatter," said Alice —"the March Hare will be much the more interesting."

To Alice, yes. But how about you?

The one man's preëminence is that of the master of business in its relations with government; the preeminence of the other is that of the master of the applied science of government.

The one has lived the world over, is trained in the exercise of authority; has sat at the table with rulers, and has brought these rulers to his own terms for saving their peoples from famine and pestilence and flood, as well as for keeping us in oil and rubber.

The other has rarely, if ever, crossed the boundaries of the United States, is trained in the exercise of human relations, has reorganized, revitalized, humanized and beautified the greatest state in the Union, and that with the majority of the state's leaders against him; has done it by seeking the aid of all those who really know and by relying on and appealing to the common sense of the common man.

The one is a powerful administrator of things as they are: prohibition a "noble experiment"! The other is a challenger of all that the facts belie, a restless seeker for new solutions.

The one hides a great and true heart behind shy dignity; the other overflows with a joyous love of life which warms the very cripple who watches him from his window as he drives by.

But is it true that next fall we have simply to choose one of two remarkable products of American life and institutions?

Going and Coming

IT WOULD be true if a political party was the tool of one man—as an Italian party is. But that is not yet true in the United States. A political party with us is still more than its leader. A leader may do wonders with his party—in our day Theodore Roosevelt did wonders with the Republican party, Woodrow Wilson with the Democratic, but both in the long run could go no farther than the consent of his followers. Neither could stay nor substantially deflect that unseen and powerful undercurrent that sweeps men and women into a party and keeps them there until they lose their faith in the party's fidelity to the undercurrent.

To be sure, both Democratic and Republican politicians have done all they dared this year to persuade voters that they were both headed to an identical "somewhere."

"I always view with a little degree of suspicion a law firm made up of a Democrat and a Republican," said Governor Smith of New York, talking recently of political conditions in small communities. "Usually it seems to have been formed to get 'em coming and going."

Both the Democratic and the Republican platforms this year—and it is not the first time—were obviously prepared to "get 'em coming and going." But what more can we expect? Consider how a platform comes into being. It is simply the best average a committee can strike between the factions fighting within the party, combined with as much thunder as it can steal from its antagonist, without the theft being too blatant. But a party cannot be judged merely by a platform framed in the heat of a political struggle. The thing that really matters is the trend of a party, the unseen undercurrent, and to understand that you must take its record for at least fifty years. Look at it that way, and you see clearly enough that there is a choice to be exercised next fall.

Something over fifty years ago the Republican party decided to make common cause with one class of citizens, the manufacturers. Against the advice of a large body of its best men, it made a favored class, very much as the Soviet Republic has made a favored class of the factory worker. From that time on the party has steadily put more and more power into the hands of the men with whom it then went into business.

The Democratic party has disputed the Republican contention that if the manufacturer and his labor profited everybody else would profit in proportion. It pointed out the inevitable monopolistic tendency of such a practice, the tendency to concentrate power at the top, to tie up government more and more closely with private business. Furthermore, it insisted that the logic of this policy, as well as the only justice, was to extend to every class as rapidly as possible some form of compensating privilege. All of these things have come true or are coming true.

Could anything better illustrate what is happening than that grandiose attempt to put under private control all the power and light that will ever be yielded by all the water power of this country, to make it into a "Giant Power" secure under the able rule of the highly intelligent, highly efficient and often highly humane men who are building up the service? They have done wonders in the last eight years of Republican government in effecting combinations, for today 80 per cent of the power production of this country is under the control of fifteen companies—50 per cent is controlled by five companies.

The Complete Promoter

THE purpose to make it all one thing has not been undeclared. Seven years ago one of the most able of these gentlemen, Mr. Samuel Insull of Chicago, said frankly that one power system for the entire country was ahead of us. It was along about this time that those who believed that this was a desirable end set about to educate us to believe with them that public management of a utility is an "inherent failure," also to dazzle our vision with the magnificence of one Giant Power—all the streams harnessed—by private interests, of course.

Their promoters have done magnificently. "There is no more romantic temperament on earth," says Joseph

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Conrad in "Victory," "than the temperament of a good promoter." Never in the history of this country have we had put into action such an efficient and complete scheme for educating the public to what a single group of private interests wish us to believe. It aimed literally at reaching everybody in the country from the eighth grade up. The gentlemen responsible recently told the Federal Trade Commission, which was investigating their activities, rather sorrowfully, that there was no use trying to do anything below the eighth grade, but everything beyond that, up to the university itself, was reachable, also everybody outside of the schools who could read; or, if they didn't read, went to the movies.

Now, I would be the last to contend that the water-power interests have not the right to present their case as fully as they think wise to the public, but I think it most necessary for our salvation that they label their propaganda. For what is this campaign of theirs but one to undermine the faith of the men and women of a community in their ability to do things for themselves?

The Democratic party has always fought this effort of centralized power and wealth to weaken the confidence of men in their capacity to do things for themselves. Governor Smith in his fight for the water power of New York State has held it as a principle that the people of the state should look on these waters and their development as their property and their business; that they should not allow them to be alienated even by lease for any period of time.

Oppose Class Government

NO ONE has ever used the Democratic doctrine of the direct appeal of the people more effectively than he has in his struggle to arouse the people to accept this principle. And every time he has made an appeal he has quickened our conviction of our own importance, strengthened that very thing that the educational campaign of the utility corporations has been trying to destroy—that faith in the power of the common man that begat the American conception of self-government.

But there has been no appeal to prejudice, to hate of wealth or class or big things of any sort in his fight. As a matter of fact, there is nothing in Democratic doctrine as we are getting it today to discourage business simply because it is big. It is not big and efficient business that Governor Smith and his party condemn, it is business founded on special interests, on private control of powers which belong to the state. What he and his party are against is class government, which is a very different thing from business government.

Moreover, if a class, however protected by privilege, has developed valuable methods, improved service, contributed anything to the well-being of life, as nearly all our great corporations have, Governor Smith and the Democratic party believe its discoveries should be used.

That is, the platform of the Democratic party and its present leader do not include in their program the destruction of anything that can be proved sound and beneficial. They are not advocating or practicing revolutionary methods. It is an evolutionary party, bent on preserving whatever of good has been developed in the country and putting it within the reach of all.

Governor Smith, for instance, doesn't rail even against a "Giant Power" interlacing the nation. What he does contend, however, is that the source of that power is and should stay where it belongs. "If we are going to hook up with any giant power scheme," he said not long ago to a group of New Yorkers, "let us be sure before we make the hook-up that we own the source of supply. If you don't, you might as well give it away to private enterprises for the rest of the life of the state, for the minute these waters go over the state line, we lose all control of them."

It is natural—inevitable, indeed—that a party founded on a privileged class like our manufacturers, should sympathize with the ambition of private interests to control or own outright the water of the country. The activities of the two dovetail closely, they are necessary to one another. They both believe firmly in the ineffectiveness of government ownership and operation, believe in the centralizing of all power in a few at the top—naturally, public ownership is hateful to them.

This dislike of a state's owning anything has had something to do with the attitude of many Republicans toward what we call the oil scandal. One can hardly expect a party which believes that prosperity is caused by a tax laid on the whole for the direct benefit of a comparative few, or those who believe public ownership and operation are "inherent failures," to feel any genuine outrage at the turning over of leases of government lands, for whatever purposes they might have been held, to private operation as the naval leases were turned over in the case of Teapot Dome and Elks Hill.

No one can doubt that the loathsome scandal which for the past six years has been dragging across the whole country, silencing even the White House, was utterly hateful to the great mass of the Republican party and certainly to the majority of the members of the two administrations which it affected. But Republican solidarity must not be disturbed. One almost prayed to hear a clenched fist banging the cabinet table in Washington, a loud voice denouncing the outrage and calling for the fullest light and punishment, to see a portfolio hurtling through a window, one honest outburst of righteous indignation—we almost prayed for it, but we didn't hear a peep.

Democrats are Not Simon-Pure

CENTRALIZATION must eat its own vomit—that has been the bottom trouble with every party tied up with wealth since this country was founded. Federalist congressmen and their friends back in 1790 bought the certificates which a poverty-stricken government had given Revolutionary soldiers and sailors in payment for their services—bought them for fifteen or twenty cents on the dollar, when they found that Congress was about to vote a tax on the whole country to pay the soldiers and sailors one hundred cents on the dollar. And when popular indignation broke out, they only jeered. It was left for the forerunners of the Democrats to remonstrate, but all they got for their pains was the contemptuous title of demagogues. Centralized wealth breeds arrogance and a protection of its own in operations which the great majority of the leaders and members of the party may heartily detest.

This is not saying that the Democratic party, aiming at decentralizing wealth, is Simon-pure—by any means. It has its rascals, but it is practically impossible that its corruption should be national as in the oil scandal, however bad, at times, it may be locally. Tammany, the darkest spot on the Democratic party, is a local institution and has been so since its founding nearly one hundred and forty years ago. More important, its sins, which are many, are not inherent—not attributes of character. They are shocking abuses of some of its greatest virtues.

Tammany deals with the crowd. It has fought the battles of democracy all its life—backing Jefferson and Jackson, stretching across its walls years before the Civil War a great banner bearing the words "The Union must and shall be preserved"—raising at its own expense in 1861 the Tammany Jackson Guard which fought through all the war, and when Reconstruction came, coming much nearer Lincoln's wise and humane ideas than the bitter and revengeful ones of a large part of the Republican party.

Its sins are not inherent, and they have not gone unchallenged by many of its own members. Samuel Tilden, Abraham Green, Charles O'Connor—all Tammany leaders—helped clean up the notorious Tweed ring. The movement for self-correction is strong within the society today, led by Governor Smith and his friends. Certainly any corruption existing in Tammany now has no possible chance of becoming national if Governor Smith should be elected to the Presidency. But if it were true, the country had better be Tammanyized than Harry-Sinclairized.

An old contention of the Democrats—that the Republicans were deceiving themselves when they insisted that their tariff-made prosperity could be equally distributed—has come to the top in the present campaign. It never has been equally distributed, and it never can be. Moreover, it was inevitable that sooner or later those outside the favored circle should discover that they were not getting the full share they were promised and should cry for a compensating subsidy. Why should not the farmer call for an equalizing tax? He has supported the protective system faithfully for years because he was told that it would give him a larger home market, with higher prices. It has. But it gave him a market subject to serious fluctuations. Also it gave him dear and irregular labor, expensive transportation, a highly complex market system, overladen with middlemen, vicious gambling in his products, and—perhaps worst of all—educated him to the undemocratic idea that it is always possible to find panaceas for economic troubles.

The Farmer's Needs

THE remarkable and almost vitriolic message of the President of the United States, who himself honestly believes protection to be the cause of prosperity, was one of the best arraignments that we have ever had of a privilege tax placed on a people for the sake of a class; and practically every point of it applies as perfectly to the protective tariff as it did to the Farm Relief Bill.

The farmer needs help. But he needs something more fundamental than the panacea for which he has called. He needs the loosening of the log jam in which he has been caught by the attempt to build up privileged and centralized wealth. He needs education in and opportunity to use the great modern machinery of financing, scientific management, all the vast new knowledge on the matters in which he is concerned. He needs to believe in coöperation with his fellows—a coöperation where his own initiative will have place, not a consolidation with a top which acts for him. (*Continued on page 48*)

Why Hoover Gets My Vote

Collier's has asked a conspicuous supporter of Herbert Hoover to tell why he will vote the Republican ticket. His article will appear in a forthcoming issue.

Harry Haenigsen

No one can doubt that the Teapot Dome scandal was utterly hateful to the Republican party, but though one almost prayed to hear one honest outburst of righteous indignation, we didn't hear a peep

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Comedy

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Illustrated by R. V. CULTER

But not mere buffoonery to all who played their parts

"My dear, you do love me! After all and in spite of all—you love me!" "Why, oh, why," she asked, "did you come too late?"

THE Duca dei Colli was a gentleman one looked at twice when he was in the ordinary dress of a citizen; if he wore evening clothes, one looked at him three times, but when he embellished his distinguished figure in the uniform of a colonel of Bersaglieri, women—and even men—were known to spend an entire evening staring at him as if he were the hero of a drama and they occupied a seat in the theatre.

It is true he lacked but two years of the half-century mark and looked his age. He did not ape youth nor did he make use of the many subterfuges permissible to a gentleman to minimize the visible ravages of time. He was weakened by none of those intellectual vices which mar the careers of so many noblemen of this decadent age, for he was not an authority upon the huge illuminated books of the Renaissance, as was the Conte Passerini; nor was he interested scientifically in the mysterious life of ocean depths, as was the Prince of Monaco. He was not a poet, an archæologist, or a collector. In short, his profession and his interests were as they should be: that of being a gentleman.

His estates were ample; his investments shrewdly made by agents who might properly understand such matters, he had lacked a duchessa these five years past, and he had sired neither son nor daughter. Therefore he might be said to be free to follow whatever path would graciously open before him, or to turn whatever corner gave promise of pleasure, of adventure or of novelty.

Therefore he lived in a state of perilous eligibility which did not pass unnoticed by ambitious mothers of marriageable daughters. Indeed, his existence resembled that of a besieged citadel. Nor was the attack altogether from without; he was compelled to cope with the treachery of the garrison itself, particularly in the person of the aged man of law who for two generations had husbanded the estates and solved the problems of the Colli.

"I FEEL it my duty," said Signor Canneregio, "to call again to the attention of Your Grace the desirability, even the necessity, of an heir."

"I confess," said the duca, "that the desirability does not impress me. You may argue the point but to convince me that to dangle a damp infant upon one's knee is a charming occupation will present difficulties."

"Let us, then," said Signor Canneregio, "take up the matter of necessity."

"We will do so," agreed the duca. "A necessity, I believe, is something which, in its nature or conditions, *must* exist, occur or be true. A thing compulsory. An essential requisite."

"I could not have stated the case so well."

"None of which attributes adhere to this contemplated son," said the duca. "Indeed, I can think of nothing more unessential to myself. Quite the contrary. Also there is a phase of the matter, which, doubtless, you have overlooked."

"And that?" asked Signor Canneregio.

"Is that the production of an heir requires as a prerequisite a mother—"

"Ah," said Signor Canneregio.

"—who," said the duca, "must be, as well, a legally constituted wife."

"Such," said Signor Canneregio, "is the unalterable custom of nature, as well as the requirement of our law covering the descent of property and of titles."

"It is an awkward custom," said the duca.

"I do not like," said Signor Canneregio, "to use the word duty in advising Your Grace."

"Duty? And to whom, my friend?"

"To twenty generations of illustrious ancestors," said Signor Canneregio.

"They are dead," pointed out the duca. "Very, very dead."

"To posterity," said the signore.

"Is a Colli indispensable to posterity?"

"The name," said the signore, "and the titles must both be extinguished."

"Ah," said the duca in his turn. "It has seemed to me that, perhaps, the requirement runs to the contrary."

Signor Canneregio lifted his white eyebrows.

"Because," said the duca, "the world seems to have lost its zest for the nobility. One wonders what another generation will devise for the discomfort of us so-called patricians! The thought comes to me that true solicitude for one's name and family requires one to forbear from sending a representative into that morass."

"You have not," exclaimed the alarmed signore, "become tainted with radicalism!"

"On the contrary. I am stating my position in the terms of the higher exclusiveness. I feel that a Colli is much too precious a creature to permit himself to exist in the future as I read the probabilities of that future. We dukes have long outlived our usefulness; we are at present outliving our desirability. I foresee a world made uncomfortable for dukes."

"I see," said Signor Canneregio, "that further argument is futile."

"To argue is pleasant," said the duca; "to agree impossible."

And so the contention was ended for that time. Signor Canneregio took his reluctant leave, thanking God and the saints that his seventy-nine years promised a not distant departure from a world grown incomprehensible to him.

Presently a young man, whose pleasant and not onerous duty it was to perform the services of secretary for the duke, entered with the announcement that His Grace's train departed for Naples in one hour. The duke arose and busied himself about such slight personal preparations as are essential to one in his exalted position, and in twenty minutes announced his readiness. He rather wished to remain in Rome, for an excellent Russian company was playing in the Sala Margharita, and he had seen their performance but four times. Nevertheless it was his custom to visit Sicily at this season and to make pretense of scrutinizing the family estates, which lay upon that most fruitful of islands. So he went.

He traveled simply, accompanied only by his secretary, his valet, his chauffeur and three nondescript servants to do the lifting. This brief list excludes, of course, the chef, butler and house staff, who had preceded him by two days to have in readiness for his arrival the villa at Taormina.

IT WAS not until the second evening after his arrival that he encountered the Americans from Grand Rapids, Mich. The duke was not familiar with Grand Rapids, most of his furniture having come down to him from the days of the Medici and the Borgias, but he was prepared to admit its existence without proof. The existence of Mrs. Jenkins in particular made it extremely likely that there must be such a metropolis.

The encounter took place in the Casino, which adjoins the ruins of the Greek Theatre and is on the left-hand side as one approaches the Hotel Timeo. One may dance there, drink coffee, champagne and wines of the country, or play games of chance. The duke, how-

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ever, came to chat with a croupier whose experiences in life had not been without spice and sprightliness.

It may be thought from this circumstance that the duke was democratic. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He was so aristocratic that the fact of his aristocracy seldom occurred to him. It was like the ticking of a clock which one must listen for intently in order to identify. Therefore, without risk to caste and equally without condescension, he could fraternize with cab driver, gendarme, croupier or king.

HE PAUSED beside one of the tables to shake hands with a handsome young Italian, secretary to the most eminent dealer in antiques in all Sicily —whose good looks had won for him a sight-seeing American girl with a comfortable fortune.

"May I," asked the young man, "present you to some American friends of my wife?" Following this he essayed a remark in English. "As my wife says, eet weel gif them no end of a keek!"

The introductions were performed. "Signora Jenkins—the Duca dei Colli."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins.

"Signorina Jenkins—the Duca dei Colli."

Gray eyes, which were a trifle aslant smiled.

"Charmed," said the duke.

"Signor Jenkins—the Duca dei Colli."

Mr. Jenkins, a thin man with a shrewd and likable face, was one of those individuals who are wise enough to keep silent when they do not know what to say. So he extended his hand, which the duke accepted.

"In all," said the duke in Italian, "you mentioned my name and title no less than three times."

"Once," said the secretary, "would have been much less impressive."

"Perhaps," said the duke, "you can reserve for us a table in the room where one dances. It may," he added, "prolong the kick."

"I am," said the secretary, "all gratitude."

"This room," said the duke to Mrs. Jenkins, "is distressingly hot and uncomfortable and noisy. The other room will be even more so. Therefore I have reserved a table. Perhaps, while the young people dance, you and Mr. Jenkins will enlighten me as to some of the darker points concerning America."

"I'm simply perishing to dance," said Miss Jenkins.

"It will be a pleasure to watch you," said the duke.

"A man," said Miss Jenkins, "who watches a dance is as useless as—as a cigarette without a match."

"Lucille!" exclaimed the horrified Mrs. Jenkins.

"Then," said the duke, "perhaps you will even be so gracious as to dance with me."

"Of course she will," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"Are you really," asked Lucille as they danced, "a duke?"

"Veritably."

"Mother," she said, "will get the kick of her life out of this."

"Again kick! And Father?"

"Father," she said "is cagy. I doubt if dukes thrill him any more than old masters and cathedrals."

"And you?"

"I," she said, "am used to it. I've met Gene Tunney and Bobby Jones, and I've danced with *four* men who were picked for the All-America."

At the moment Mrs. Jenkins was saying to Mr. Jenkins: "Didn't I tell you! Not two weeks in Europe and she's dancing with a duke!"

"I don't believe," said Mr. Jenkins, "Class A dukes hang around joints like this."

"I hasten to assure you," said the secretary, "that he ees of the mos' major-league dukes of Italy. . . . W'at ees major league? Eet ees a worda my wife spik much."

"He's taken with her," said Mrs. Jenkins, with bated breath.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Jenkins. "Ain't I the Folding-Bed King?"

"Don't," said Mrs. Jenkins, "be common."

The duke was indeed taken with Lucille, by the novelty of her, the freshness and elfin beauty of her, by her poise and her pert humor, and by a certain fineness and honesty which one could not miss even in a brief few minutes of talk. That she seemed to take him with a grain of salt delighted him.

At the close of the evening the duke felt as if he had attended a new and fascinating sort of play, but was leaving before the dénouement.

"My gardens," he said without eagerness, but with that restrained affability which became him, "are said to be worthy of notice. Might one venture to suggest tea beside the papyrus pool tomorrow?"

"It would," said Mrs. Jenkins in her best manner, "be charming."

"I thought," said Mr. Jenkins, "papyrus grew in Egypt."

"Sicily," said the duke, "condescended to the friendship of Egypt before Rome had become a name." He turned to Lucille. "Would it give you pleasure?" he asked.

"The mere thought," she said with a pertness which somehow escaped impertinence, "of taking tea with a duke in his own garden positively *overpowers* me."

SO THAT arrangement was made, and at the correct hour the chauffeur of the duke appeared to drive the Americans to the villa nestling on the hillside over the sea—a hillside with its face ever toward majestic, threatening Etna, where Pluto keeps the daughter of Ceres in perpetual imprisonment.

"But," said the duke, "she wins a brief freedom in the springtime."

"Isn't that," asked Lucille, "all that any woman may hope for?"

"Signorina," said the duke, "were you Proserpine, Pluto might be persuaded that springtime lasted throughout the twelve months of the year."

"That," she said, "comes under the head of Stately Compliments." In some manner her garments of 1927 made delightfully funny her curtsy of 1860.

"Lucille!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins.

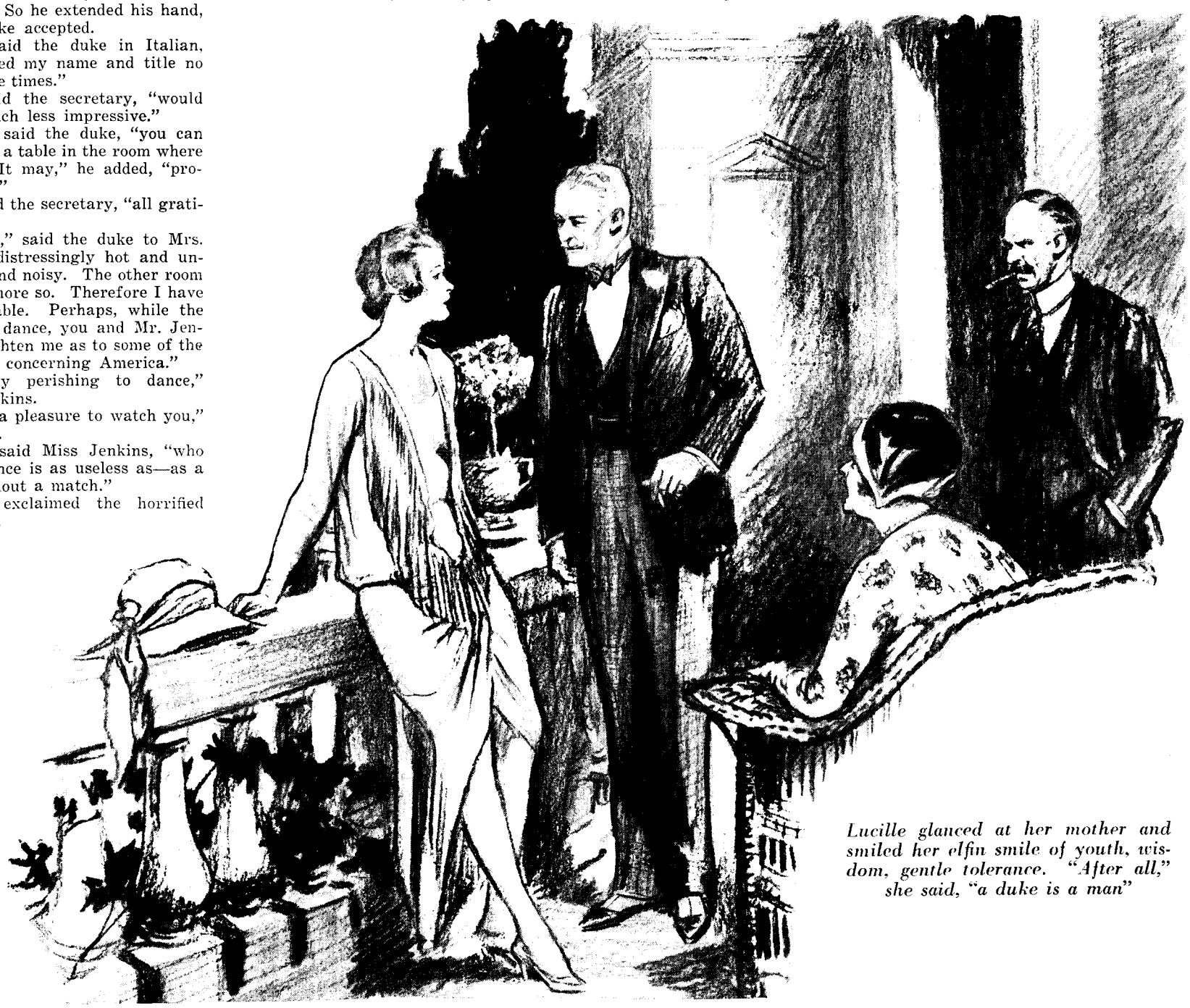
She glanced at her mother and smiled that elfin smile which contained in itself something of vivid youth, of antique wisdom and a very lovely something of gentle tolerance.

"After all," she said, "a duke is a man."

"A fact," said His Grace, "which has many times been overlooked by historians."

The duke, much to his own amusement and not at all to his alarm, found that his appetite for Lucille's propinquity did not become jaded. He was not alarmed, because he had all his life been content to let events take their appointed course and to make the best of the result. Therefore day after day he discovered himself to be inventing pretexts to see her, and in increasing measure he noted how Mrs. Jenkins eliminated herself and her husband when he made his appearance.

Having reached this station on his journey, he sought an interview with Mr. Jenkins, which in after years he recalled with relish. To the end of his days he held Mr. Jenkins in no inconsiderable esteem. (*Continued on page 58*)



Lucille glanced at her mother and smiled her elfin smile of youth, wisdom, gentle tolerance. "After all," she said, "a duke is a man"

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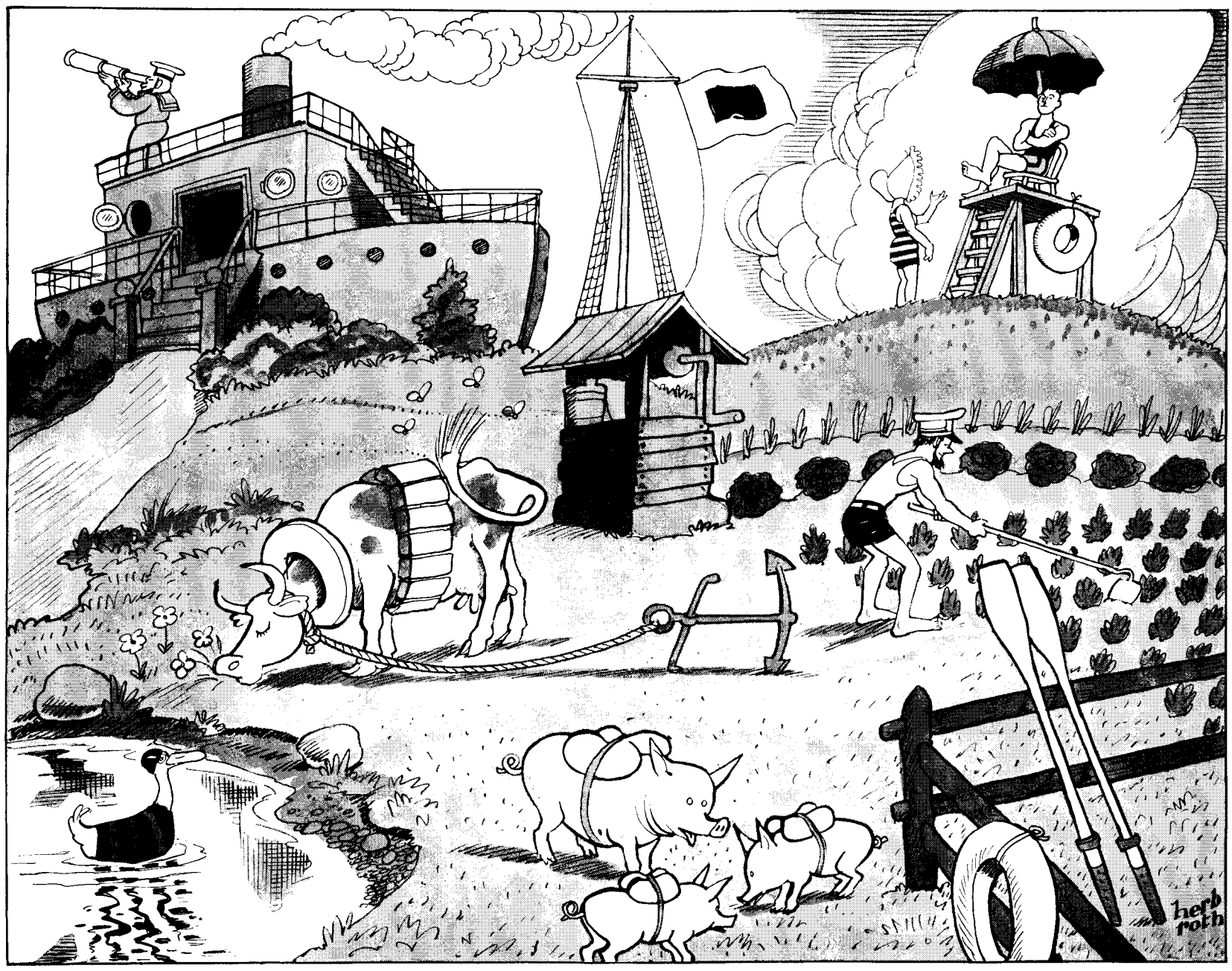

Residents of the flood areas should fit their houses along the lines of a ship

Just Politics

By RING LARDNER

Illustrated by HERB ROTH

ANOTHER letter from the Hon. Ring Lardner, which shows that we meant business when we announced our intention of giving the voter food for thought no matter what happens. This treatise concerns the two platforms (Republican and Democratic) and supplies important details which must have been purposely omitted by the "framers" at Houston and Kansas City.

Editor, Collier's Weekly,
New York, N. Y.

Gents:

I have spent the last 2 wks. reading the Republican and Democrat platforms for 1928 and can heartily recommend same to all lovers of light summer fiction as well as folks who enjoy humorous college publications.

The gags, or planks as they call them, ain't quite as risqué as the ones the college boys thinks up but there is a few lines and paragraphs that brought crimson blotches to these wan cheeks and prompted me to hide the documents from my kiddies.

A expurgated and brief summary of the main features of the Democrat platform reveals that:

The Democrat party is the party of Thos. Jefferson and Little Lord Fauntleroy while the Republican party is the party of Jesse James and Al Capone.

Republicans are down on the farm.

In 1917 the Democrats passed a law forbidding the Mississippi River to have any more floods so last year's floods certainly wasn't their fault.

Everybody ought to have a radio.

There shouldn't be no more war.

Coal is a fuel.

The party favors the abolition of all diseases which heretofore have largely defied the skill of physicians.

The party is going to support the 18th amendment (probably in the style to which it has been accustomed).

On the other hand, the Republican platform tells that:

Everybody ought to have a radio.

The party will investigate the report that there is a 18th amendment and if so will try and enforce it.

Last year's Mississippi floods stopped after a severe reprimand by a Republican Administration, and it ain't likely they will try it again for a while.

Negroes shouldn't be lynched.

Farmers are having a tough time.

The above is just a bare outline of the main points broughten out by the anonymous master minds of the 2 great parties but you can gather from same how amusing the full text must be and how much the boys must have enjoyed writing same and personly I wished I had chose politics as a career or at least knowed enough about it so as the leaders would invite me to work with them every 4 yrs. when they get out their joke books. To paraphrase Eddie Guest, I wouldn't care a wh--p who made the laws of a nation if they would leave me collaborate on the platform librettos.

It would be silly for a novice like myself to claim they could bring about any marked improvement in works that

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is already so near perfect, but I have heard the complaint made in some quarters that the documents would be better reading if they was lengthened out a little and more attention paid to details and not so much left to the imagination of the audience.

Like for example you take the matter of farm relief which the both parties eats up so much space disgusting same and yet you can't help from feeling that the farmers would get more of a kick out of same if the pledges was not quite so subtle but kind of personal and more plainer.

If I was doing the writing I would not just say that my party recognized what the farmers was up against and would take steps to relieve them, but I would specify what steps and make them read so attractive and inviting that thousands of grangers would be trembled under ft. in a mad dash to the Poles to elect my candidate.

Here is a few of the clauses I would have in my farm plank following the customary elegant preamble:

The party pledges itself and its nominees to supply all farmers with at least a dozen packets of assorted seeds.

The party pledges a systematic campaign to educate the public to eat alfalfa so the farmer won't have to depend on the fickle appetite of ye horse.

Legislation will be passed compelling all subscribers to four- and five-party telephone lines to announce at the start of their conversation what said conversation is going to be about, in order that other subscribers won't have to listen to conversations that lack human interest and sex appeal.

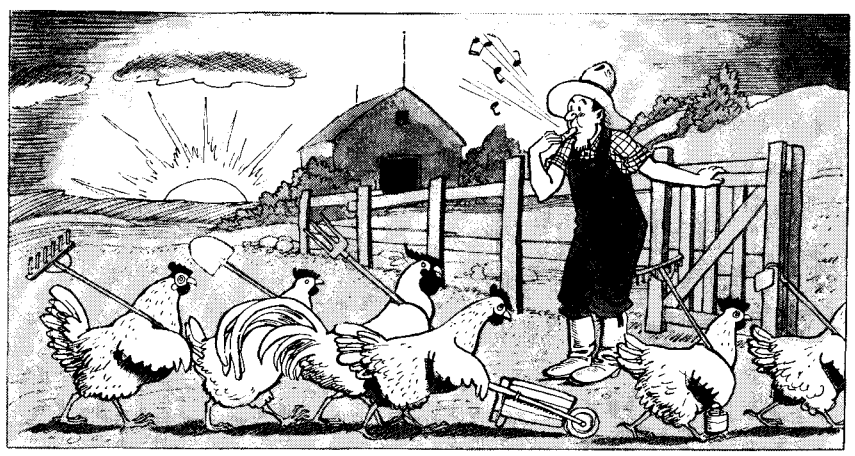
The party favors late rising for farmers and will advocate a 8 hr. day for chickens and cows.

Farmers complain that many farms is heavily mortgaged and they are hard put to pay the interest, let alone have anything left over for spending money. As a remedy for same we suggest that farmers specialize in growing tobacco, barley, hops, malt, rye, corn, potatoes, grapes, juniper berries and opium, and if they treat these crops right they won't need no spending money.

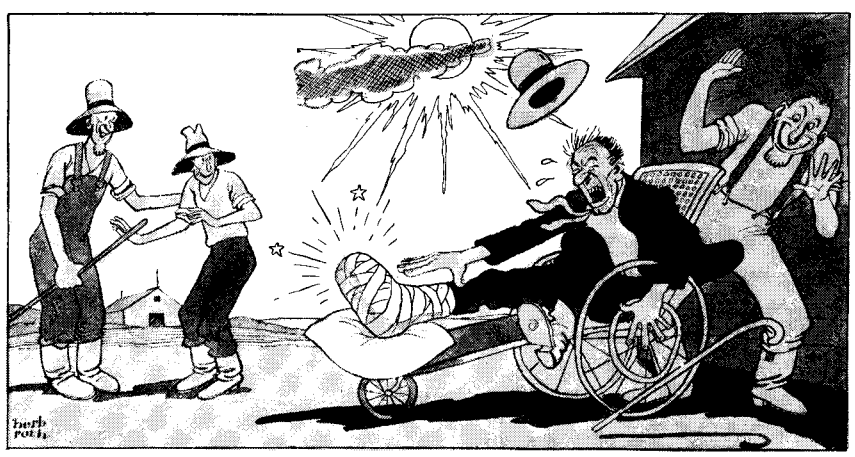
The present practice of farmer boys marrying farmer girls and vice versa is decried, as it tends to increase the number of farmers which there is already a plethora of same. Young farmers of both denominations will be encouraged to marry rich city folks of the opposite sex respectively and help build up the waning population of the large towns.

Farmers unable to market their crops will be urged to play their neighbors contract bridge for same. The laugh will be on the winner.

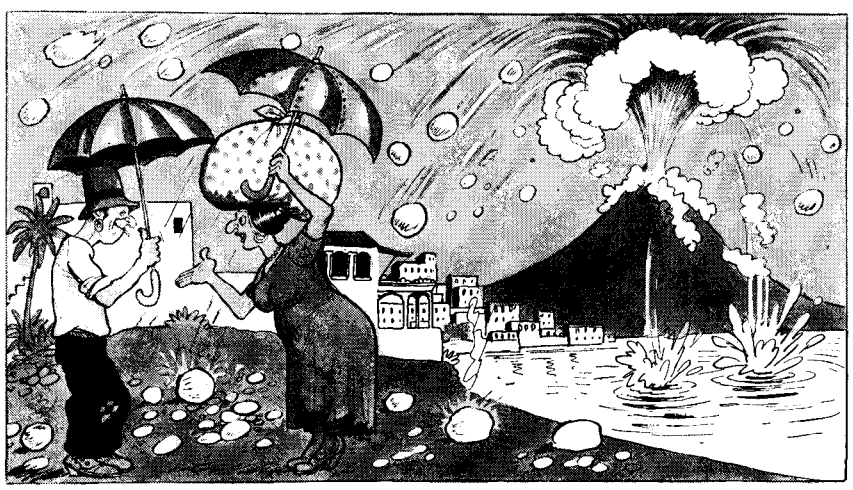
Farmers would get along a whole lot better if they could always tell when it was going to rain. The party pledges itself to supply each farm with a hired man who has rheumatism.



Late rising for farmers and an 8 hr. day for chickens



A hired man who has rheumatism to tell when it's going to rain



Denizens of Naples always carry steel parasols

If farmers treat these crops right they won't need no money

In regards to floods on the Mississippi, Sacramento and other rivers, I would frankly admit the party's inability to put a complete stop to same and concentrate on how to make the best of same with perhaps a few suggestions as to partially checki..g same or keeping same within reasonable bounds.

It is said that denizens of Naples, Italy, always wear asbestos clothes and carry steel parasols to protect themselves from live lava though Mount Vesuvius don't have a eruption only once about every 14 yrs. whereas my next to the oldest son has one every time he eats strawberries, but what I am trying to bring out is that the Neapolitans is always in a state of preparedness, and when the volcano becomes active they are all set to enjoy it.

This party will recommend that residents of the flood areas learn themselves and their children to swim; that they never leave home without umbrellas and rubbers or rubber boots and attired only in indoor or outdoor bathing costume with perhaps a light beach robe for the more modestly inclined; that they take up water polo, aquaplaning, canoeing and kindred sports, and that they fit out their houses along the lines of a ship, with the dining-room furniture fastened to the floor, portholes instead of windows, bells instead of clocks, porches equipped with deck chairs, with space enough left for shuffleboard. To foster the illusion, hired men and hired gals should be referred to and spoke to as steward.

The party believes that in the course of time people would derive such pleasure from the floods that they would hate to be without them and instead of complaining of a excess of freshets, deluges and inundations their slogan would become bigger and better floods. Until that time arrives it might be necessary for the administration to lend aid in the form of counsel regarding the control of the aqueous element as well as to supply accessories for same. The party promises to educate river dwellers in the use of sponges, mops, dippers and pails and to provide every home with one of each of the articles mentioned; also to instruct hired gals in the tastiest methods of cooking whatever fish is washed into their kitchens.

As far as the 18th amendment is concerned, I would pledge the party to a continuation of the strict enforcement methods that has been so effective in the past, but if at the end of a couple of yrs. there was still a clamor for beer and light wine, I would put same on sale for a month or so, long enough to convince everybody once and for all that they can get quicker and cuter results under prohibition. Respy, Ring Lardner.

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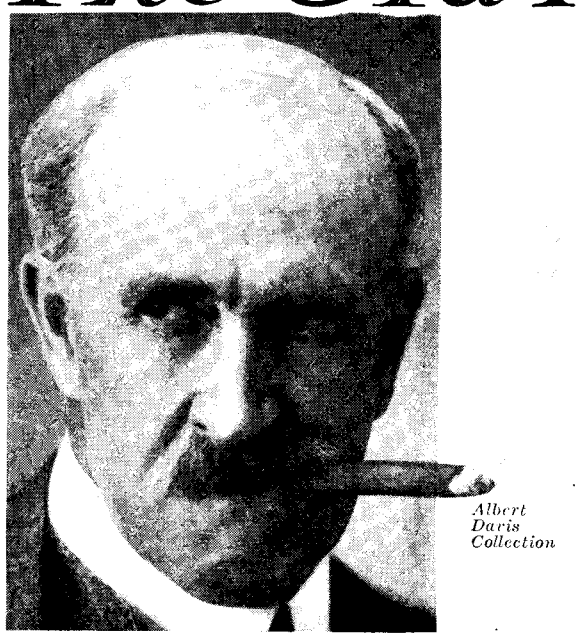
The Old Man of the Movies



Albert Davis Collection

Theodore Roberts, paternal villain

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

THEODORE ROBERTS was past fifty, a veteran of the legitimate and of vaudeville, when the movies reached out and grabbed him for keeps.

"I STARTED my career as a betrayer of fair women," said Theodore Roberts, "and came to star as the father of many popular heroines." Which is neither so villainous nor so reformatory as it sounds.

Roberts was fifty-two, with a stage reputation of thirty years' standing. He had plodded his path to the aisle of the stage-blessed—Broadway—and had seen his name in lights as a co-star in The Right of Way. Vaudeville claimed him, as he had often hoped it might. He swung this circuit, that and the other to Los Angeles, winding up there on a warm spring day in 1914. The two-a-day was uneclipsed, then, by the films: variety still held promise as a career. So when a sunburnt gentleman from Australia talked to Roberts of a tour "down under" he listened. And when somebody else suggested prospecting the movie lots at Hollywood, he also listened—tolerantly. D. W. Griffith, whom he knew, had told him that movies were for the young. Roberts had no illusions. His hair was hardly thick enough to hold dye.

He bought a ticket for Sydney.

His First Movie Contract

THE following morning he went out to Hollywood at the insistence of his local friend. Cecil DeMille was walking up and down—and talking. A timid array of painted cowboys, Indians and camera men was his audience. Espying a middle-aged gentleman with a mustache, DeMille gazed hopefully. Suddenly he smacked his thigh, exclaimed, "A miracle." He hurried to grasp Roberts.

"Theodore," he rattled, "I was praying for a villain. The kind of villain you were in the old days of Limberlost, and you drop from the sky!"

Naturally Mr. Roberts was puzzled. But a few more feet of DeMille monologue found him engaged at once—for Jesse Lasky was there hiring actors like a construction foreman.

Theodore Roberts never used his ticket to Australia. He didn't tear it up, being adult; and he didn't frame it, being thrifty. Tickets from San Francisco to Sydney cost $400.

"I got $100 a week to begin with," he recounts. His cigar, quite as long off as on the screen, droops in its cherry-wood holder if you venture the opinion that $100 a week for movie talent in 1914 was unexciting.

"Big money for then," he vouches. "Big money for fifty-two weeks in the year, for an actor who was only sure of two things—death and that he'd be broke every September.

"I signed for a year with Lasky. I'd have signed for eternity at $100 a week—then."

Within three years he made the salary that stuck—$1,250 a week—without having to ask Mr. Lasky for a raise, although at one time and another there were helpful bids for his services from rival concerns.

"I'm an example of professional reincarnation. I've had two lives—footlights and pictures," he boasts, to add modestly, "and I owe it all to James O'Neill, grand old Monte Cristo."

As a Unitarian divine, which his mother wanted him to be, he might have scorched the ears of the world for its sins. But Mrs. Roberts did not have her way. Theodore had a natural talent for elocution, and could read with premature thunder in his voice. Likewise he helped to polish the gallery benches of the Baldwin Theatre in San Francisco.

James O'Neill played there as Richelieu or Monte Cristo every year. The Robertses knew the O'Neills, although the Robertses never bragged about acquaintance with actor folk. To O'Neill Mrs. Roberts appealed to save her stage-struck son from a senseless career.

"I'll do it, madam," said O'Neill in his rotund offstage style. "Before I'm through with him he'll not have a feather left for flight."

So Mrs. Roberts, after a carefully planned week of subdued protest against the stage, suggested to her son that the great O'Neill might condescend to hear him spout some lines and decide whether or not he could hope to be a successful actor. She agreed to abide by O'Neill's decision.

O'Neill received him at his hotel, and tossed him a script of Richelieu to read. Young Roberts almost knew it by heart. His rendition was glib.

"Good voice," said O'Neill. "But a wooden brow. I fear you're not for the stage, young man. Become an auctioneer or a train caller or—"

"My mother," ventured Roberts sadly, "wants me to be a minister."

A shadow flecked O'Neill's gray eyes.

"Try that scene again—Richelieu and Baradas," he directed. "I'll read the lines with you."

Roberts did. After a while O'Neill checked him.

"You'll make an elegant actor, son," said he. "I'll tell your mother it'd be criminal to keep you off the stage."

One star less for the church: one star more for the stage.

"I had the honor of making my first professional appearance with O'Neill in Richelieu. He was a cheerful gentleman of irrepressible Celtic optimism. His son Eugene seems to counterbalance that by being our best and gloomiest playwright."

A Friend in Need

GAINING a modicum of local fame, Theodore Roberts had ambitions beyond San Francisco. Only eighteen, Roberts had the impulse of that age to reach out for fortune before the hoary thirties claimed him. To a group in an actors' hotel in San Francisco he announced his intention of migrating east. Loudly they chaffed him—all but one, a quiet little man with dark, curly hair and kind, gray eyes.

"Show us what you can do, laddie," an old and beery English "ham" challenged.

Roberts, a little fortified with small ale, threw back his head and gave them a sonorous patch of Coriolanus.

"Fair!" The Englishman smacked his lips. "But if I can't do better I'll buy the drinks."

"Let me try first," said the young man with the curly hair and kind eyes from a corner of the room.

He declaimed the same passage.

"Leave it to the boys," the ham declared, as he cleared his throat and thundered through the same speech.

As he finished in a swirl of rhetoric the boys applauded. The ham won hands down, drinks up.

"I could see you didn't have enough money to buy drinks for these bar flies," said the curly-haired young man to Roberts, who observed that the curly-haired young man drank plain soda. "That's why I horned in. Because I could afford to buy them, and I know how to be a bad actor when necessary. Didn't you notice?"

"No," said Roberts. "But what's your name?"

"David Warfield."

Young Roberts did not follow his star to the East. He trouped all over a West still ringing with the echoes of the frontiersmen's guns.

"They call me the old man of the movies," he reflects. "Why, I was an old man all my life. I used the same beard to play King Lear, Rip Van Winkle and the Wandering

(Continued on page 40)

"And Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them." (Roberts as Moses)

"The Ten Commandments," Paramount

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Last Laugh

A Short Short Story

By HUGH McNAIR KAHLER

Illustrated by LOWE BIEDENMEISTER

"What's the matter now?" His voice was sharp with reproof. "You ought to know better than to risk writing me that way"

HOFER was short of breath when he came into the untidy room, truncated by the slant of the roof. He ran a fine linen handkerchief resentfully over his imposing height of brow.

"Well?" His voice was sharp with reproof. "What's the matter now? You ought to know better than to risk writing to me that way."

Lennan, flat on the cheap couch, began to laugh; it became instantly a savage, tearing cough that seemed to shake him as a dog shakes a rat. Hofer was frightened; Lennan mustn't die while he was here. He brought water; lifted Lennan while he drank. The coughing stopped.

"Couldn't help it," said Lennan. "Cashing in, Hofer. I was afraid I'd go out before you got here." He grinned. "Don't worry, though—'my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,' for you. Don't use that line, Hofer. It's been pulled by a kid named Keats."

Hofer moved his large, soft hand in a deprecating gesture. He knew, somehow, that Lennan was right about his dying, but he felt nothing nearer to pity than a fastidious repugnance for the nastiness of death. Toward Lennan himself he had only a sense of grievance, as if the man were dying merely to annoy and spite Drew Hofer.

"What about the book?" he said.

Lennan grinned again at the tone of rebuke.

"All done." He reached under the couch and brought out a thick, untidy sheaf of penciled manuscript. Very cautiously he risked a whispering chuckle. "It's been done for weeks—I've kept five or six chapters ahead of you right along."

HOFER almost snatched at the pages. His glance raced swiftly through the scrawled script, delighting in the words almost as if his own brain had chosen them. They almost reconciled him to Lennan's deceit.

"Why didn't you hand 'em over as soon as you got 'em done?" he demanded. "What was the sense of holding out on me like this?"

Lennan moved his head slowly. "I played it safe, Hofer. I knew you'd keep me alive till you got the last of that book out of me, and I had a first-rate guess that you'd save your money as soon as you'd squeezed me dry."

"That's childish," said Hofer. "You've nothing to complain of. If it hadn't been for me, you'd have gone to the chair probably—starved, anyway. I've run a pretty stiff risk—selling your stuff for you. Nobody else would have hesitated a minute about turning you over to the police. But I—"

"But you couldn't pass up the chance to break into print!" Lennan's lips twisted. "I had your number, Hofer; I knew you'd do pretty nearly anything to stand in the limelight. I spotted your trouble long ago—sour grapes, Hofer! Sneering and jeering at some youngster's first book when you'd have sold what you regard as a soul to have written five paragraphs of it! Well, you've got what you wanted, and I'm cashing in without any help from the state electrician, so we both ought to be satisfied. You've even got your first novel all ready for the printer." Again he chuckled carefully. "I'm afraid you're not going to fulfill the promise of your brilliant beginning, though—there aren't many ghosts as good as I am, Hofer."

"Don't talk that way." Hofer's voice reproved a fretfully impudent child. "I've signed your stories because you couldn't sign or sell them yourself; you know that you'd have been drunk and jailed in an hour if I'd trusted you with cash. As for any credit, my own view is that it was my name that sold the stuff, but of course I may be wrong. Anyway—"

He stopped. Lennan wasn't listening. Hofer knew, before he compelled himself to touch the shriveled wrist, that Lennan had dissolved their partnership.

For a moment he was frightened, but then he saw that this was the best conceivable escape from a situation which involved more and more danger with every day it endured. There had always been a chance that the police would find Jeff Lennan and that Lennan, with no hope before him, would take a malicious pleasure in talking, and there would have been a lot of people eager to believe him. A fearless critic like Drew Hofer had to make a lot of enemies.

IT WAS all safe now. Lennan was dead, and nobody else could possibly know. Nobody in this cheap boarding-house had the faintest idea who Lennan was, and Hofer had been careful to keep his own identity as carefully hidden.

He made assurance, however, altogether sure, searching methodically through Lennan's few belongings.

Hofer made a clumsy bundle of the manuscript. On sudden impulse he added to it the books that stood on Lennan's shelf. There wasn't time to go through these, and it would have been just like Lennan to write his name, or something else that might identify him, on some inner page. Also there was no reason for leaving them behind; Hofer was thrifty. He'd look the lot of them over at leisure; you couldn't ever tell about books. These might be valuable.

As an added precaution against any immediate visit to Lennan's room, he paid the landlady for another week in advance.

In his own pleasant quarters he plunged eagerly into the final chapters of the novel that Lennan had himself proposed to write instead of continuing the short stories which had brought to Drew Hofer an agreeable little glow of celebrity. It was time, Lennan had said, for Hofer to "do something big"—and he had laughed as he said it, but Drew Hofer, suddenly envisioning fame more enduring than the evanescent print of current magazines, had caught thirstily at the suggestion.

He seemed to strengthen his title to the genius that looked up at him from Lennan's careless pages by copying them in his own hand, interlining and crossing out exactly as Lennan had done it. From the first he had followed this course, foreseeing that the manuscript in his own handwriting would serve as a kind of proof in case anybody ever should challenge his right to sign it.

He brought the novel, in this form, to a publisher, apologizing for not having had it typed, on the ground that he wasn't any judge of his own work and couldn't tell whether the thing was worth having copied. The publisher reassured him almost hysterically. Typists were at work upon a fair copy before Hofer, smiling modestly under the laurel, withdrew. He burned Lennan's manuscript, a few pages at a time, as he read the printed proofs.

The thin smoke and blackening ash of the last page brought to Hofer a comforting sense of Lennan's death—somehow the man seemed to survive as long as his handwriting wavered over the rough paper. Now it was as if he had never lived.

"If I tried to say he'd written it," Hofer told himself over the last galley, "they'd laugh at me."

He laughed happily to himself.

"ORDINARILY," the eyeglassed lawyer was saying, "we should be content with a due acknowledgment and an accounting of revenue, but in a case so flagrant my client feels that these are secondary considerations. He instructs me to proceed with suit, regardless of proposals to settle out of court."

Hofer passed the fine linen handkerchief over the imposing height of brow.

"But—but it is a freak of coincidence," he protested. "My publishers will show you my original manuscript, with my interlineations and erasures—" he waved his hand helplessly. The lawyer nodded.

"I have no doubt of it. I have heard of instances, although this is the first in which the alleged plagiarism coincides almost literally with the original, line for line, page for page, chapter for chapter. If you have read my client's book, either in translation or in the original—"

"But I haven't," said Drew Hofer earnestly. "I never heard of him or of his book. I—"

The lawyer nodded toward the bookcase.

"You have, however, a copy of the original German on your shelf," he said dryly. He rose.

Drew Hofer turned. He remembered those cheap, paper-bound French and German novels he'd carried home from Lennan's room. Amid the crash of a universe tumbling into ruin all about him he seemed to hear Jeffrey Lennan's chuckling whisper of a laugh.

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The Monkey Wrench

By SAMUEL MERWIN

K. & A. embark upon a dangerous game of hearts

Illustrated by CHARLES LASSELL

FROM the shadowy inclosure of his imported landaulet Sam Karber nervously eyed the traffic ahead and not infrequently shouted warnings at the plump chauffeur. The rest of the time he fidgeted and chewed his cigar. His partner, Ben Andrews, sprawled back, frowning, hands deep in pockets, hat tipped forward, cigar tipped up, kept his thoughts to himself. It wasn't yet one o'clock, and to Karber & Andrews rising before eleven on Sunday meant effort. They were joining a week-end party on the north shore of Long Island: a house-warming. The Temples had lately bought out there. Donald Temple, of course, and Eleanor Fane. Their marriage, a few years back, had made a stir in theatrical circles. Most women were in love with Don Temple. That obscure earlier divorce was forgiven and forgotten: his personality had grown so much more charming in these ripening years. And the men (as well as the women) had been wild about Eleanor. A true beauty, but elusive! She'd fended them off; saved herself. But marriage and motherhood had touched her. That tang of provocative personality was gone. She was queenly now, though she couldn't be thirty. K. & A. had made real money out of those two; first in Easy Go, that pleasant little comedy of country-club life, and more recently in the exotic and dramatic Mango. But their business, during February and March, had sagged unaccountably. To Sam and Ben, who never took their eyes for long from the daily balance sheets, the matter was serious. So Ben scowled and Sam sputtered.

THE landaulet had left the main road, passed through a village, turned into a curving driveway:

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed Sam. "It's a country-life estate they buy! With *our* money!" Feverishly he chewed his cigar.

Andrews merely smoked on.

"And how long do we keep it up, I ask? Temple's washed out. Fane's a dud. Since the baby comes there is no sex appeal. Not any! I ask you, do we do nothing about it? With Mango already in the cut rates? You think we are a charity?"

The landaulet stopped beneath a porte-cochère. "Keep your shirt on, Sam!" growled Ben. "You want these hams to know what we're thinking? This is going to be a strain, believe me."

They were shown in among a jolly, talkative group in the spacious living-room. There was Joe Hunter, the musical-comedy lead, with his pretty little English wife, Daisy Hammersley. Daisy was singing and dancing in that Victor Herbert revival at the Devonshire. Funny, thought Ben gloomily (behind his genial enough grin), Daisy'd had two children, but looked as snappy as ever. Why couldn't Fane be like that?

Eltingham Sawyer, the heavy-duty playwright, with the iron-gray hair and nose glasses, was talking authoritatively about Eugene O'Neill. Doubtless a sincere enough person (this Sawyer) but distinctly not a playwright. Sawyer's brand-new wife, Ivy Greene, was dipping into the anchovy toast. Ivy'd better watch her figure. She was supporting Edmond Markham in Sawyer's father-daughter piece at the Karber. A K. & A. production.

The Wilbur Wilsons, of motion-picture fame, were there, looking nobly aloof.

The tall Jane Jones swung the cocktail shaker. Jane, this season, was throwing her long legs about to comic purpose in the K. & A. musical piece, Sleepytime, with Marion Mason and Gus Halper. She was always invited places. "Just a little friend to all the world," as she put it.

The Temples, Don and Eleanor, moved among their guests with gracious ease. An offish pair, in a way. Oh, not exactly high-hat—not snooty or anything like that—but pretty far off. Smiling faces that weren't quite there in the room. Kindness and refinement and never an uttered outspoken thought. You know. Very married. Ben suspected them of Christian Science. So many of these hams went in for that sort of thing . . . and a two-year-old girl, name of Donella, golden curls and all, that you had to gush over!

Ben was thinking too—an active brain, Ben's, as he cordially shook hands all round—of the salary checks and royalty checks he'd signed within the twenty-four hours for a number of the folks in this room—and would sign again. It ran into money. These people threw a lot of swank, but really they were nothing but employees. You hired 'em and fired 'em. They'd talk you to sleep about their art, but—Boy!—didn't they turn up on pay days? Didn't they, though! All four feet in the trough!

SAM, meanwhile, was looking mournfully at the rather small shaker in Jane's vigorous hands. You never got much to drink at the Temples'. He sighed and fortified himself with a cigar.

There was an odd little scene when they went in to luncheon. Temple and Fane didn't sit at head and foot, like a normal married couple, but side by side at the head. Crowded there together. His arm about her shoulders.

Jane remarked on it. "My word! Can't you two be pried apart even for a meal?"

Eleanor smiled in her remotely placid way.

Temple (blandly): "Seriously, folks [this was meant for simple human stuff], you hear a lot these days about the breaking down of marriage. Well, we're in love and not ashamed of it."

Jane confided to Sam Karber: "They've never been separated a night, those two. Not a night in four years."

"That is true," put in Temple, overhearing. "And why shouldn't it be so? Why shouldn't it?" He looked tenderly at his wife. She looked at him: in perfect surrender, put her lips up to be kissed.

Sam, with a pained expression on his face, slipped off upstairs directly after lunch. Ben, suspecting, followed.

They had to share a room and bath. Ben didn't like that. Oh, twin beds, of course. But Sam was a snorer. And no trifler at it! No mere sawmill, but one of the convulsive, terrifying kind.

Sure enough, Sam, in bad humor, was getting a bottle from his bag. He looked up with a grunt as the door opened, remarking shortly, "There's glasses in the bathroom."

Ben surveyed that inclosure of colored tiling and heavy porcelain and glistening fixtures. "Some swell bathroom!" said he, thinking aloud. "They've sure spent money on this damn' place."

"Looka those beds!" snorted Sam, who had put in a few months of a complicated adolescence in an antique shop

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off Union Square. "Real Looey Cants. You ain't picking them up for a couple dollars on Cape Cod." He poured the liquor.

"The place is mortgaged to the eyes, of course"—Ben, in a reflective mood.

"Maybe you'll tell me who pays for it. Maybe you think we—"

"There's the contract, Sam. Two years more to run."

"Two years! Soon I am in Bellevue!"

"Don't make so much noise!"

"But why do you sign this contract? why do you—"

"Oh, shut up! It looked like a bargain then. You agreed. Everybody was after 'em. They asked eight hundred apiece, and they coulda got it. You know that. I sign 'em up for three years at eleven hundred for the two. There's a clean saving of five hundred a week. No, Sam, as I weigh it up, we're just outa luck. Like Colonel Ruppert'd be if he pays a hundred thousand for a new shortstop and then the bird goes and gets water on the knee. Nobody could see then that they'd go cuckoo like this."

SAM'S emotional nature suddenly found expression. He sprang up and moved excitedly about the room, beating the air with his fists. "Cuckoo? I'll say they're cuckoo!" Then, explosively: "Googoo! Lovey dovey! Snooky ookums! Oh, hell!"

"The shadow boxing won't get us anywhere, Sam. Better have another drink."

"We'll close Mango," offered Sam.

"And go right on paying 'em the eleven hundred? Mango's doing *some* business, Sam. More'n paying the rent. And there's the picture contract. If we run the full year, there's thirty thousand more. Only two months left."

"Yes, and you will tell me how much of that we get!"

"Well, half. Of course, the author—"

"Damn these authors!"

"You can't work without 'em, Sam."

"And then in the fall what do we do with them?"

"Well"—Andrews smoked and scowled, smoked and scowled—"consider how they're fixed. They haven't got a cent beyond what we pay 'em. And I'll say they're living up to that.

"There's ways of crippling 'em. Of course, as it stands now, they're just a couple flat tires."

"Googoo!" muttered Sam. "Googoo-goo . . . oh," He was up again. His cigar traveled restlessly between the corners of his wide mouth. Back and forth. Back and forth.

"It's what happens to these people when they fall in love." Ben, ignoring his excited partner, meditated aloud. "Just the minute they give up to it their performance is ruined. A man and a girl that's living together can't play a love scene. Not if they've settled down to it. When they're falling in love—oh, that's fine! They're nervous then. You get a performance. And sometimes, when they're falling outa love, it's pretty good too. A really unhappy woman'll generally give you a damn' good show. If she ain't drinking, that is. An unhappy man's likely to be too drunk to matter. . . . Here's a funny thing about it, Sam—let 'em get settled down to really hating each other, and it's as bad as too much loving. Just dead. Jealousy's good . . . hmm!" He brooded over that. "There's something, Sam. Jealousy's good for a performance. Suppose we think up a way to throw a monkey wrench into it."

Sam hadn't been listening. "Monkey wrench? Into what it is?"

"Into the marriage. That's their weak point. It just ain't so. They're acting. All over the place. You saw 'em."

"It's terrible! Oh, goo-goo-goo. . . ."

"Sure! Gosh-awful. But let's think this over a minute. I doubt if we can stir Fane any. She's too sunk to look at another man. But Don's no mummy. He's stepped around plenty. Sick somebody on him—a good husky wench—and see if we can't get Fane's goat. What the hell do we care! Let 'em split, and then we'll tear up this contract. The minute they refuse to play together we got 'em."

Sam spoke eagerly: "Greta Swenson's around, Ben. She's at the office yesterday. And she's looking for work."

"Swenson?" Their eyes met. There'd been something between Temple and Swenson. Oh, back there in the days of his divorce trouble. Something. Since then she'd stayed out in Hollywood doing pictures. "Looka here, Sam, I'll throw Dolly out of the cast. . . . Been fed up with her all winter, anyway, and that's the truth! . . . and stick Swenson right in. Donnie'll have to play that big vamp scene with her. We'll let Kerstow tip her off to work fast on him. You know, you drop the suggestion to Kerstow as if you thought I wouldn't want him to know about it. Tell him you think I'm wrong in saying she'd better not know. You know—don't say too much. . . . Then Fane gets jealous and—and we get a performance. Or she breaks with Donnie and we get out of the contract. We can't lose."

Sam was chuckling eagerly, happily, and rubbing his hands.

Ben went on: "You could have Kerstow drop the hint to Swenson that if the business gets back over twelve thousand I've got it in mind to raise her pay. Say an extra hundred a week."

Sam's face fell. "Again you pay somebody!" he cried unhappily.

"Swenson's a smart woman, Sam. She'll have to know what she's there for. You have Kerstow slip it across that we want results. I don't sign anything. I don't even promise anything. But she'll understand how to get right with us. Perhaps fifty a week. Ya-ah, that's enough. And I don't promise it, understand. I've just got it in mind."

Sam, reassured, was chuckling again.

Two weeks later Jane Jones went to a Saturday-night party at Joe and Daisy Hunter's. Greta Swenson was there. Don and Eleanor were invited but couldn't come. They always drove directly home from the theatre.

There was always a lot of gossip running about from stage door to stage door. Greta was certainly back in town, looking like a million—oh, wonderful furs and all—and she was certainly up to something. Everybody was keen to learn precisely what. And Jane, in particular, loved being in the know.

THE usual crowd turned out for the party. Quite a number of Daisy's musical comedy friends and a good many of the English actors. There was dancing and champagne. Plenty of champagne. Jane, who never drank much of anything, kept her eyes and ears open; Greta drank a good deal, but didn't show it for hours. After a time, however, her eyes grew dreamy, and she became very quiet. She danced more and more languidly, clinging to her partners. All that told Jane enough. It wasn't difficult to draw her to a sofa for a little chat.

"How's dear old Hollywood?" asked Jane, with her friendliest grin.

"Oh, terrible! But lots of money."

"So I've heard. But what are you doing here?"

Greta smiled languidly, with mischief in her dreamy eyes. "I'm rehearsing."

"Something interesting?"

"Very." Greta glanced about. "I'm supposed not to talk about it. If I hadn't drunk so much, I wouldn't even be saying this. For Heaven's sake don't give me away, Jane. But you won't. You can hold your tongue. I'm going into Mango." Jane started, but Greta didn't see. "Really it's a scream. They don't know."

"Who don't?"

"The company. Don and Eleanor. Not a thing. I'm rehearsing with the stage manager. Going in cold Monday night."

"Whose place are you taking?"

"Dolly Tillson's."

"Dolly . . . ?"

Greta nodded mirthfully. Jane's startled thoughts were reaching confusedly this way and that. There was the old gossip, of course. And the strange kick Greta was so plainly getting out of it. She'd have to play that torrid love scene with Don. Queer business . . . all she said aloud was, "Then it's true that Ben and Dolly are breaking."

"I don't know anything about that. And don't care. That's their business."

"Yes, of course."

Greta wasn't through spilling her little story. "I really shouldn't have drunk that wine. But I've got to tell somebody or I'll burst. It's so funny! Ben Andrews is putting me in to vamp Donnie." (*Continued on page 42*)

Jane said in her driest tone, "We're still waiting outside, Donnie"

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The king suddenly abdicates (with a million) and the heavyweight hams left are far too light

By GRANTLAND RICE

The King Hunt

The legitimate line of succession from Sullivan to Tunney is broken. Who's to found a new dynasty?

THE tom-toms are sounding, and the racket of the drums is loud. The bush beaters are clamoring, and their heavy sticks are whacking the jungle growth. But there's no heavyweight tiger plunging into the open and no sign of another million-dollar gate.

John L. Sullivan was never the official heavyweight champion of the world. But popular acclaim accorded him that honor, and the straight line of succession that ran from John L. to Gene Tunney has ceased abruptly.

When Gene Tunney carved up Tom Heeney in one of the most scientific clinics in the history of the game, his abrupt retirement to private life left one of the greatest muddles pugilism has ever known.

Kings and Presidents come and pass in orderly fashion. But when a heavyweight boxing champion quits unbeaten, a form of baffled bewilderment falls upon civilization, and even the leading impresarios can't quite figure how they can turn out a silk purse from a sow's ear to unwrap an old one. Especially the sort of silk purse that can be sold to 80,000 people for $1,000,000 or so.

To dig up a heavyweight champion is one thing. To dig one up who can draw in important money is something else, and about the only part of it all that matters to any extent.

A trifle over twenty years ago Jim Jeffries retired because there was no one to fight. Tommy Burns succeeded him, but few took Tommy Burns, alias Noah Brusso, very seriously. He had never whipped the champion to earn his crown. Jack Johnson then stopped Burns in Australia, and immediately the public and the promoters started an uproar to bring Jim Jeffries back as the Noblest White Hope of them all.

Whereupon a portly, partly bald Jeffries, six years out of the ring, came back to get $100,000 and a heavy beating as Jack Johnson took his place in line with an ex-champion at his feet.

But Gene Tunney's case is entirely different. He first beat the former champion twice and then offered him a third chance. He then waited around until Tom Heeney showed that he was at least as good as any of the half dozen challengers, Risko, Sharkey, Paulino, Delaney, etc., and what he did to Heeney we saw.

Heeney was not within twenty or thirty jumps of Tunney's class. And so Tunney left an outclassed field, just as Jeffries did, but when Tunney said he was through, Tunney meant that he was through. Jeffries had less than $100,000 saved up when he retired. Tunney had over a million. That alone makes quite a difference.

Tex Rickard could draw only a trifle more than $600,000 with Tunney and the best contender in the field. What is he to draw with a new champion who for some years won't even be in Tunney's class? For as long as Tunney is in condition and fairly young, under thirty-five, the next heavyweight king will be champion of everyone—except Tunney. And that makes quite a difference. It would be the same as if a golf star won the U. S. Open with Bobby Jones absent. Unless some champion beats Bobby Jones, it doesn't count.

Seven Pretenders

SUPPOSE we consider the main prospects that Tunney left behind as he started on his European jaunt with Thornton Wilder!

1. Johnny Risko: a game, strong, willing fighter without much boxing skill and no punch to rave about. Risko can take a lot and keep on coming in. But in more than a hundred rounds against Paulino, Sharkey, Heeney, Delaney, Loughran, Stribling, etc., he never left a headache in his wake. Risko is no set-up for any man, but he will never be the next heavyweight champion of the world with anything he has shown so far.

2. Jack Sharkey: a good boxer with speed, ring skill and a fair punch. The best prospect of the lot—when he wants to fight. But he was knocked out by Dempsey, held to a draw by Heeney and whipped by Risko. You can throw out his Delaney affair for several reasons. Sharkey is the champion Ought-to-Be. But in this game they pay off only on results. Sharkey is excitable, moody and temperamental and shy on ring intelligence. He rarely uses his head in a pinch. Any man who would drop his hands against Dempsey in claiming a foul, leaving himself wide open, in place of dropping to one knee, can't be depended on to outthink any smart opponent. Sharkey in certain moods is a dangerous customer, but he isn't dependable at any time.

3. Tom Heeney: a game, willing fighter who is only a fair boxer. He can't punch, and he is a short-armed fighter with little speed. Heeney has courage and stamina, but in five fights I haven't seen him turn out one interesting round.

4. Paulino Uzcudun: another Heeney, but more colorful. Game enough and strong enough, but a second-rate performer in most of the details that make up a champion.

5. George Godfrey: big enough and strong enough. A fair boxer who doesn't like to mix it. About as aggressive as the family cow. Did nothing particular against Sharkey, Risko and Paulino.

6. Jack Delaney: all through, and washed up.

7. Tommy Loughran: in many ways the best bet of the lot. Tommy can't hit hard enough to dent the cuticle of a custard pie. But he has speed and brains and boxing skill. At least he's SOMETHING. He can box. He gave Jack Dempsey a boxing lesson when Dempsey was training at Atlantic City for the first Tunney fight. He has beaten Risko, and he could beat most of the others. If he could learn how to hit, he would be another Tunney. Tunney is no killer, but he can hurt and cut and jar. Loughran can't. Loughran keeps himself in fine condition. He could amble all around most of the heavyweights now beating their breasts and not take a punch in return. Loughran can build himself up to 183 pounds, and he might learn how to hit a little.

8. Jack Dempsey: always dangerous for any aggressive fighter. He can still whip a Heeney who will mix it—but any good boxer could jab him to death.

There you have most of those left in the scramble for Tunney's vacant throne, and outside of Dempsey there isn't $300,000 in any gate they could draw. The public is a glutton for punishment, but at last it has become choked up with paying out big money for a dull show.

Nothing in Sight

WHAT about the others? I saw Marriner, the Illinois University heavyweight, and he is still at least two years shy, no matter what he has now. Marriner can punch, and he has good speed. But he is only a beginner in the toughest game in the world. In a year or so he should weigh 190 pounds, and he might amount to something in time, but not before 1930 or 1931.

Then there is Ad Warren, Jimmy Bronson's Carolina collegian. Warren is of the Marriner type—too raw even to be thought about in the championship class for several years.

Another college prospect, if he turns pro, is Al Lassman, the football captain of New York University. Lassman is 6 feet 3, weighs 215 pounds, is fast on his feet and with his hands, a good boxer and a hard hitter. Here is a prospect if he can take it and if he can find the right training and directing.

But at the moment it must be admitted that there is no real heavyweight champion in sight who is even close to the Dempsey of 1919 or the Tunney of 1928. Tunney showed how little they had when he man-handled Heeney, the man who held them even; the man they couldn't whip.

There isn't a good boxer in the lot outside of Loughran and Sharkey, and there isn't a hard puncher in the entire crop.

It is an odd collection upon whom Tex Rickard and other promoters cast melancholy eyes when it comes to any matter of opening another gold mine.

A series of eliminations may name Tunney's successor in time, but no one will take it seriously unless a new star comes along or one of the present crop manages to improve his output something like 280 per cent. There may be a champion in sight—but not for any big guarantee. And not for any $40 ringside seat or $25 ringside seat with all the ballyhoo any six promoters can churn up.

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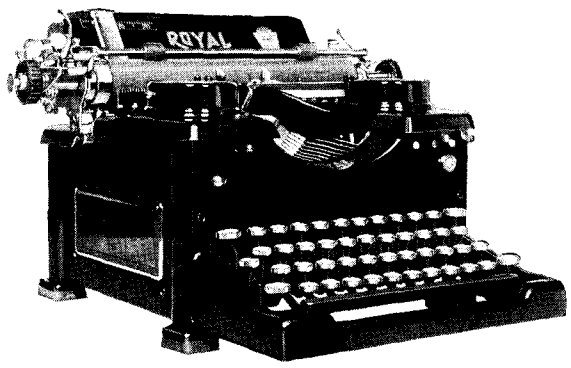

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The Main Guy

As told to
JOHN WILSTACH

Drawings by Paul Brown from old prints

We all wanted to run away with a circus when we were in our "once upon a time" age. Well, here's the third and last part of the tale of a lad who did.

"STICK around after everybody has gone to town for grub," ordered Hickey, quietly, late that afternoon. "The Main Guy wants to see us without attractin' any attention."

I nodded and wondered what was in the wind as I followed him toward a gilded cage at the end of the wagon row.

"Something important's up," continued the boss hostler. "By the way, how do you like the way you're bein' treated with this trick, Lucky?"

Hickey was smiling, so I ventured the truth.

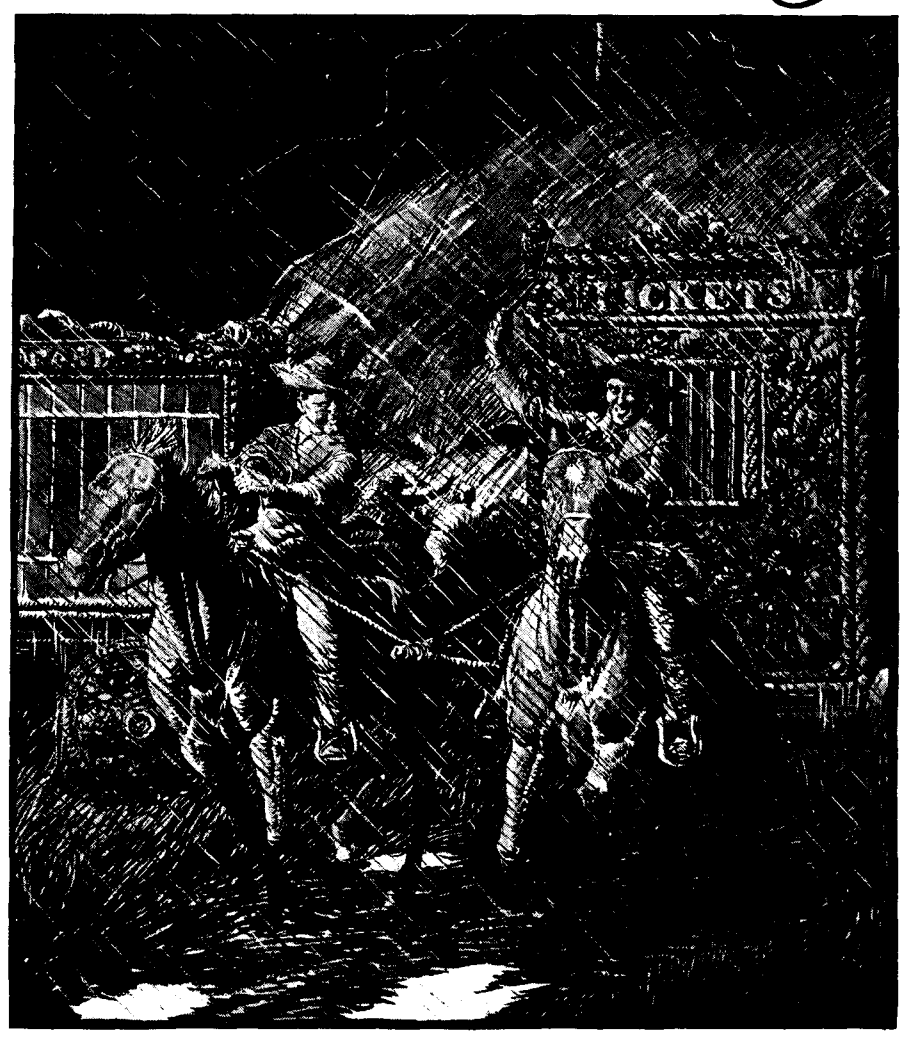
"All right, except it's hard getting along with only a wink of sleep now and then. But I would like to be paid some money—however little. I see the other fellows matching coins, and it makes my pockets feel empty like."

"Don't worry, you're down for $15 a month, and the best part of it is you'll get it. Bramley don't do any red-crossing."

"What's that?"

"Oh, short-changing pay envelopes. Some of the biggest main guys were famous for it. They'd give you a little less and less monthly until you received hardly anything at all. This went on until you let out a squawk. Then the whole blame would fall on the limber-fingered ticket seller and treasurer."

Hickey grinned at his memories.



Away we galloped, none heeding, in the peril of a blow-down

Yankee Robinson may or may not have been "King of Showmen," but his ancestors did come on the Mayflower. Right: Cowboys, seeking revenge on grifters, raid the ring

"Talk 'bout Barnum, old Robinson was also a slick advertiser. But he never went east long 'nough to get famous. He used to have 'Good for One Admission — Yankee Robinson' stamped on the back of half dollars and give 'em out instead of passes!

"Like P. T., the old man used to like to be seen and heard. Why, during the middle of the show Yankee had a trained dog chase him up the center pole and pull him down by the coat-tails. He always rode at the head of the parade on a big white mare, garbed like a Vermont minister. I remember him drawing up before a throng of Jaspers and orating:

" 'Ever seen Yankee Robinson, the King of Showmen?'

"And then, without waiting for a reply: 'Feast your eyes! You behold Yankee Fayette Lodawick Robinson, whose ancestors came over in the Mayflower. Gents, I honor your city.'

"I once heard him tell a performer with the show who insisted upon a raise in salary, 'Stay with me one more year and I'll make you so valuable I can't afford to hire you!' "

The boss hostler chuckled.

"Reminds me of the fix W. C. Coup was once in when he wanted to close his circus early in New Orleans. A certain woman rider had a year's contract with him and insisted upon being paid for that time or she'd bring suit and attach all his property.

" 'All right,' drawled Mr. Coup, whom neither a blow-down nor a prairie fire could ruffle, I'll give in to you. I have a farm up in the wilds of Wisconsin. You can go there with my ringmaster. I shall have a ring built around an oak tree. Daily and evening, rain or shine, you will give your performance for the benefit of the birds and bees and squirrels. Any time you miss a show you will break your contract—and be shown the direction to go home—on foot!'

"The equestrienne decided to join the show folk on the next steamer for New York!"

Enchantment Disappears

AS I listened, much amused, we'd edged toward the tent flaps buttoned back. Dusk was falling, yet only two flares were lighted: one in front of the kid top and another near the main entrance. The concert must be under way now, inside, but few staying, for the crowd was streaming out, laughing and joking, the men stamping along in their high boots and the women trying to keep their billowy Sunday-go-to-meetin' skirts out of the mud.

The circus world seems very different when the throngs leave the lot. Whisking the people away reminded me of taking the air from a toy balloon—the spirit of fun and liveliness is gone. Only a workaday appearance remains. Maybe, unknowingly, the audience brings its own enchantment to the show to be kindled and takes it away upon leaving the lot.

I only know that after a performance I always felt a little let down and depressed, though I could never quite account for my mood.

Finally that long interval was on us in which the lot is deserted. Performers, gamblers, grifters, canvasmen and roustabouts had all left for dinner in Dover City.

Hickey jerked his thumb over his shoulder for me to follow, and we walked toward the big top. Entering, I saw a lantern shining on a table beside the ring bank. There sat Bramley, fingering a sheaf of papers. He looked up as we approached, and the light and shadow brought out the deep circles under his eyes.

"Hickey, I've been thinking how to fight back 'gainst opposition," he said, in a low tone, "and haven't got much of anywhere. Rutledge managed to get my route—how I can't tell, but I'm not going to turn back. I'll try a little trick myself. Here are his play dates for two seasons ago. He's repeating this year, after giving a little time to soften mem'ries.

Hunting for Trouble

"I'M HAVING you two men join his show—through buying a pickpocket privilege. I expect you to raise enough trouble to make Rutledge lay off me. Start a ruckus among the rubes 'cause there ain't any white elephant drinking milk punches out of a gold trough. Promise 'em 10-karat diamonds in two-bit prize packages of candy. Keep his hands full fighting squawks. If I only had two regular gamblers or grifters on my show I could trust—"

The main guy smiled grim-like.

"But they'd sell me gladly—and cheap too. I thought of you, Hickey—you're an old-timer, and I guess there's little you haven't done from stalling for a walk-away to fanning a gawk for his leather and super?"

Hickey winked. "Boss, my past ain't open to inspection, if that's what you mean. But I allus play fair with the man who butters my bread."

"I am sure I can trust you and my young new friend here"—meaning me. "I've a hunch he will be lucky for me again.

"Rutledge will be in Kirksville day after tomorrow. You can join on there. Take two good saddle horses. And here's my route."

The boss hostler pocketed the route sheets, and shuffled uneasily on his feet. Bramley grunted, unslung a leather money belt from his waist and passed over a wallet.

"Ought to be over twelve hundred in there. Use what you must—and call all that's left yours if you make Rutledge cry quits."

Bramley shook hands with us gravely.

We rode off the lot mounted on two horses Hickey had picked without hesitation, knowing the stock as he did. I was bursting with pride at being so trusted, and thrilled at the prospect of adventure. We pointed south.

Night came, with a sliver of moon and many stars. Hickey followed the road as if he knew where he was going.

Noon of the second day found us entering Kirksville.

The town had none of the holiday aspect of circus day. We rode down a main street, deserted except for the usual idlers, and only a few farm teams stood at the hitching posts.

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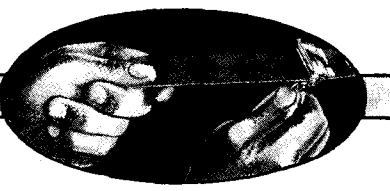
STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PERFECT  SHAVE

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Circus day in the nineteenth century near a growing village. Only the cat is left to keep house

"This looks as if Bramley had the wrong steer," drawled Hickey. "By all signs no show plays here today, and I—"

He pulled up his mount sharply, and we both gazed at a circus bill tacked on a post, announcing "The Great Rutledge Circus and Menagerie in Pageantric and Peerless Procession."

Dismounting, Hickey accosted a citizen.

"Sir, doesn't the big show pitch its tents here today?"

The man broke into a flood of profanity.

"They outslicked us, the damn rascals. Sure, we thought Rutledge was goin' to play our town again—license arranged for, and everything. We've been waiting two years—and the sheriff has warrants for the crooks and cheats who robbed us and left a bunch of unpaid bills behind. He was waiting till the show reached the lot but—but the wagons paraded through town—and kept right on going. The circus must ha' got wind of our surprise party, and didn't stop till it had gone helter-skelter ten miles south—right over the state line!"

We rode along until held up at a toll gate of a turnpike road, and Hickey had to pay four bits to the guard for liberty to proceed. But he was in good humor, chuckling at how the circus had walked out of a pretty trap.

"Good for Rutledge the state line was so near," he said. "That beats being chased considerable. Reminds me of a time when Uncle John Robinson was driven half across a state. His outfit was playing Jacksonville, Tex., a community so raw and tough a circus only dared give a day performance, never played at night. The Orten show was once wiped out there complete.

The Old Army Game

"ANYWAY, Uncle John realized war was starting when ruffians reeled into the ring and held up the riding acts. The town marshal said that the show people would have to protect their own property, as he couldn't. They did.

"A riot started that lasted from three in the afternoon until late at night. No doubt of it, the crooked gentry who infest a circus were partly to blame. Pickpockets won't stop working under the black mouth of a cannon. But at Jacksonville heavy drinking inflamed the passions of the trouble makers. There were numerous broken heads and shattered bodies—for tent stakes are bad weapons! And ten canvasmen had to be thrown into the wagons that, somehow, pulled out long after midnight.

"Warrants followed the show, with the names on them of every person mentioned on the circus bills. Uncle John had to discard his route and make his way by forced marches to Galveston, where all the people and most of the equipment was loaded on a boat for New Orleans. But a quantity of gear and material had to be left behind in the mad rush to get away from the Lone Star State."

We eventually found the Rutledge tents.

We tied our horses near a long line of rigs, and Hickey said we'd look around before hunting up the main guy.

At first sight I thought Rutledge had a bigger show than Bramley's, but I was to find it was loosely put together and depended for profit on the revenue from crooks.

Hickey pointed out a three-card monte shark on the edge of the crowd, spreading the cards on a wooden shelf held steady by a leather harness swung over his shoulders. If a squawk called for a quick getaway, the plank could be instantly discarded.

Here a flashily dressed individual was winning steadily and making a big display of bills to attract the natives crowding around. He was a capper for the game, Hickey informed me; in cahoots with the sure-thing gambler.

Farther along a smooth-tongued and persuasive fellow, with his high hat cocked over one ear, was manipulating a shell game on a high box.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," he called in a high-pitched voice, "watch me carefully. Play this game for your amusement and profit. I have three empty shells and one innocent pea, the kind you grow in your garden. I have nothing up my sleeve, but a lot of money in my pocket just burning to change hands. And I like to part with it—easy come, easy go, say I. Now keep your eyes open without winking. I place the pea under this shell. Won't some enlightened gent let me see the color of his money, and tell me where hides the restless little pea? Put up your money, men—mine is as good as yours—and remember—I can't win all the time or I'd live in a house made of diamonds and gold."

W. W. Cole, old Main Guy, was a modest violet like Bailey

The throng surged about the gambler. I saw a farmer bet $5 and point to the center shell. Without waiting for further wagers, the man behind the box removed the shell, and there lay the little pea. He paid with a laugh and a flourish of greenbacks.

"That's just a come-on for a clean-up," Hickey whispered in my ear, and my gaze left the game.

All the time dips were making touches in the crowd, and several aides of the square squealer stationed at the main entrance were circulating about, waiting for a "holler" too loud and insistent from a visitor who had been trimmed. Then the fixer might be trusted to do his usual impersonation of the owner at a moment's notice, when he would calm the victim by promises—or the return of money—to "uphold the fine reputation of the circus."

The pay-off was only done if a riot was feared: it took little to start one.

A trick used was to make farmers bring large sums on their persons to the lot through the lure sent out in advance of a play date that the circus was going to sell off a lot of prime stock at rock-bottom prices. The rustics were told to ask for a certain fancy named individual who didn't exist; and thus they gave away the fact of being loaded down with coin.

Hospitality was often extended to them in the shape of a whisky bottle containing a drugged drink, or they were rolled for their money in other ways.

Anything to Beat Rubes

I BELIEVE, though, the oddest graft with a gyp show was the "clothes line" privilege. While the family attended the circus skillful scavengers carried off all the wash left in back yards!

Indeed, every possible method was utilized to separate the rube from his hard-earned cash; if he outwitted other dangers, he must come a cropper at the ticket wagon. There the ticket seller short-changed him by folding bills across the middle, and counting the ends held toward the customer; and the "hurry-up" guard would jerk him along with a, "Just in time to get in to see the big show," before he had more than an instant to stuff his change into his pocket.

"Do the grifters pay a set sum a week or month?" I asked Hickey as my education went on.

"That's the only sure way, my lad, of keeping tab on them," replied Hickey. "I remember an owner who once thought he would make more by splitting with the crooks on a 50-50 basis. He soon found that the returns weren't up to expectation. One day he jumped on the platform in front of the kid show just as the crowd was pouring out.

"'I'm owner of this circus,' he roared, 'and I have been told that pickpockets are following it without my knowledge or permission. Kindly search yourselves, gents, and find if you have been robbed—and of how much. I'll take down your names and the amounts; and as an honest showman I promise to hunt down these critters and have them make good your losses.'

"As word swept down the line the excitement was intense. First one and then another frenzied Jasper came forward and told his name, together with his loss. With a stub pencil the main guy took down the swelling list of what the dips and gamblers had garnered, and renewed his vows of making them pay.

"But after the lot was cleared he did only this: He gathered the grifters together and told 'em to come through on a 50-50 split with him, waving the evidence in front of their faces.

"'You're a bunch of cheap crooks,' he thundered. 'I was sure I wasn't getting my proper divvy and now I know it. From now on you'll pay me a regular price for running games.'"

W. C. Coup, Barnum's first general manager, the innovator of the three-ring circus, from whose designs the first railroad show train was built, was the pioneer to take a stand against the grafting fraternity.

Yet Mr. Coup lost his fortune on the toss of a penny, and the identical copper was found in his pocket when he died.

A Ruined Man

AFTER opening the first Madison Square Garden in New York, Mr. Coup and Henry Reiche went into partnership and put their wealth into an aquarium at Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway. At the opening a great banquet was given to prominent scientists and politicians, and the menu consisted of fish from every body of water on the globe.

The aquarium was a great success until a wrangle started on the subject of Sunday opening. Coup opposed it, and it was impossible for him and Reiche to agree. Though the circus man had everything in the world tied up in the place, he said that one of them must quit.

"I'll tell you what, Reiche," he said, "let's flip a penny. The one who wins gets the aquarium, and the one who loses gets out?"

Reiche agreed, though a trifle pale at the terrific gamble. Coup tossed the coin high in the air and his partner called heads. The penny spun and fell around for a few moments while they stooped over it. There was no witness present. Finally the copper began settling—and Coup saw that he had lost. Before it settled the loser picked the coin up and told the other he had won, and bowed courteously before walking out, a ruined man.

At his death Mr. Coup was in low financial straits, the proprietor of a little dog-and-pony show.

Well, son, to get back to my adventure with Hickey: (*Continued on page 49*)

Albino family, with "pure white skin, silken hair, pink eyes"

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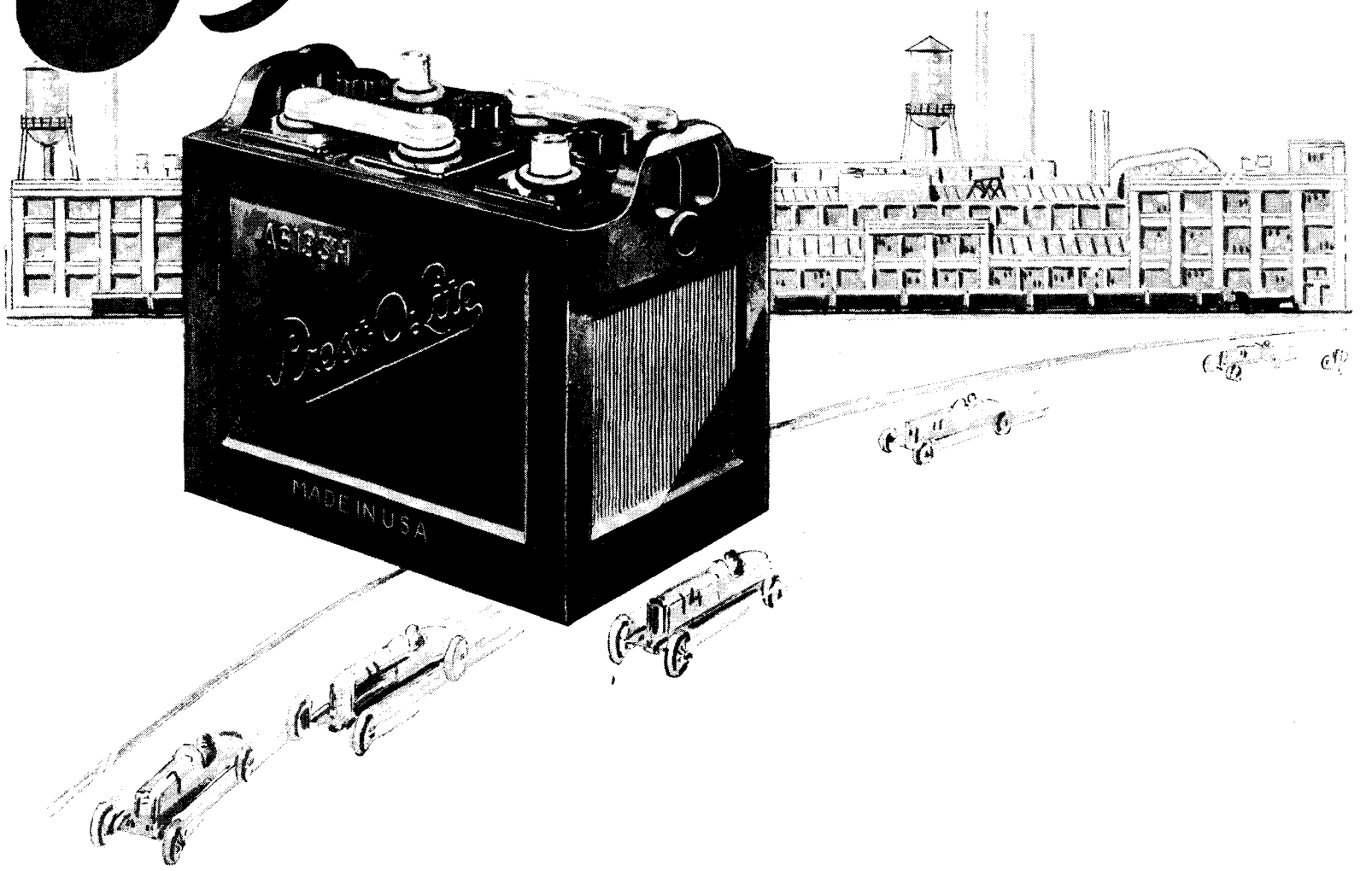

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The Make-Believe Wife

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

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The Story Thus Far:

LOVELY Beatrice St. John marries Houston Challoner, a wealthy architect, years older than she, chiefly because her sister's health has failed, and she realizes what the marriage would mean to her family, who are very poor. Her sister and mother are sent to California, and Hugh and Beatrice are unbelievably happy.

Hugh can't help feeling, however, that his son Bert would be a more suitable match. He realizes that Bert is falling in love with Beatrice, but for a long time she does not, and when Bert declares his love she is greatly shocked and upset but attracted in spite of herself. As time goes on Hugh convinces himself that Bee is in love with Bert and too loyal to hurt him by admitting the truth. Bee knows only that everything seems to be wrong between them and is very unhappy.

Hugh and Beatrice have been working together on plans for the Kreutzmann Memorial, and a few days before they are to be sent in the plans mysteriously disappear. Suspicion points to either Bert or Aileen Kavanaugh, who, jealous of Beatrice, is a great trouble maker.

Some time later Hugh tells Beatrice that he has found the plans and that he knows it was Bert who hid them. That evening, at the Lamberts' party, in a dreadful scene at which Aileen is present, Hugh accuses Bert of the theft and also of making advances to his wife. He is beside himself with anger and jealousy, and says things that hurt Bee unbearably. Aileen then suggests that Bee tell what she knows about the plans, and Bee admits it was she who hid them. She also tells Hugh, being angry because of his unfair suspicion, that she is in love with Bert—which isn't true—and determines to leave Hugh. Bert tries to dissuade her.

On the train bound for New York she realizes that it is wrong to run away like this, but the train makes no more stops before New York.

SHE put out her light and tried to sleep. It was impossible, and when the train finally pulled into Hoboken, on a grimy, cool autumn morning, Beatrice was fully dressed again and had not even closed her eyes.

This was her third visit to New York. She had come once on business for the firm with Marcia—a thrilling experience. That had been more than two years ago, in the delicious springtime when all the parks and streets and shop windows had reflected the glory of the season.

The sisters had stayed at the Philomel, had breakfast at a near-by Childs', and had walked the pleasant streets, fascinated and happy, buying Mummy little presents, riding on green omnibuses, and going to the theatre in the evening, after bathing and dressing of hair.

The second visit had been with Hugh early in the summer—only six months ago. Noon had driven them down that time, and they had, of course, stayed at the Chatham, where the Challoners always stayed, and there had been flowers in Beatrice's big rooms and callers and all sorts of excitement.

"We'll come down next winter, and hear some opera, Bee," Hugh had said.

A pang almost physical in its sharpness smote her at the memory, and she put it from her deliberately.

THIS was New York into which she emerged, at the top of this steamy-smelling tube—a cold, bright, hard, unfriendly New York, with a dirty wind blowing under the high framework of the elevated trains. Crowds surging this way and that; into subways, out of subways, in and out of office doorways. Newspapers already adrift in the streets.

"Where to, lady?" the taxi man asked.

"To the Philomel Hotel." He had never heard of it. She knew it was in the East Fifties somewhere, near Lexington—

Oh, Marcia, so sure of yourself, so adequate, so protective toward a little bewildered sister. . . . Oh, Hugh, with your gloves and your worn fat wallet; your positive, easy manner in the big restaurants, and your delight in your companion's delight—where were you now?

The Philomel hadn't a spare inch. But they could send her to the Toggenburg. "Here, boy, take the young lady's bag, and get her a taxi."

Beatrice got into the second taxi with a new fear gnawing at her heart. "The young lady's bag." Of course, she was married—she had been married more than a year—and yet at twenty-two one didn't look especially married!

Another rather gloomy hotel foyer with plenty of colored glass to brighten it. Palms. The elevator shot her up to the seventh floor; she walked into a room. This would do nicely. Thank you.

The boy opened the window a crack, set down her bag, and went away. Beatrice sat down on the edge of a perfectly comfortable and perfectly clean-looking bed. She experienced all the despair of a lost child.

"This is awful!" she said aloud. She opened her bag, and put some brushes and bottles on the flat, bare bureau. A pincushion had "Toggenburg" embroidered in red threads on its white cotton cover; the towels had that too.

Clean stringy white curtains were at the window; through its clean panes Beatrice could see only the backs of large buildings.

After a while she went out, locking her door, and down the street. She walked to Fifth Avenue, trying to remember why she had been angry at Hugh. Well, because he had—he had—

"Oh, Hugh, Hugh! Why aren't you one of all these thousands of men, to let me talk to you—to take me home again!"

A COLD wind blew along the avenue, and the tops of the omnibuses were empty. Winter was coming. Winter. Beatrice, feeling dazed and cold, stopped at a jeweler's window and stared at a silver trophy.

But she did not see it. She was beginning to see her own life for the first time: its romance and its tragedy. She had been only a little girl, a year ago, bewildered by the story-book prospect of a marriage with a rich man twice her age. She had known nothing of men, nothing of life and of her own heart. She had been like a little dream wife, loving, eager, responsive, unexacting. Knowing nothing of passion, she had never felt its absence in herself.

Now she was awake. Or, rather, she had begun to awaken weeks ago, under Bert's youth and ardor and adoration. And, awakening, she had stumbled blindly out of paradise.

"I've had no breakfast, that's why I feel so giddy!" Beatrice reminded herself. "I'll go somewhere—"

Across the street were the solid red walls of the Waldorf. She and Hugh had had breakfast there, on a hot early summer morning, and he had said that in all his trips to New York he always liked that moment best. To sit at the dining-room window and watch the world go by, and pour the hot, hot coffee, and break the white rolls.

She went in. The big room was almost empty, (*Continued on page 50*)

Hugh did not answer. He locked his fingers tightly across his eyes and Bee touched her lips to his dark hair

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"If I'd happened to meet a woman like this," thought Joab, "when I was still young enough—"

Giant Killer

By ELMER DAVIS

Illustrated by CORNELIUS HICKS

The Story Thus Far:

IN HONOR bound to make good one of his songs, one about killing the giant Goliath, David blames his harp for getting him into such a fix and casts it from him. Then regretting his action he rises toward dawn to recover it. At the bottom of the hill he finds Goliath's dead body—tripped up accidentally by Elhanan, a drunken private of King Saul's army, Goliath had fallen against a sharp rock—and always quick to see his good fortune David cuts off the giant's head and marches triumphantly to Saul. Nobody believes Elhanan and David's rise to fortune and power begins.

One by one each man standing in David's way is killed, always through someone else's effort: King Saul, General Abner, Saul's son. David always simulates grief but is really secretly thankful for each death.

Joab, David's nephew though very near his own age, is really the man who wins David's victories for him. He is a straightforward, honest man of action and can never understand David's roundabout, political way of thinking. David is fearful of Joab's strength but realizes he cannot do without him and Joab is fearful of David's cleverness but knows that they cannot do without each other.

So under Joab, the stern commander, whose only friends, besides David, are his brother Abishai and Tirzah, Abishai's wife, the army conquers all surrounding nations and Joab honors David, always mindful that David did kill Goliath. Until one day Elhanan, old and wandering, tells his tale. Joab carries it to the king and realizes from the way that David acts that Elhanan's tale is true.

VII

KING DAVID sat on his cushioned throne in his royal city of Jerusalem. He had been twenty years a king; on the dais in the Hall of Audience, in his palace of hewn stone and cedar wood, he sat proud and majestic, robed in costly stuffs; a jeweled circlet of gold was about his ruddy hair, his fingers plucked absently at the strings of a harp of ebony inlaid with silver. A king whose will no one dared question; an artist whose criticisms were never unfavorable.

Below him, to right and left, stood his courtiers, fat, comfortable, obsequious men, oiled and scented, arrayed in purple and fine linen. Only one man sat, in a chair on the step of the dais, below the King but raised above all the rest: a tall, powerful man with a cloak of scarlet over his gilded corselet—morose and somber, his black beard streaked with gray. Joab the son of Zeruiah, General of the Armies of Israel—without any argument, these twelve years past, the second man in the kingdom.

Suddenly the King's fingers struck a crashing chord from the harp; he began to sing a new song:

"I will sing, yea, I will sing praises, even with my glory;
Awake, psaltery and harp:
I myself will awake right early;
I will give thanks unto thee, O Yahweh, among the peoples.
God hath spoken in his holiness: I will exult;
I will divide Shechem, and mete out the valley of Succoth.
Gilead is mine; Manasseh is mine;
Ephraim also is the defense of my head;
Judah is my lawgiver;
Moab is my washpot;
Upon Edom have I cast out my shoe;
Over Philistia do I shout in triumph!"

As the music died a murmur rose from the crowd of courtiers—a murmur of awed gratitude, that they had been privileged to hear the first singing of the new song.

"Just a little trifle," said the King genially, handing the harp to a slave behind him. "The victories our God has given us deserve a more glorious commemoration."

"Nothing could be more glorious!" cried a courtier in the front rank.

"Your Majesty's art is supreme!"

"Come, come!" David lounged back against his cushions. "I don't like flattery, you know. Give me your honest opinion." The voices of the courtiers rose in unison:

"It was perfect, Your Majesty! Incomparable!"

"I don't know," the King mused. "I don't know that I quite like that last line. 'Over Philistia will I shout'—or 'Over Philistia have I shouted'? Which? . . . What do you think about it, Joab?"

The general started out of absent meditation.

"I don't know anything about art," he muttered. And then, hastily recollecting himself: "But I know what I like! It was faultless, Your Majesty!"

"Well, well!" The King beamed on his court in gratification. "I thought it was only a trifle when I dashed it off but sometimes an artist doesn't know how good his own work is till he submits it to the opinion of others. Still, I may change that last line yet. . . . Well! That's all for this morning, gentlemen. The court will stand adjourned until tomorrow."

HE ROSE and made his exit through the door behind the throne, and the courtiers who had stood at attention broke up into buzzing groups, drifting slowly out of the Hall of Audience. But they all made way respectfully for Joab as he stalked out, wrapped once more in somber musing. Since the taking of Jerusalem no man in Israel had dared stand in Joab's way. He crossed the antechamber and leaned on the broad stone sill of a window; under the striped awning he could look out across Jerusalem. The old Jebusite citadel on Mount Zion was the royal city now, centered about the King's palace, with the inclosure of the tent beside it where they housed the Ark of God, recovered from the Philistines. With palace and sanctuary, and the barracks of the Philistine guards beside the palace, and houses David had built for his elder sons—tall, arrogant young princelings, handsome and strong and hot for women—there was room for no more than a few private houses within the citadel, but Joab had a house there, and Abishai lived next door, with Tirzah and their seven children. And beyond the wall that had halted David's army, that day twelve years ago when Joab had gone up by the water course and forced the gate, the new city spread away, overflowing the plateau to the northward, the spur across the valley to the left: Jesusalem, the greatest city in Israel.

Joab surveyed the scene absently, for the lines of the King's song were still running through his mind—the song commemorating the victories God had given them. David knew about those battles from hearsay only, for after he had so nearly died before the giant in the valley of Rephaim his people had made him swear to go to battle no more, that the lamp of Israel should not be put out. But Joab had a keen personal memory attached to every line in that song, for he had won the battles.

Moab. The King who had given refuge to David's family when David was a hunted outlaw woke to sudden jealous fear when David beat the Philistines. Old hatreds rekindled, Moab struck—and Joab's disciplined army broke them, scattered them, stormed Mizpeh, the royal city. All Moab that survived the battle and the sack was brought to David, prisoners drawn up before him by the thousand; and he measured them with a line, making them lie down on the ground; he measured two lines to put to death, and one line to keep alive. And the Moabites became servants to David and paid taxes.

Edom. Edom blocked their outlet to the sea, the Red Sea, to the southward, where David and his new friend and ally, the King of Tyre, already had far-

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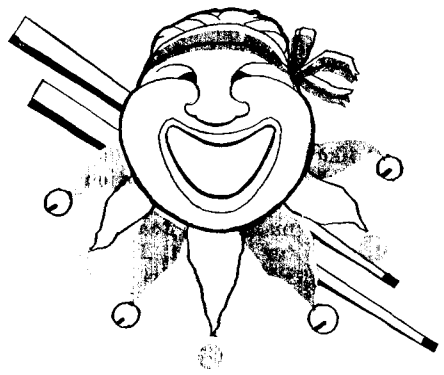

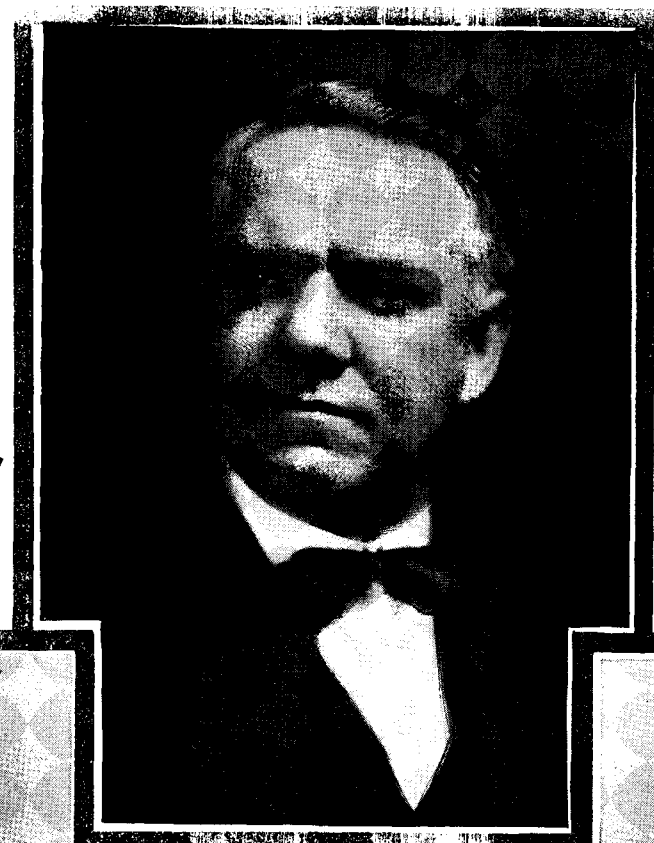

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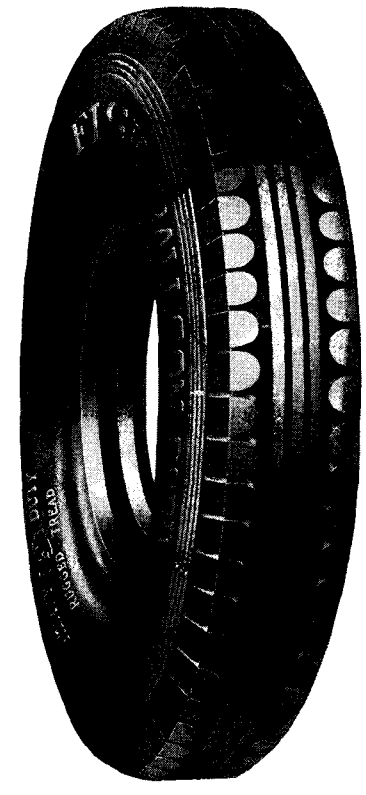

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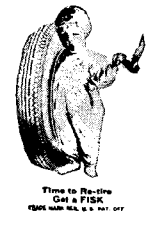
FISK 

TIRES

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reaching dreams of foreign trade. But they had let Edom go for the moment, and the Edomites had struck while they still had their hands full with Moab. Joab could spare only a division to hold Edom, and in the Valley of Salt, below the Dead Sea, that division had been cut off and massacred.

But when Moab was conquered Joab swept down with the army and buried the slain; and then they fought again in the Valley of Salt, an all-day battle in the scorching heat, slipping and sinking in the crusted ooze of the briny marshes—and Edom too was broken and routed utterly. Joab and the army occupied the Edomite country for six months hunting down the fugitives, till not a male was left alive in the country (though some few escaped across the desert to Egypt). And David put garrisons in Edom.

And Philistia. Over Philistia David shouted, but Joab and the army had done the work—and Abishai, who cut down the last giant.

But now the wars were over; Moab and Edom and Philistia subdued, Tyre friendly, Ammon, beyond the eastern frontier, friendly too—David had just sent an embassy to the new King of Ammon to congratulate him on his succession. The wars were over, and the terrible sword of Joab was gathering cobwebs.

A friendly hand clapped Joab on the back as he stared out of the window. In all Israel only one man besides Abishai dared clap Joab on the back. The general turned and faced the King.

"Well, Joab! Why are you so sour?"

"I'm not used to idleness, I suppose. There's nothing left for the army to do now but keep itself in condition for wars that will never come, now that we've taught our neighbors to fear us." He laughed uneasily. "I'm a man of action, David—and the need for action is over. What is there left for us to do?"

The King smiled.

"NOTHING for you, perhaps, but plenty for me. Uniting these jealous, disorganized tribes into a state; teaching an unruly and peculiar people to pay taxes without too much murmuring; seeing that the patronage is prudently distributed—not too many offices to our old friends in Judah, but not too few; fat appointments for Benjamites so that Saul's old tribe may not grow discontented; proper recognition for Ephraim, the greatest tribe in the North; remembrance of Zebulon and Issachar and the tribes beyond the Jordan. It's not so easy as it looks, Joab."

"Probably not. I've never had a head for politics. But I wonder—" Joab turned back to the window, waved his hand at the new white city spreading out beyond the walls of Zion. "I've been wondering just what it's all about, now that we've got it. For years we lived for one thing only—to beat the Philistines. Now that we've beaten them we're becoming like them. Our country people sell their farms and move to the cities; they buy and sell and charge commissions and lend money at interest; they build themselves fine houses, with bathrooms like the Philistine palaces; they stay up late at night and drink wine while they listen to music. Everything Eliab said about the Philistines the night"—he paused, then went on evenly—"the night before you killed Goliath: we Jews do all that now."

"In other words," said the King cheerfully, "we're becoming civilized."

"Oh, I like city life," Joab admitted. "But sometimes I feel homesick for the old days in Bethlehem when you and I and Abishai and Tirzah were all children together." He grinned ruefully. "In other words, I suppose I'm getting old." The King's jovial laughter rang out.

"You're bored, Joab! That's all that's the matter with you!"

"Well—perhaps I am. And you—aren't you bored sometimes?"

"Oh, an artist is never bored. . . . Joab, I know how you can get yourself out of this mood. Take a wife! You are a prince and a great man in Israel, yet you've never married. You're past forty; you should be raising up sons to carry on your name."

"I suppose I should," Joab conceded. "But I've always been too busy."

WHICH was the simple truth. Michal, dead now for years, he had forgotten while she still lived; even the gray-eyed Philistine girl in Ashkelon was only a dim memory. Women he had had, when he wanted them—captive women, happy enough to be the great general's concubines so long as he wanted them, dismissed, when he was tired of them, with their freedom and lordly gifts. But his only home had been the army, his only passion for an idea. Now the idea had triumphed; the kingdom was made, all its enemies were cast down. And Joab felt widowed and bereft.

"I'm not interested in women," he excused himself.

The King chuckled.

"You're missing something, Joab—I've always told you that. I have seventeen wives and concubines, and I'm never bored—nor are they. . . . But I do wish," he finished peevishly, "that I had more control over my sons. I'm afraid those boys are going to be a wild lot. Chips off the old block."

Joab's smile of assent hid a disloyal thought; old Jesse, with Zeruiah's help, would have known how to keep even these wild young hellions in order. . . . But no man could do everything; and how much David could do—how much no man in Israel but David could do—Joab knew better than anyone else. With all his faults, he was a matchless king.

"Well!" The King put his arm about the general's shoulders. "Think it over, Joab! There's not a man in Israel who wouldn't be proud to be your father-in-law. I only wish I had a daughter old enough for you. Perhaps Tamar, in three or four years, if you cared to wait—for a king's daughter must not be a second wife. . . . But no," he decided thoughtfully; "Tamar is too simple and generous; besides, she'd be so awed by your fame that she'd agree to everything you said. What you need, Joab, is a woman who can manage you without letting you know you're being managed. Not like Tirzah—Abishai is too frankly under her thumb. Nor like any of my wives; some of them would like to manage me, but I always know what a woman's doing better than she knows it herself. . . . Well, well! Think it over!"

And at intervals through the rest of the day Joab found himself thinking it over, with a curious apprehension. He ought to marry, certainly. His work was done; he would go to the wars no more; he ought to raise up sons to carry on his name. But he disliked the idea of taking a wife as he chose stock for breeding, on the ranches the King had given him, and there was no woman—there had been no woman in twenty years—whom he wanted with an active personal desire.

Besides, he was used to submissive women, captives gladly grateful for his favor. This notion of a clever woman who would manage him was not exactly agreeable. Yet he supposed the King was right; as a technical expert in the art of war Joab had the profoundest respect, in other matters, for the opinion of technical experts.

He dined with Abishai and Tirzah that evening—they no longer called it supper in Jerusalem—and it startled him when afterward, as they sat on the roof, Tirzah brought up the same subject.

"Joab, it's a scandal that you don't get married. Abishai has seven children, and you have none. Why don't you take a wife, now that the wars are over?"

Joab stirred uneasily on the seat by the parapet. "You're getting cranky and peculiar," said Tirzah severely. "It's time some woman took charge of you."

He attempted to laugh it off.

"Why, Tirzah, you've had charge of me in your spare moments for the last twenty years."

"That's not quite the same thing," she observed rather acridly. Tirzah was stout and graying and matronly now, but cheerful as ever; she loved her husband, and she loved her children, and she loved managing them all with brisk, competent efficiency. But she knew Joab thought she sometimes went a little too far in her endeavors to manage her brother-in-law.

"You ought to have married years ago!" she told him. "If you picked out a girl now, you'd probably choose some young snip with these new free-and-easy manners. Philistine manners, I call them. I don't know what the younger generation is coming to."

"I've always rather liked Philistine manners," Joab confessed. "As a matter of fact, I came near marrying a Philistine girl, down in Ashkelon."

"Oh!" said Tirzah. "Well, why didn't you?"

Joab reflected on that complicated and remote question.

"Oh, she didn't know what she wanted," he evaded.

Tirzah sniffed.

"Probably didn't know what she was missing. You were poor then and unknown. But any woman in Israel would come to you now if you whistled. And it would be rather dreadful, Joab, if you fell into the hands of a woman who did know what she wanted." ("Unless, of course, I picked her out," she added mentally.) "Rich bachelors of forty-odd do make the most terrible marriages sometimes. Yet you ought to be married. Really."

ONLY the fact that Tirzah and David so rarely agreed on anything kept Joab from suspecting that this was a conspiracy.

"Well, well." He shook his shoulders impatiently. "I'll think it over. I don't have to pick out a girl tonight, do I?"

"No," said Tirzah, clinging to the subject, "but I do think you might let me tell you the sort of woman you ought—"

She broke off; a slave came up from the stair well, carrying a letter.

"A message from the King," he said, "to the commander in chief. It is urgent."

By the light of a lamp that Tirzah had brought up, Joab read the hastily written note, and as he read it his lips curled in a smile; he felt immense relief and exultation.

"No time to think about marrying now!" he chuckled. "Not this year, or perhaps next. There is going to be a war!"

It was the Ammonites, on the eastern frontier. Like Moab, they had been David's friends when he was weak; but now that Israel had beaten Philistia, conquered Moab, and annexed Edom outright, the Ammonites had begun to wonder if their turn were coming next, and they had decided to begin the war at a time that suited their convenience.

So the ambassadors whom David had sent to congratulate the new King of Ammon on his accession had been foully insulted. It was a crude method of declaring war; David and Joab and the King's ministers hastily summoned to council wondered how Ammon dared this insupportable provocation in the face of Joab's army—but within three days they knew. The Syrians were marching down from the northeast; they too had been alarmed by David's rising power. So it was to be a real war against a formidable alliance. Joab threw himself into the business of mobilization and planning with joyful eagerness; this was his work, the thing he knew.

His regular army was powerful now; besides the Philistine guards, who must stay in Zion to protect the King, there were four brigades of regulars—and the Mighty Men. Few enough (*Continued on page 55*)

David had been twenty years a king, a king whose will no one dared question

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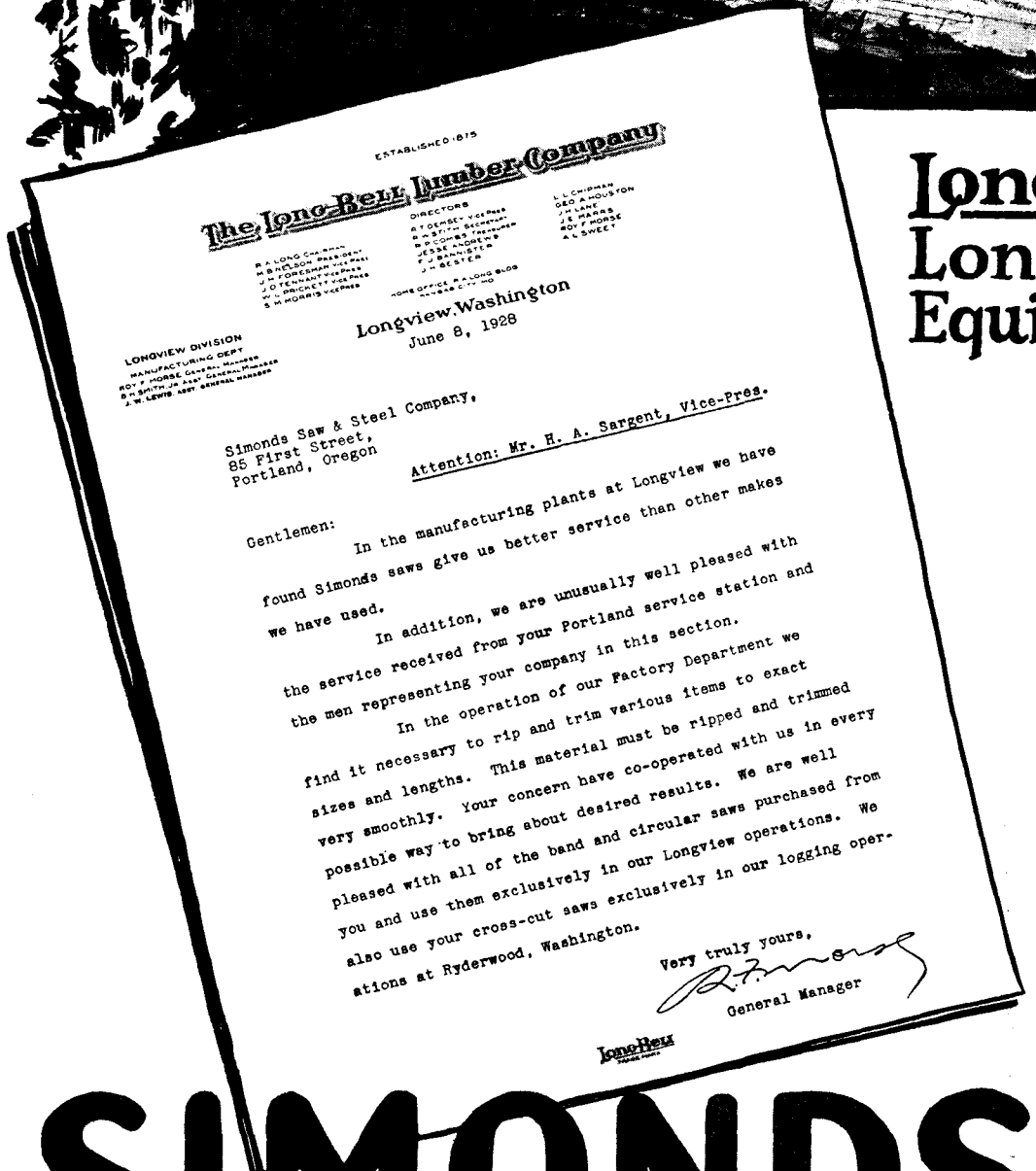

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In the manufacturing plants at Longview we have found Simonds saws give us better service than other makes we have used.

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In the operation of our Factory Department we find it necessary to rip and trim various items to exact sizes and lengths. This material must be ripped and trimmed very smoothly. Your concern have co-operated with us in every possible way to bring about desired results. We are well pleased with all of the band and circular saws purchased from you and use them exclusively in our Longview operations. We also use your cross-cut saws exclusively in our logging operations at Ryderwood, Washington.

Very truly yours,

General Manager

Long-Bell

Long-Bell Plants at Longview, Washington Equipped with Simonds

Study of Costs proved to them that it pays to use SIMONDS Band, Circular and Cross-cut Saws exclusively.

We respectfully invite YOU to write us about SAWS.

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ESTABLISHED 1832-FITCHBURG, MASS.

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In One Ear—

Unsigned stories that Collier's famous correspondents pick up as they travel about the country.

Illustrated by HY MAYER

WHITE men occasionally, in tropical lands, "go native." But it remains for certain worthy residents of Europe to "go American."

"What car do you drive in Paris?" someone asked Wythe Williams, New York Times correspondent at the headquarters of the League of Nations in Geneva.

"I've gone American," he replied. He explained that so many residents of the various American colonies in Europe have turned to American cars that the phrase "gone American" is used with some pride, by individuals, to tell the story.

There is a rich merchant in St. Gall, Switzerland, whose father lives at Lugano, 100 miles away. Every week-end the young merchant takes a round trip across the Alps, a rough test for a car. The roads are of the old-fashioned Napoleonic grades. He learned about American cars from persons who had "gone American" and immediately bought a certain car made in Michigan, of all places, which sells for less than $2,000 in this country.

"It has more power for speed and climbing than any car I have driven before," he announced later. "But the radiator doesn't hold enough water." He got a mechanic to enlarge the water-carrying space in the radiator and now crosses the Alps regularly at a speed of about 40 miles an hour.

Of All Sad Words

THE Senator from the West sat in the lobby of a New York hotel admiring the scenery. Finally two of the component parts of the vivid landscape moved in his direction and stopped directly in front of him.

"Good evening," said one of the girls, "you look lonesome."

"I am," replied the Senator.

"Well, forget it. Come along with

us and we'll show you a good time."

The Senator sighed. "I can't do it," he said. "It's too late."

"Aw," replied the girl. "It ain't late. It's only nine o'clock."

"But I didn't mean that," retorted the statesman. "I meant twenty years."

The Spacious Days

NOW that the Democrats are having such a gaudy time talking about the manner in which the Republican National Committee has disposed of some of its funds it might not be amiss to dig up something on the Democrats. The following charges may be a little ancient but they are none the less authentic.

In 1852 when California sent in its first electoral vote to the national capital to be cast for Franklin Pierce it chose a certain General Cobarrubias as its honored messenger. The General was a sincere drinker with a reputation that extended the entire length of the Pacific Coast. Even before his steamer left San Francisco he turned on a deluge of wine which flowed uninterruptedly until he reached his first point of debarkation at Panama. At that point the ship's storekeeper presented the General with a bill for $3,000 worth of wine consumed in a fortnight. The General glanced casually at the bill and without a word drew a check for the amount on the DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

The General then crossed over the Isthmus of Darien, following the same route that had been marked out by the unlucky Balboa, and boarded a ship on the Atlantic side bound for New York. On this northward trip also wine flowed freely. When the ship reached New York Tammany and everybody else went down to meet the General and escort him to the Astor House. His reception was equal to that accorded later to General Grant. New York went wild over him. He was wined and dined while in the city and when he left for Washington Tammany even appointed a special committee to accompany him. In the national Capital he easily overshadowed all other members of the Electoral College. He presented California's vote in a grandiloquent speech, pledged his state to the Democrats for all time to come and then, amid the popping of champagne corks and the woozy huzzahs of many admirers, he went back to New York. In New York he drew another draft on the DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE and then sailed south again for the Isthmus of Darien, where he liquidated a third handsome liquor bill.

He did the same thing on the Pacific side, so that it is now written in history that General Cobarrubias' wine checks, duly honored by the Democratic National Committee in the year 1852, came to the tidy sum of about $10,000.

This tale, however, will not be complete unless we quote from the dusty records of 1852:

"On his return from the Electoral College General Cobarrubias was taken in charge by the leading Democrats of Los Angeles and given a public dinner at the Cafe Barrière. Among the guests present were those renowned *bon vivants* Myron Norton, Ezra Drown, Charles Edward Carr, Ogier and Brent, who, being aware of the General's wonderful powers of endurance, resolved to mix brandy with his wine.

"The board was spread, the guests were seated and the bibulous battle began at eight sharp. At midnight many who were active at the opening hostilities began to retire. Norton was top-heavy, Drown was half seas over, Carr was waterlogged and Ogier was in search of soundings whereon to cast his anchor. At 3 A. M. Madame Barrière and her corps of waiters retired from the field, leaving the General in the act of drawing a cork from a fresh bottle, and smilingly contemplating the antics of his befuddled Democratic entertainers. Daylight came and Madame heard the ringing of a bell from the banquet-room. She repaired thither and what a sight met her astonished gaze! There sat General Cobarrubias in his place at the head of the table, smoking a cigar and reading a newspaper, while lying around sprawled the flower of the California Democracy.

"'Madame,' said the hero, gracefully waving his hand toward his fallen comrades, 'you may bring me a bottle of cognac, after drinking which I can stand three soft-boiled eggs and a pot of coffee.'"

Advice to the Lovelorn

IF YOU want a divorce don't go to Reno, Paris, Nogales, Mexico, or any other out-of-the-way place. Try Atlanta, Ga. According to press reports the Fulton Superior Court of that Southern city severed the marital bonds of eighty couples a day for six consecutive days. This happened in June, which month, according to the popular myth, is looked upon as the best one for a wedding.

Lindbergh's First Flight

"WHY, you remember Lindbergh, my dear. His father lived at the same hotel with us, when he was congressman from Minnesota. Lindbergh was the little white-haired boy who we used to see running around the corridors."

"I'm sure you're quite wrong, Oscar. I don't remember any such boy and I don't believe you do."

So debated Ex-Senator Oscar W. Underwood and his wife.

Therefore it was an important moment for Mrs. Underwood, for more reasons than one, when Charles Lindbergh, passing through Havana, accepted her invitation to a small dinner party.

At table she promptly set about to see whether her distinguished husband had been right.

"Did you ever live at the Blank Hotel with your father?" she asked the great flyer.

"Why, yes," replied Lindbergh. "You ought to remember me."

"You were quite young," parried Mrs. Underwood.

"Well, that's true enough," answered Lindbergh. "But do you remember the time the elevator fell one story and made so much excitement?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Do you remember why it fell?"

"Well, everybody said that some boy dropped a hot penny into the elevator boy's hand and he lost his grip on the lever."

"Yes, I was the boy," said Lindbergh.

"You were right again, dear," said the hostess to her husband.

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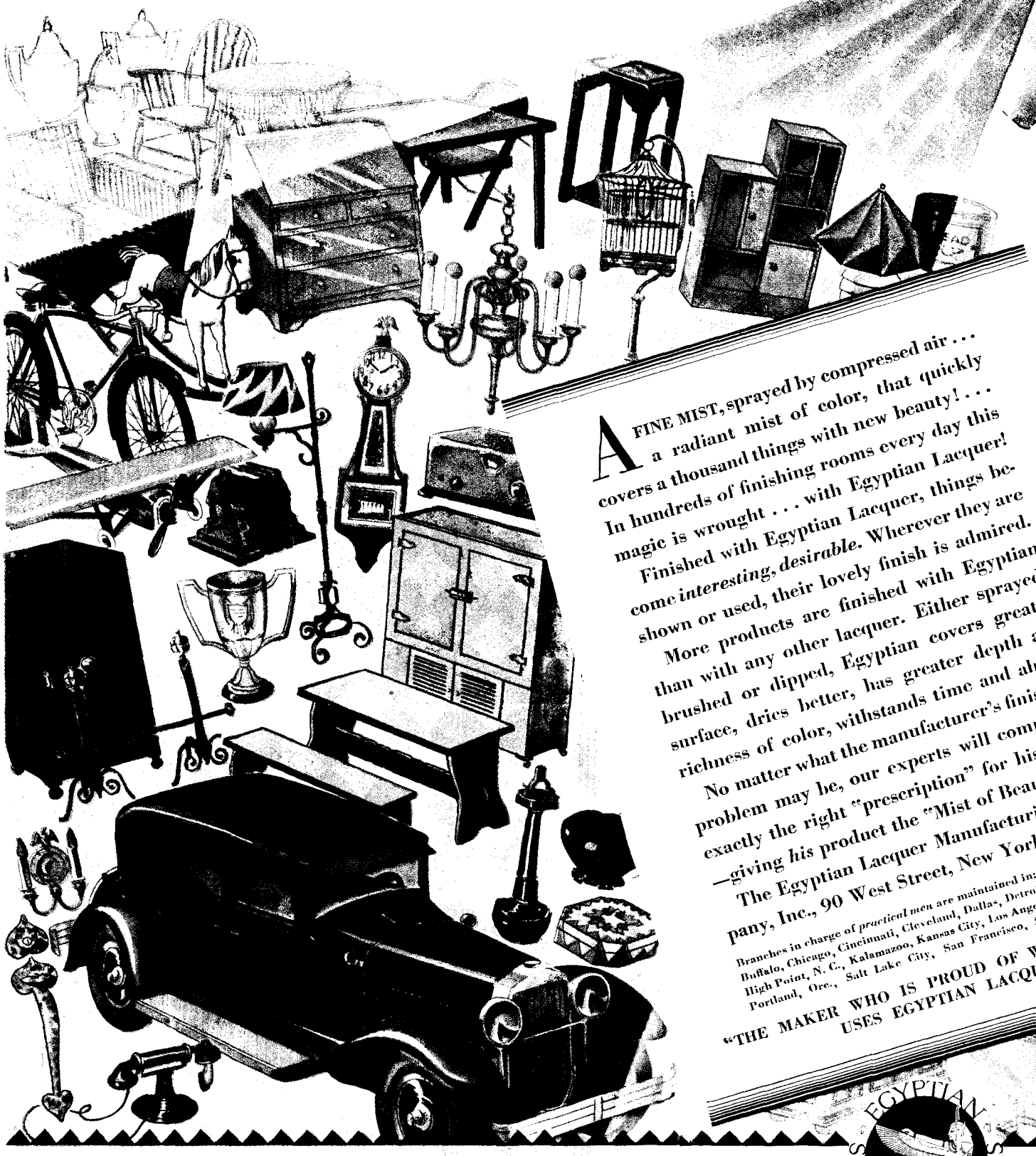
This modern

Mist of Beauty

protects a thousand things



A FINE MIST, sprayed by compressed air . . . a radiant mist of color, that quickly covers a thousand things with new beauty! . . . In hundreds of finishing rooms every day this magic is wrought . . . with Egyptian Lacquer! Finished with Egyptian Lacquer, things become *interesting, desirable.* Wherever they are shown or used, their lovely finish is admired. More products are finished with Egyptian than with any other lacquer. Either sprayed, brushed or dipped, Egyptian covers greater surface, dries better, has greater depth and richness of color, withstands time and abuse. No matter what the manufacturer's finishing problem may be, our experts will compound exactly the right "prescription" for his needs —giving *his* product the "Mist of Beauty."

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Branches in charge of *practical men* are maintained in: Atlanta, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Grand Rapids, High Point, N. C., Kalamazoo, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, Ore., Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis.

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Color booklet of home uses, FREE!

You yourself, at home, can give fresh, vivid color to every dull or shabby object! Egyptian Brush Lacquer comes in convenient sized cans—27 beautiful colors—at good dealers or direct from us. Easy to apply—dries quickly—covers more surface. Write for FREE color card and interesting color-scheme booklet.

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HERE is what a wet pavement says of traction. See how one tire slipped and skidded when the brakes closed down, and *see how the new Goodyear Balloon Tire gripped and held!* If you value the safety of yourself and family there's a great lesson for you in this picture. It tells you why when you insist on Goodyears you are getting "the world's greatest tires"

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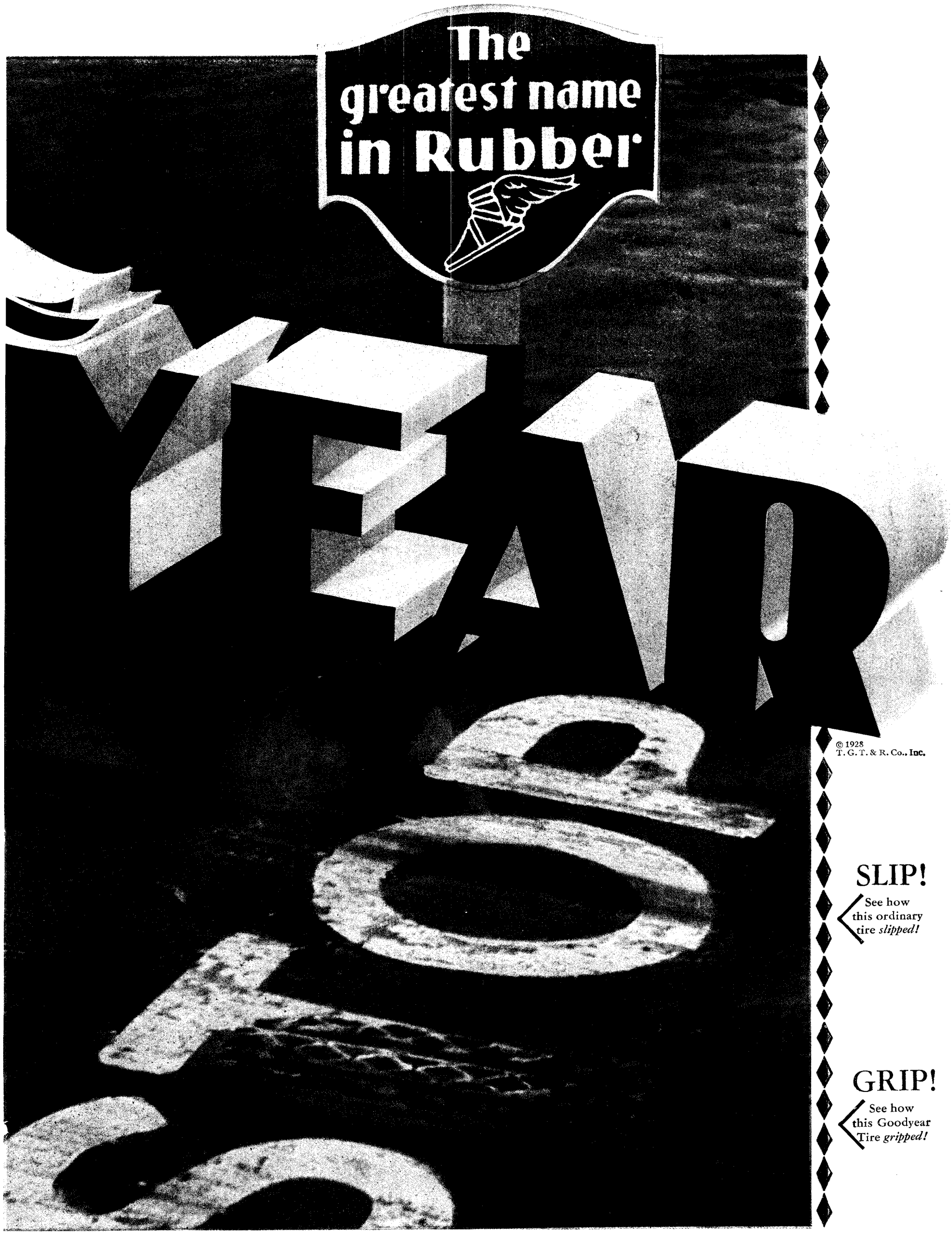

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T. G. T. & R. Co., Inc.

SLIP!

See how this ordinary tire *slipped!*

GRIP!

See how this Goodyear Tire *gripped!*

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MAKES WRITING A PLEASURE

After all, you need not be in the North Woods to appreciate a pen that is ready and eager to work. Perhaps the greatest test comes in the day's work, when there are enough exasperations, without a contrary, unwilling pen. A good pen, like a charming woman, should be a source of inspiration. And if yours is not—we are speaking of the pen now—you just haven't turned out to be a good picker. Because you could as easily have bought a Carter Pen (an easy-writing pen with a flexible nib, a smooth osmiridium point, and a clip which grips, yet releases on slight pressure). Here is a suggestion—step into the store and see how good a Carter Pen can be. You won't have to buy it, but you probably will. Made in beautiful blue or green unbreakable Coralite. $7.00 and $5.00 pens are unconditionally guaranteed. If not carried by your dealer, please write us.

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SELECT THE RIGHT INK

1—For permanent writings and all business purposes, use blue-black—Carter's Ryto or Fountain Pen Ink.

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How musical are you?

By ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM

ARE you a genius without knowing it? Can you sing? Can you play? Now, at last, there's a sure way to find out.

WHEN I was a boy we had a little neighbor girl named Alice, whose parents were determined to make her into a musician. They had a vision of her some day being the pianist in the little church, and they even dreamed of little Alice mastering the pipe organ, should the church ever own one.

They were obsessed with two ideas: first, that Alice must have the same educational advantages that a neighbor, the stave-factory owner, was giving his children; and, second, that being church pianist would make Alice socially prominent and enable her to capture some eligible young man in the congregation for a husband.

The parents had considerably less music in them than a wooden Indian, and Alice had inherited no musical capacity whatever. Yet four hours a day for six long years that poor, weary child was compelled to sit bolt upright on a piano stool counting one, two, three, *four*, one, two, three, *four*, until finally she learned to play Jesus, Lover of My Soul (to the immense delight of her proud parents) with not more than a dozen errors in each stanza.

When Alice was fifteen she died of curvature of the spine, tuberculosis and piano practice. Shortly thereafter her parents followed her. I can only hope they didn't go scot-free in the hereafter.

Alice's parents are unfortunately typical of many who commit crime against helpless unmusical children.

For we are spending today, according to one of our leading music journals, $220,000,000 a year for musical education in America.

And the tragedy is that probably half of it at least is worse than wasted, for two reasons: First, because it is expended on children like Alice, who can no more be made into musicians than a one-legged man can be made into a sprinter. The capacity just isn't there. Second, because the money is thus diverted from thousands of boys and girls who are brimful of music—often unknown either to themselves or to their parents—who would profit immeasurably by a musical education.

An Hour's Test Will Tell

A THIRD element in this tragic situation is that exact methods for measuring the musical talent which every human being may possess have been in existence for more than twenty years! They cost little, they are now universally available on phonograph records, and they will tell you within an hour's time whether it will pay you or your child to spend time and money on musical education.

In an Iowa public school there were two little girls, Jean and Viola. Jean's parents were poor, and Viola's parents were well-to-do. They were each thirteen years old and in the same class in school.

Everybody knew that Viola was musical. Why shouldn't she be? Her wealthy parents had given her every musical advantage. She was to appear in a music recital before the whole school the following Friday afternoon.

Keystone

Gee, it's tough to be an unmusical musical martyr! And all the other boys out on the back lot playing ball!

Everybody knew that little Jean was not very musical. Her parents had told her this, and she believed it. Her teacher said she was not especially musical, although she sang well with the other children.

One day the schoolroom door suddenly opened and a man walked in carrying a package of tuning forks and other curious-looking instruments. The teacher said he was a psychologist and was going to test the musical ability of the pupils.

And so for a few hours they all had great fun trying to see which one could hear the best, which one could detect the smallest changes of pitch, rhythm and intensity, and who had the best musical memory, musical imagery and the like.

When his measurements were finished this psychologist, Professor Carl E. Seashore of the University of Iowa, was able to tell the parents and school authorities more about the exact musical talents of every child in that room than the teachers and parents and even the children themselves had been able to tell since the children were born. He told many of the children more than they would have ever discovered about themselves in a lifetime.

He found little Jean had just as much natural musical ability as Viola, notwithstanding Viola's years of practice and instruction. The child was teeming with musical talent and did not know it herself. Indeed her measurements were so astonishingly high that the Women's Club of the city was willing to raise the money for her musical education.

Professor Seashore can now come, not

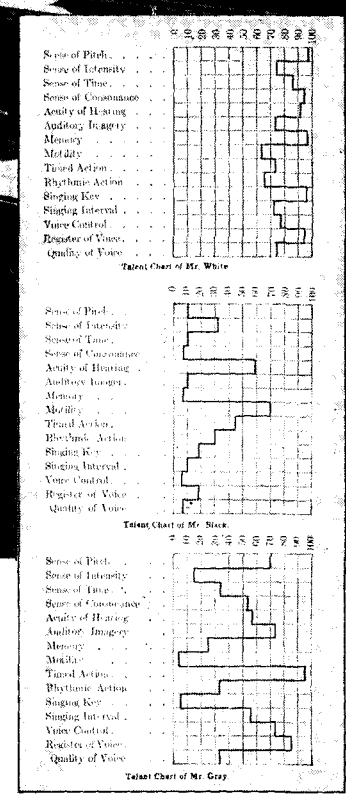

Fig. 1. Mr. White—good. Mr. Black—poor. Mr. Gray—average

in person, of course, but with his phonograph records, into every home and school in America and measure the basic musical capacities of every member of the family from Grandpa and Grandma down to the baby of five years of age.

The basic natural talents for music of every man, woman and child in America could be measured in one day, if necessary. It would cost only a few pennies per person. And it would have three results: First, it would discover great numbers of unsuspected natural-born musicians. Second, it would save all the little Alices and the unmusical Johnnies and Marys from years of unreasonable torture. And, third, it would enable the unmusical children to save those precious hours of time and energy which every boy and girl needs in order to develop the other talents they all possess in a happy and fruitful direction. The whole process would thus save millions of money.

How the Invention Originated

I WENT to Iowa University to talk with Professor Seashore about his musical tests. He is head of the Department of Psychology, dean of the Graduate School and one of the most productive psychologists in the world. I found also that, hale and hearty at sixty, he plays a frightfully fast game of golf.

For more than a generation the dean has been in the front ranks of many of the great new movements in psychology, such as the invention of laboratory methods and instruments, clinical psychology, mental testing, psychology of art and music and educational psychology. Of late years he has rendered no little service to American education as chairman of what is known as "The Gifted Student Project" of the National Research Council—a plan for giving the more gifted students in our colleges and universities better opportunities for full development.

Naturally the first question I asked Professor Seashore was how he came to invent these wonderful methods for measuring musical talent.

"Well," he replied, "thirty years ago I had a young colleague named Van ——, who was a well-known violinist. He was always boasting about what a wonderful ear he had for music. One day I said: 'Van, I'm going to find out just how good a musical ear you really have.' So I sat up nights for some time, devising a method for measuring sensitiveness to tone. It consisted chiefly of tests with a graduated series of tuning forks.

Musical Prodigies Can Be Morons

"I FOUND by these that Van could hear a difference of eight tenths of one vibration at A-International pitch. I did not know whether this meant a good musical ear or a poor one. Indeed, I supposed it was about average. But my curiosity was roused, and I tried my tuning forks on a class of thirty students.

"To my astonishment, I found two important things: First, I found these students ranged in ability to distinguish pitch from one half of one vibration to thirty vibrations. A few could distinguish finer differences than one fiftieth of a tone, others could not distinguish an entire half tone.

"We have since found that some persons have two hundred times as high ability in distinguishing pitch as others. Think of giving everybody the same musical education!

"The second thing I found was that the brightest student in the class was the poorest in his sense of pitch. That raised this question: Is there any relationship between intelligence and sense of pitch?

"In order to answer this question we selected the brightest and the dullest students and found there is NO relationship between one's intellectual ability and his sensitiveness to musical tone.

"Do not jump to the conclusion that intelligence is not an aid to musical appreciation and performance. To be a great musician or composer one must have high intelligence. However, some morons are musical prodigies, as mere performers on the violin, piano and the like, simply because they have an extraordinarily fine sense of pitch. This is because the sense of pitch depends upon the delicacy of the structure of *the inner ear*, and this is NOT related to the structure of the brain.

"Having found, therefore, that stupid people are just as likely to have a fine sense of pitch as brilliant people, I next asked this question: Do older people have any finer sense of pitch than younger people?

"Thousands of experiments have proved that age makes no difference.

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There's a Swirl of style to a

DUNLAP HAT

Dunlap announces the new hat for Fall –the smartest headgear since Lancelot's white helmet was toppled in the dust! It is called the Metropolitan and its swirl of Dunlap style is as outstanding as an airplane beacon! It's the newest of the new! It features the new Dunlap narrow brim and the new Dunlap tapered crown. See this Metropolitan to-day! Make it your hat!

DUNLAP & COMPANY

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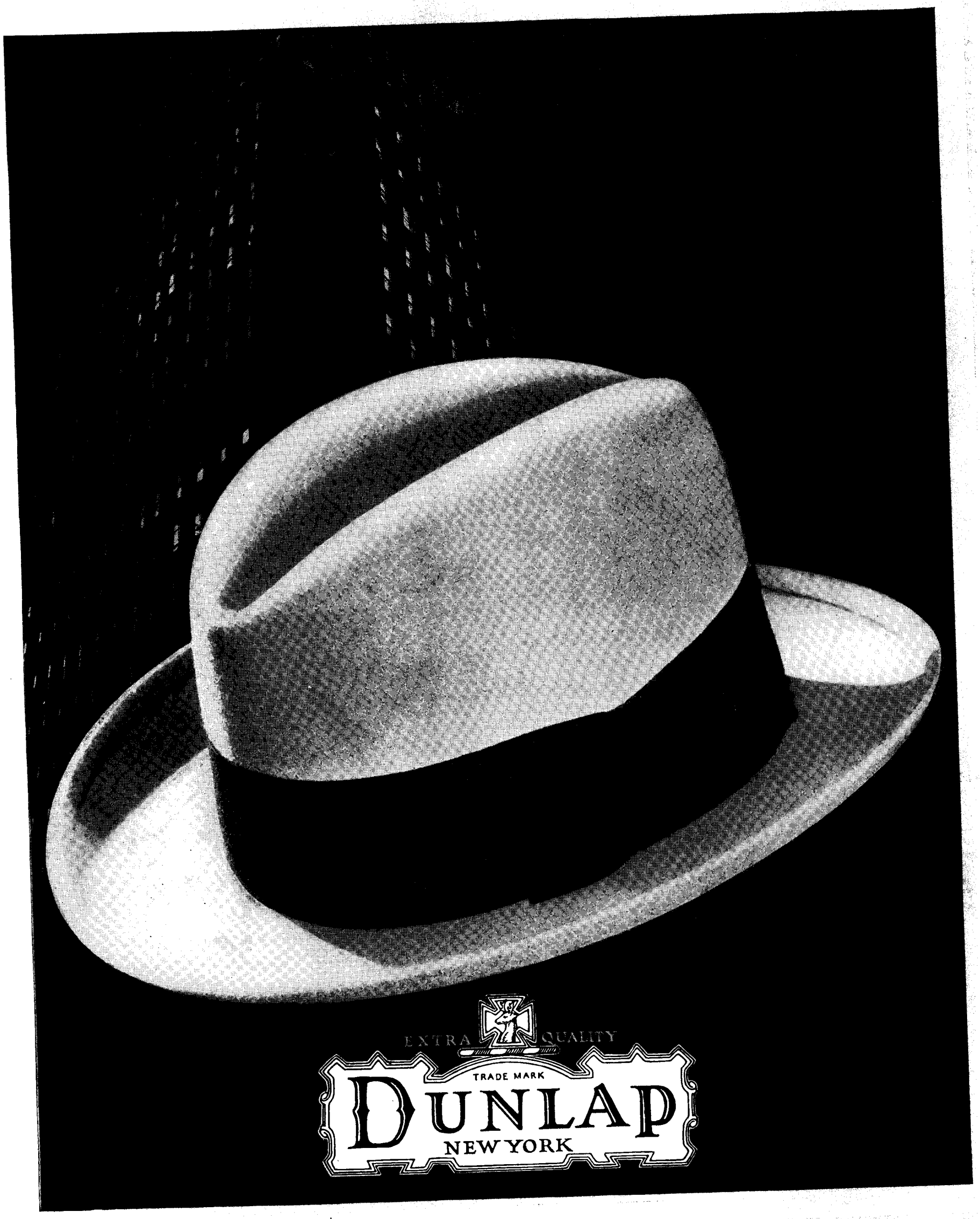

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Children of five can distinguish differences in pitch as well as adults of fifty-five. This has certainly been a great surprise.

"Indeed, this discovery led me next to ask an even more important question: Can you improve the sense of pitch by musical education?

"Well, **I took thirty children** in the eighth **grade and for thirty** days gave them a great deal of intensive training in hearing fine differences in pitch. I then tested them again and found they had not improved a particle after the first reliable test.

"So you see that Van's bragging about his good musical ear led me to three

Prof. Seashore demonstrating. The tuning forks measure sense of pitch; the audiometer (right) hearing ability

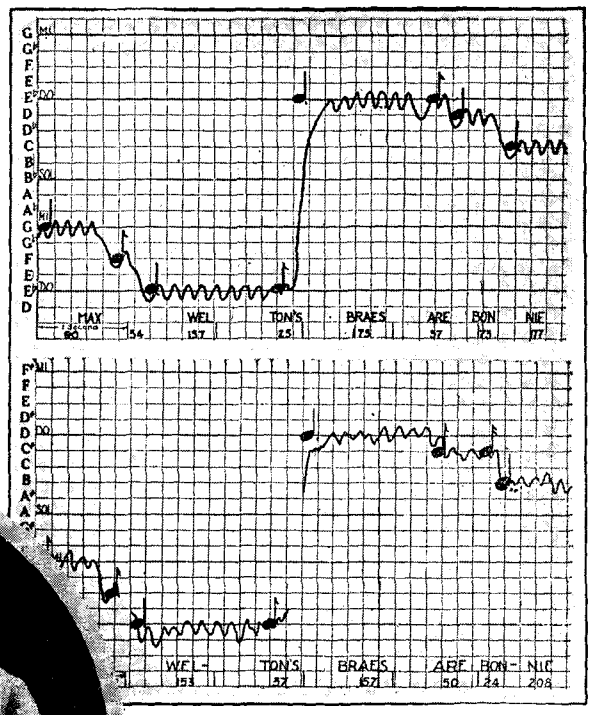

Fig. 2. A photograph of John McCormack (top) and Lowell Welles singing "Annie Laurie"

discoveries: First, that you can measure the sense of pitch with absolute accuracy and compare everybody with a certain definite standard; second, that the sense of pitch does not vary with intelligence, age or education; and, third, that there is an enormous difference, ranging from 1 to 200, in individuals in their sense of pitch.

"We spent two years working on the sense of pitch alone. Then we took up one element of the musical mind after the other and measured them in the same way. For twenty-five years my students and I have been at this work of building up a sound psychology of music. A great deal of this work is described so that I think any intelligent person can understand it in my book entitled The Psychology of Musical Talent. There are still many fascinating research problems upon which we are working.

"The three great tap roots of musical talent, however, are pitch, intensity and the sense of rhythm or time. It is curious to find that there is no more relationship between any one of these and the other two than there is between, say, red hair and a big or little nose. Some people rank high in pitch and low in time and intensity; some rank high in time and low in intensity and pitch, and so on."

Rhythm Marks All Life

"WHAT do you get out of these three fundamental tap roots of music?"

"From pitch we get melody, harmony, timbre. From intensity we get accent in rhythm and expression. From the sense of time we get tempo and rhythm.

"The sense of rhythm is not a simple sensation, such as pitch and intensity. Rhythm literally involves the whole body in a responsiveness to measured intervals of time and tone. One who has a rich sense of rhythm may, even in eating soup, feel the various movements divided into measures with their artistic grouping of long interval and short interval, with occasional cadences. Some people in eating soup certainly lack sensitiveness to loudness.

"Rhythm is a conspicuous feature of your personality. It gives you a feeling of power. It makes you feel like a dream of flying; as though you could lift yourself by your boot straps. You always feel yourself ACTING in rhythm; you feel as if you were being carried by your own action. You see this in dancing or in soldiers marching. If carried to an extreme, as in some savage and religious dances, it produces a kind of ecstasy. It is essentially a resonance of the whole organism and affects circulation, respiration and all the body secretions in such a way as to arouse a feeling of pleasure.

"But the prime thing is that with all its complexity the sense of rhythm and natural capacity for performing in rhythm CAN BE MEASURED. You can tell a child or an adult how much rhythm each one possesses, and this natural capacity does not improve with any amount of training."

"Well," I remarked with astonishment, "if you cannot improve your fundamental sense of pitch, intensity and rhythm, what is it that happens to us when we say we improve in music or in musical appreciation? Just yesterday a music teacher said to me vehemently, 'Why, when little Johnny came to me he couldn't sing a note, and when he tried his best he sang off key and out of time. He had no sense of pitch or time. Now he sings well. You can't tell me. I know—I have created these things in him.' "

"Oh, yes, I hear that all the time," replied Professor Seashore. "What the teacher has done to little Johnny is this: she has taught him how to use his vocal muscles, respiration, mental attention and so forth, so as to bring his voice into harmony with the sense of pitch, intensity and time, which he ALREADY POSSESSED.

"I often use this comparison: When a boy is nine or ten years old he can see as well as he ever will see, but his capacity to understand and appreciate what he does see improves as long as he lives, just as he learns, without improving his eyesight in the least, to read, shoot, play baseball and the like.

"However, just as a boy who has poor eyesight or is color blind will never see as well as one who has good eyesight, so a person with poor musical elements will never be able to combine the infinite values and meanings of musical sounds and reach a musical appreciation which is easily obtained by a person richly endowed in this respect.

"Furthermore, a person who has high intelligence combined with fine musical sensibilities can develop an originality in inventing and handling musical themes and in expressing the numerous elements of music which is impossible to a person who has poor intelligence.

"Now, all this has a very practical application in every home where there are children. Every child should have the chance to develop all there is in him, and the first thing is to find out what the child really has inside of him. You can't give a child his true chance by trying to give him somebody else's chance.

"Of course music teachers usually think they can tell whether a child is musical or not. But they can't. They have no exact standards.

"Let us study the music charts of three men, whom we shall call White, Black and Gray. We call these charts musical profiles. We have thousands of these profiles of actual persons.

"The charts (See Fig. 1, on page 35) show Black, Gray and White's measurements in fifteen different elements of music. Zero means little or no talent, and 100 means the highest per cent of talent. Let us first note White's sense of pitch. It runs nearly across the chart, almost to 100. Black's sense of pitch runs only to 10 and Gray's extends to 70.

Don't Let Her Be a Failure

"TAKE any other element, such as consonance. You remember that is harmony and discord. White ranks about 94 in consonance, Black about 8 and Gray 53. Gray is a good illustration of what we mean by average talent. It means high in some points offset by low in other points—not just a flat middle ability all through.

"Now, don't you see what an immense advantage such a chart would be to parents and teachers in planning Johnny's and Mary's education? You see at a glance that White is very superior, Black is very inferior and Gray is about average.

"Of course if you are planning an extensive musical education for your child the tests should be given by an expert. But the phonograph records give a wonderfully accurate estimate. Sometimes a teacher will hit it right, but the tests always quickly tell the true story.

"For example, parents and teachers are often deceived by a good voice and say in such cases, 'Mary has a beautiful voice and must have a musical education.' They should also find out if Mary has a good ear and good musical mind to go with the voice. If not, she will likely be a failure.

"For what is more pathetic than an unmusical girl, with even a good voice, trying to sing, but singing continually off key? And what is a more real human tragedy than a good, husky boy of ten or twelve or fourteen, who can't tell a symphony from a tom-tom, being compelled by ambitious parents to practice for hours each day on a violin, while at the same time you may be ruining a perfectly good mechanic, or architect, or chemist, or second baseman?

"There are now three different phases of the work under way. The first is the use of the phonograph records not only in schools and homes, but among different races over the earth.

"The second is our educational-guidance program for those who are thinking of a musical career. When a youth is to spend $10,000 or $20,000 on a musical education and stake his professional life upon it, it is of the utmost importance that an inventory be made by the most rigorous scientific procedure of his natural fortes and faults. We hope that stations like this one at the University of Iowa, at which reliable professional advice may be given, will be located in all the leading musical centers of the country.

The Result is a Happy One

"THE third feature of our program is further research into the nature of the laws of music and the more effective training of musical talent. Just now the most fascinating part of this program is measuring the expression of musical emotion.

"As an illustration of such measurement is the vibrato, which is a very delicate oscillation of the voice showing tenderness and richness of tone. Look at the photograph of Annie Laurie on this page. It shows every variation of pitch and time. If you will bear in mind that each space up or down indicates a half tone, you will see that the pitch oscillates around the true tone by from a quarter to a half tone. It is this that gives tenderness to the tone.

"Nearly everyone is eager to know just how much music he has in him. Most persons are sensible and do not want to waste their time and money unless there is a good chance of success. The happy result of the tests was that they discovered a great many students who had high ability and great promise but were unaware of it.

"The result in every music school where only high-test pupils are admitted is a happy one, because not only more pupils apply, so that the school is amply filled, but pupils of high ability mostly remain until graduation.

"A few years ago I hit upon the idea of putting the most important tests on phonograph records; namely, those for pitch, time, intensity, consonance, tonal memory and rhythm. A booklet of instructions goes with the records. One set will do for a number of families or for a good-sized school.

"The thing is that you can find out for yourself just how true these measurements are. You can test yourself or your children as often as you like. The records often discover unsuspected talent. They also often prove the absence of talent and save an unmusical child from months or years of torture.

"These music tests are just one more aid in carrying out the aim of all psychology and all education, which is to give every human being his rightful chance to develop in his personality all his inborn powers for enjoyment and service."

When I bade good-by to Professor Seashore I told him that if I ever got rich I was going to send a set of his music test records to every community in America as a memorial to my childhood playmate, little Alice.

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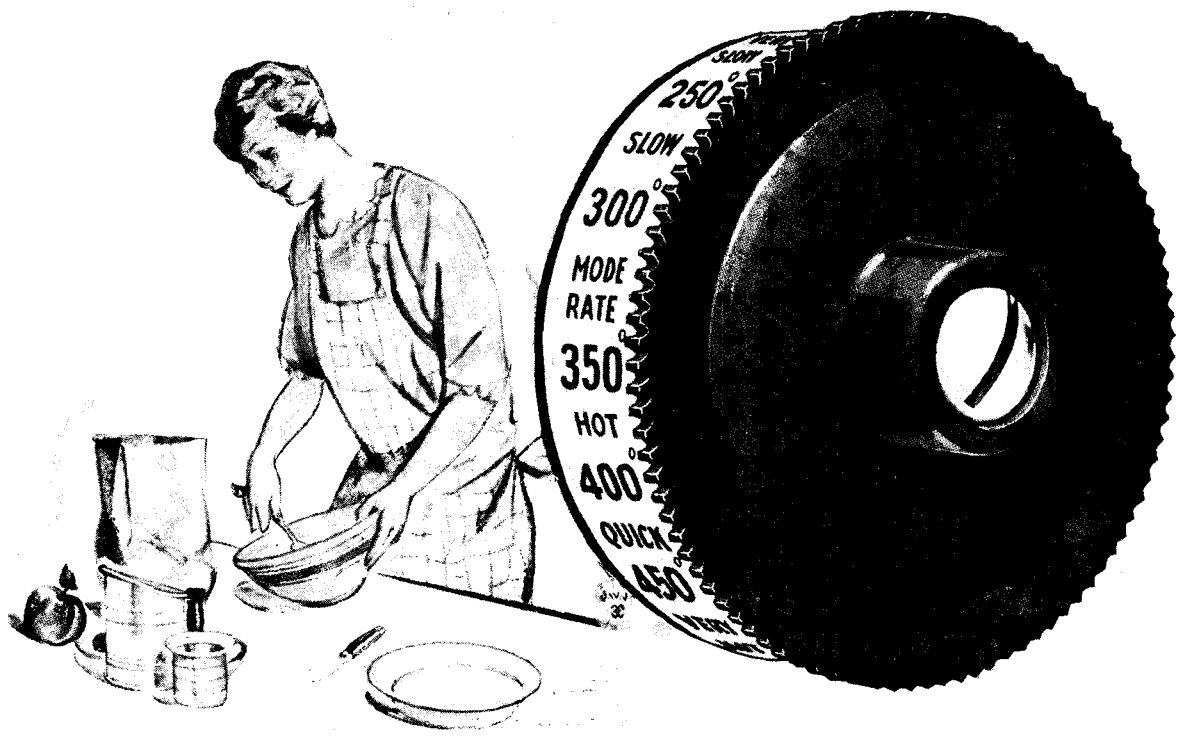
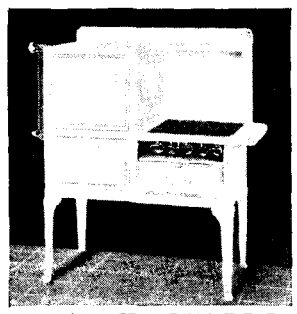
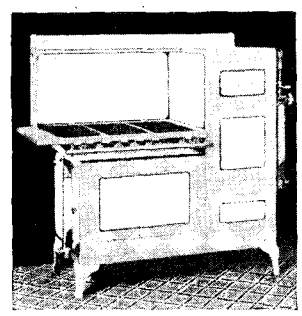
The World's Best Cook Is Mother



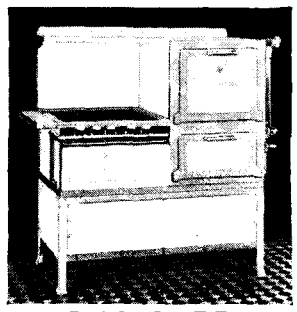
If Gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain Pyrofax tank-gas-service for use in a Lorain-equipped Gas Range.



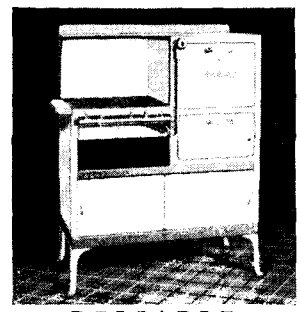
CLARK JEWEL
George M. Clark & Co. Division
Chicago, Ill.



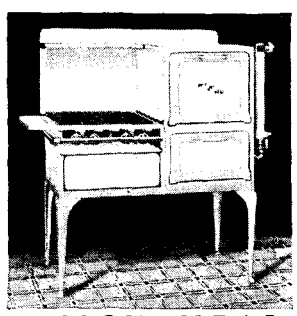
DIRECT ACTION
Direct Action Stove Co. Division
Lorain, Ohio



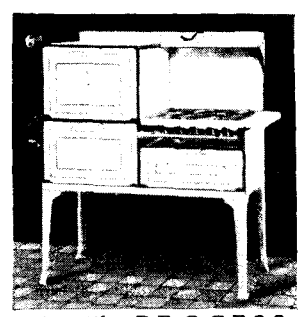
DANGLER
Dangler Stove Company Div.
Cleveland, Ohio



RELIABLE
Reliable Stove Company Division
Cleveland, Ohio



QUICK MEAL
Quick Meal Stove Company Div.
St. Louis, Mo.



NEW PROCESS
New Process Stove Company Div.
Cleveland, Ohio

WHEN men discuss good food, the topic turns to Mother—to Mother's cooking. For, Mother's cooking *was* good, without a doubt. But Mother became a good cook only after years of hard work interrupted by many a disappointing failure.

Today, *any* intelligent woman *without* previous cookery experience can take a Lorain Time and Temperature Whole Meal Menu and with a Red Wheel Gas Range soon have a delicious meal ready to serve.

This quick, sure way to cookery success has been made possible by the famous Lorain (Red Wheel) Oven Heat Regulator fitted to the specially designed ovens of the six makes of gas ranges illustrated—memorize their names. Other makes of gas ranges cannot give you the dependable, accurate Red Wheel method of automatic oven heat control.

Red Wheel Gas Ranges are made in every needed size, style and finish and in a wide range of prices. They are built to retain their beauty and to give satisfactory service for many years. Top- and oven-burners are scientifically designed for efficiency and economy. All nickeling is extra heavy. All enameling is done in American Stove Company's plants under direction of experts using exclusive formulas and especially designed machinery.

Why continue to worry along with an old food-and-fuel-wasting stove, the appearance of which makes you ashamed of your kitchen? True, many things may be begging for your dollar. But after you've used a Red Wheel Gas Range you'll agree that you *never* owned *anything* that gave you more freedom from kitchen drudgery, or more success and satisfaction with your cookery efforts—with resulting health and happiness.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY

LARGEST MAKERS OF GAS RANGES IN THE WORLD

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Please send me free copy of your Lorain Vegetable Whole Meal Dinner Menu with Recipes. (*Print* name and address plainly.)

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UNLESS THE GAS RANGE HAS A

RED WHEEL

IT IS NOT A

LORAIN

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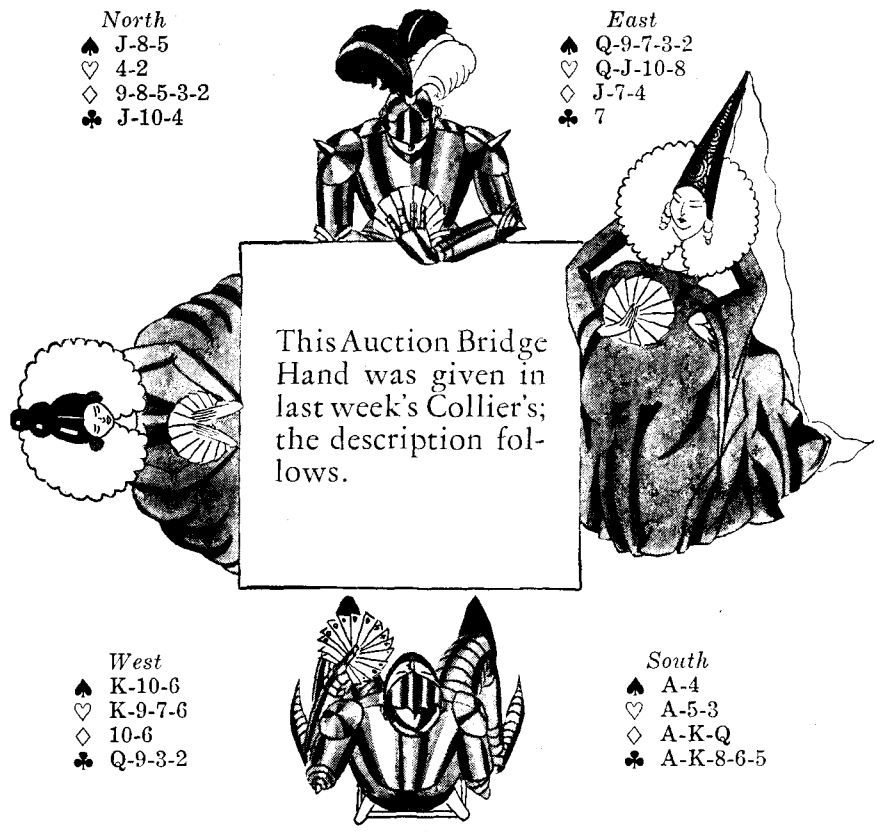
How would you play it?



By MILTON C. WORK

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

SOUTH opened with one No Trump. At Auction Bridge he might have bid either one or two No Trumps; at Contract Bridge he would have bid three. The Auction Bridge bid of two No Trumps with four Ace holdings, even with no other strength, is favored by some upon the theory that it is apt to shut out other bidding; and that even if the contract should be defeated the 100 bonus for the four Aces in one hand probably will compensate—or more than compensate—for the loss. Others believe it gives too much information to the opponents.

In this case there is a definite reason for bidding only one No Trump. It may be that there is game in Clubs in the combined hands and not in No Trump.

West obviously has nothing to consider but a pass.

North also passed. He, however, has the type of hand with which, in the old days, most players would have called two Diamonds as a rescue. But the more approved practice in these days is not to rescue with a five-card Minor bust unless the hand is a two-suiter, or contains a blank suit or worthless singleton. With a six-card Minor bust, no matter how weak it may be, the rescue is generally approved.

East, like West, had nothing to consider but a pass.

The Play

WEST leads the Six of Hearts. Opening against a No Trump, a close choice is afforded the leader when obliged to decide between a four-card suit headed by a King and a four-card suit headed by a Queen. Against a suit contract the Queen suit would be given the preference; but against a No Trump the general theory is that the King suit is the sounder lead, and this is unquestionably the case when—as in this instance—the King suit is a Major and the Queen suit a Minor.

From the lead of the Six of Hearts, South is able to draw an interesting and encouraging inference. Having the Four and Deuce in Dummy and the Five and Trey in his own hand, he knows that West has opened with her lowest Heart. West has three Hearts higher than the Six, and no Hearts lower; the adversaries have a total of eight Hearts, and consequently they are divided 4-4. The Declarer therefore has the comforting assurance that he will not lose more than three Heart tricks. If the adverse Hearts had been divided 5-3, game would have been in serious danger because in that case, even if South held up his Ace of Hearts until the third round as he unquestionably should, he would fail to make game if the adverse Queen of Clubs was held by West and Declarer was unable to drop it. The knowledge that four adverse Hearts could not be made against him, however, placed Declarer in a very different position. He now could permit either adversary to make a Club trick and still be assured of game, provided the adverse Diamonds were divided 3-2, as was most probable; or the adverse Clubs 3-2 or 4-1, which was almost certain, a 5-0 distribution being indeed rare. There being no advantage in holding up the Ace of Hearts, he won the first Heart trick and led the Ace and King of Diamonds to tricks 2 and 3 so as to be assured of the Diamond drop. When he was satisfied on that point, he followed with the Ace of Clubs to trick 4 upon the chance that one of the adversaries held a singleton Queen. To trick 5, the Queen of Diamonds; and then a small Club. This play was bound to produce game, as it must give Dummy an entry for his two long Diamonds and also must establish the Clubs. Declarer could have made a Small Slam if the adverse five Clubs had been divided 3-2 with the Queen one of the doubleton. The 3-2 division was likely but the chances were three to two against finding the Queen in the doubleton. It might be that Declarer, if he had tried to drop the Queen of Clubs and failed to do so, would have failed to go game. Try leading the Ace and King of Clubs to tricks 2 and 3, and note what the result would have been. Never risk a game for the chance of a Slam.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. J-4	S. 9-7-6-2
H. A-3	H. K-J-10-6-4
D. K-Q-10-4-2	D. 6-3
C. 9-8-6-3	C. J-10
South	*West*
S. K-Q-10-8-3	S. A-5
H. 8	H. Q-9-7-5-2
D. J-9-8-7	D. A-5
C. A-4-2	C. K-Q-7-5

The Old Man of the Movies

Continued from page 14

Jew when I was twenty years old.

"Buffalo Bill himself was the first great celebrity who saw me in action. He was resting with a sprained ankle in a South Dakota town when our troupe struck there. Business was poor, and it fell to me to invite the old plainsman to be our guest so that we could bill him as an added attraction. He consented, and we rigged up a comfortable chair, with a hassock to rest his injured foot on.

"Slapping his name on our play bills helped to pack the theatre. But Buffalo Bill helped to wreck the show. He fell asleep in the middle of the first act and snored throughout the performance, keeping the audience giggling so that our best efforts as brave backwoodsmen fighting villainous Sioux went for nothing."

If there is a town of less than ten thousand in which Theodore Roberts did not play in the thirty-odd years of his stage career preceding 1914, he wants the inhabitants to say so forthwith or forever hold their peace.

"And it was always old men. When my beard wasn't used on my chin I'd mold it into a toupee to play some old rake in a gaslight comedy. I've acted in barns, courthouses, schools and churches."

"I got my first chance to do something big for the drama," says Theodore Roberts, "in The Lights o' London. I was Seth Breen, the old man, and I played that part nearly five thousand times. Sometimes I think I'm still Seth Breen, and whenever I hear tremolo music I automatically mutter his lines. It puzzles waiters. That play brought me to the old Union Square Theatre in New York, and it wasn't long before they had me in a Broadway piece."

He brushes away the rich memory of spoken-drama days with a brisk economic notation that indicates how the movies make business men even of actors.

"The Interstate Commerce Commission killed the road shows," he said, "when they made it impossible to travel cheaply, raising the mileage and forbidding special interstate rate concessions to the profession. Then came the cheap movies that cut off the gallery crowds from the road-show houses. Those galleries used to contain from $50 to $60 a showing, and that spelled our profit. Now the theatres are being built without galleries, for the boys up aloft get their fun from the movies.

Lasky and the others pushed him from his first rôle in Curwood's gripping romance, The Call of the North, where he gave a perfect portrait of an old Hudson Bay factor, through a series of appearances as an arch old scapegrace—to greater age and greater glory.

A Narrow Escape

FROM the moment Olive Schreiner's Story of an African Farm was made Theodore Roberts became *the* old man of the screen.

Despite his years, comparatively patriarchal on the lots, it was known that Roberts would go anywhere and do anything the young and presumably athletic heroes ventured. In his very first picture an accident tested his mettle. He was sent riding up a long, narrow trail with a horse he had never seen before.

High up in the trail the horse backed away at the approach of the camera man. Roberts felt it slipping over the lip of a ravine that looked at least 1,000 feet deep.

"In that moment," he relates, "my only thought was to get out of the way of the horse when we fell."

Instinctively shifting his weight relieved the animal, which clawed both back to safety.

"You nearly lost a good actor," Roberts gasped as DeMille came running up.

"We did lose a darned good picture," countered DeMille, as the camera man, posed to photograph the fall of rider and mount, registered mild disappointment. Then DeMille told Roberts that the animal was circus-trained.

"But not for aviation," said Roberts.

About a year after Mr. Roberts had finished as Moses in The Ten Commandments arthritis struck him. But curiosity outpoints sympathy. We want to know more about Moses than we do about arthritis.

"It was a most uncomfortable part," says Roberts. "Moses never smoked cigars. But while having a discussion with Aaron before the incident of the golden calf I managed to sneak a few puffs on a stogie. A prankish camera man shot me at it, and DeMille was angry, for the first time on a lot, I think. He had no relish for even a joke picture of Moses puffing clouds of smoke as big as his beard.

"A trying picture, but masterfully made. When the Red Sea divided to let the chosen people pass it was like walking between mountains of gelatin dessert, and that is exactly what the walls of the sea were made of. I've never cared much for that kind of dessert since then."

They Can't Keep Him Out

ARTHRITIS, Mr. Roberts affirms, is mean. It half crippled him just at the outset of a personal-appearance tour of the country.

"I gave a performance of pneumonia in several of our principal cities," he remarks. "Had it three times, and survived—stamina which I attribute to a youth devoted to the best cigars and the best beer.

"Now I can get along on one crutch, and when I get down to a cane I'll be back in the movies. Any part can be a cane carrier, but Lon Chaney used the only rôle where crutches would serve."

I journeyed with this old man of the movies and his nurse to a theatre in Jersey City where he played a heavy part in a thirty-minute sketch, with vigor of voice and agility of crutches. The audience thought his lameness was a part of his characterization until he made a curtain speech. Then their cheers were good to hear.

"Three doctors," he said in his drawing-room, "have ordered me to rest for another six months. But vaudeville is the best tonic for me. I'll be back with Famous Players in the fall.

"Why, I've been out of pictures nearly three years, and I still get fifty letters a day."

Theodore Roberts has the gift of energy in age. Not a febrile hurry to do things, but spiritual and mental strength that marks his thought and speech. Physically, too, he has strength and has always had it. His record of a major picture made in fastest time still holds—Grumpy, which he completed in twelve days.

"I begin to see the movies getting into right proportion," he declares, exercising the prerogative of prophecy that seems to belong to all who have reached sixty plus. "But the movies will not monopolize the field of popular entertainment, although they may continue to dominate it. The spoken drama is returning. Everywhere I travel in vaudeville I find little theatres springing up with professional or amateur repertory companies and guest stars. Why do people throng to see a motion-picture star appear in person? It's the undeniable human appetite for the whole story."

He bit off the end of a fresh cigar, screwed it in his cherry-wood mouthpiece and poured out clouds of fragrant smoke. About this sick man was an aroma of health. "Dressing-rooms like this," he said, surveying shallow, kalsomined walls, "have their limitations. But the odor of the craft is in them. And I can imagine an old stager rather happily spending his last moments in such a room with applause faintly heard from an audience that had witnessed his final appearance."

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DON'T FOOL YOURSELF

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it.

Before meeting others—

play safe!

Common decency demands that you rid yourself of halitosis.

It is impossible to tell when you have halitosis. It doesn't announce itself to you. But it does to others. And that offends.

Don't take the chance. Before any appointment where you wish to appear at your best, use Listerine, which checks halitosis instantly.

Use it systematically every morning and night, and between times—especially before meeting others. It puts you on the polite—and popular—side.

Listerine is so powerful a deodorant that it removes even the odors of onion and fish. Naturally it makes short work of milder, but more offensive, odors arising in the mouth.

You owe it to yourself—and your associates—to keep your breath beyond suspicion. And Listerine is your best aid in this matter. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

READ THE FACTS

⅓ had halitosis

68 hairdressers state that about every third woman, many of them from the wealthy classes, is halitoxic. Who should know better than they?

Have you tried the new Listerine Shaving Cream?

Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterward. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

LISTERINE

The safe antiseptic

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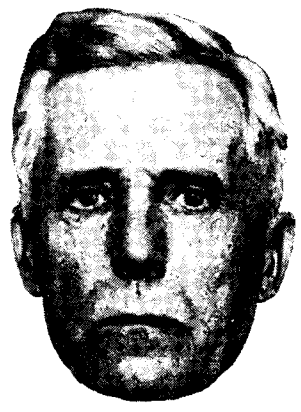

Missouri's Extra Dry

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

JIM REED will come back to Washington in December with three months, before the end of his service on March 4, 1929, in which to say in public what he thinks about his colleagues in the Senate and various other places.

And what he thinks is full of gall and wormwood. The Democratic senators urged him to make the fight against Al Smith for the nomination. Perhaps they were merely polite to him and their kind words seemed enthusiastic endorsements to Jim's egotism. But at any rate none of them supported him at Houston. So now he feels far from kindly toward his old associates.

He has always had a supreme contempt for the senators—for their intelligence and courage. He has never thought any of them was his equal. And in fact practically all of them were afraid of him.

Still when you have to go on living with people it is not expedient to say just what you think of them. Now he is free to say what he thinks. And what an immense relief it will be! Especially as he has now a grievance to spur him to utterance.

After that he will retire to his front porch in Kansas City, where he has a home and where he will be one of the major prophets, emitting now and then a blast against somebody or something.

Ex-Presidents have sometimes been able to sit on their front porches and say things to which the nation paid attention. But Jim Reed will be about the first person of senatorial rank retired to public life who will be able to command his place on front pages. He will be able to do it because he believes in himself, because his ego demands and receives attention—he is of the breed that dominates conversation in any room where he sits—and because he is the recognized spokesman of something in our public life, the old-fashioned belief in human rights. He has, in spite of all his treason to it, a faith.

This faith will burn more brightly now that he is beyond the seductions of personal ambition.

He Cut a Sorry Figure

HIS public career ends in disappointment to himself and to his admirers. When in 1922 he went out to Missouri—already having been read out of his party and with all the Wilson forces arrayed against him—and fought his way back to renomination and election, he believed himself a son of destiny.

It did not take much jollying by fate to persuade him of this. His heart was always open to the flattery of victory. He was sure that the country would turn to him when he offered himself for the Presidency. Yet he cut a sorry figure at Houston.

After 1922 he believed that Missouri was his to do with as he pleased. A certain confirmation of this view seemed to be given by the unanimity with which Missouri agreed upon him as its candidate for the Presidency.

It now appears that a good many ambitious Missourians saw in his candidacy a way to kick him upstairs and make room for themselves in Missouri politics.

After the Houston convention he thought he could dictate the nomination of his successor in the Senate.

His choice of his successor was characteristic. In 1922 it was said in a certain part of Missouri which was very pro-Wilson that if Jim Reed came there to campaign he would be rotten-egged. James A. Collett lived there and he let it be known that the first man who threw an egg would take a trip to the cemetery.

Jim Reed came and made his speech and Jim Collett sat on the front of the platform. Not an egg was thrown, not a boo was heard.

He Hates Snoopers

THERE was a Reed man in whom there was no guile. No one but Collett would do as Reed's candidate for the Senate. Reed made a hard campaign for him and was beaten, beaten by his own worst enemy. Charles M. Hay, a leader of the Drys, will succeed Jim Reed, the leader of the Wets, in the Senate. Such is the consistency of the American voter.

All this is little compared to the disappointment which Reed's career is to his admirers. He had built himself up as a consistent fighter for the rights of the individual man to live his own life in his own way without having the state always looking into his bed and his bottle, his dinner plate and his account books—especially as the state often abdicated in favor of pinhead busybody minorities.

And down in his heart Jim Reed always believed in that cause. He hates snoopers. He was full of resentment against invasions of personal freedom. He felt about intrusions of this sort as if he himself were the victim of them. That was the genuine part of Jim Reed.

But there were always less admirable qualities in Jim Reed. He was never really dedicated to any cause except the cause of Jim Reed.

Personal freedom, although he believed in it and with his nature could not help believing in it, was important to him as a means of making Jim Reed important. Probably he fell in bad times when there was no issue big enough for him to lose himself in it.

He came nearer to losing himself in the fight against the League of Nations than in anything else in his whole career. He said when he entered into opposition to Wilson, "I am doing something which will destroy me politically." But one suspects that with extraordinary faith in himself he did not really believe that anything could destroy him politically.

He ended by thinking he could bid for dry votes without destroying his character as a public man. His story is the explanation of why there are not more great men in American politics.

The Monkey Wrench

Continued from page 17

"That *is* amusing." So Jane said, but it wasn't.

"Their performance has gone all to pieces. It's terrible. I've been watching all this week from the front." She giggled. "I gather that what Ben's after is to stir Eleanor up. Well, I don't blame him. She's a mess. Hasn't a thing, my dear, really! And the business has fallen off dreadfully. Anyway, what do I care? I get mine! And if I can stir things up and build a little business, I'm to have more pay."

"My dear, have you got that in writing?"

"No. How could I? But Kerstow has given me Ben's promise."

"I don't know," mused Jane. "Ben and Sam can think up so many good reasons for not keeping promises. They think all around us. They've got jigsaw minds."

"I know. But they can't get out of this. Look at the position they'll be in. Look at the trouble I could make. And, believe me, dear, I'd make it!"

"Well, I hope it works out."

"Trust little Greta. I'm going to stir up that troupe or know the reason why. There's life in the old girl yet. You watch!"

SO THAT was what was up! Jane knew, before she fell asleep that Sabbath morning, that she was going to see a lot of Don and Eleanor. She'd kidded the pair now and then about their public love-making, but in her rather battered heart Jane was sentimental enough about them. She'd never had a child.

She herself was usually through and out of the theatre by 10:15. The manager didn't fuss much when she missed the final curtain. It was only a step down the alley to their stage door. She'd often looked in on them. Nothing out of the way in keeping it up.

She went Monday night. Don and Eleanor dressed together. But on this occasion there was constraint in the atmosphere. Eleanor was moody. Looked as if she'd been crying. She'd known a little something of that old Greta and Don story, of course, and the woman's presence in the company had come as a shock. The manner of it, particularly. Don was punctiliously attentive, but not himself. He'd been stung into self-consciousness, of course. And Eleanor'd caught that. All the materials for building a strained situation were suddenly in their hands. The trap had been sprung.

Jane looked in for a moment on Greta. The woman had never seemed so dangerous, nor so beautiful, nor so young. Her eyes danced with triumph beneath the beaded lashes.

Jane found herself struggling with the feeling that something should be done. She hated standing idly by while Ben and Sam made monkeys of that pair. However, she was a pretty experienced woman. You had to watch your step.

There was the one chance, of course, that Ben's sometimes uncanny wisdom might prevail. Eleanor might be stirred. Stirred to some sort of healthy action!

It was a curious and uncomfortable experience of Jane's, dropping in there four or five nights a week, using every bit of professional artifice she owned to keep up the bluff of casual good humor. Every night Don and Eleanor solemnly drove out home, just as they'd done for years. Oh, for five or six weeks this went on. On two or three occasions Jane went along and spent the night.

Don grew more and more grave and distrait and uncomfortably polite. Eleanor wasn't sleeping well. She lost weight. A few lines appeared in the lovely face. And distinct circles under the eyes. You caught the impression that they weren't mentioning it, even in their bedroom, but just living on under a steadily darkening cloud.

The curious thing about the situation, during those five or six weeks, was, really, that nothing happened.

Nothing whatever!

They just went on, caught in the tangle of their child and their newly built home and the love they exulted in. But, increasingly, from week to week, you caught a sense of tightening nerves. And Eleanor, with a desperate effort to appear offhand about it, clinging more and more to the substantial Jane . . . if only the girl could pull herself together! Right now, slumped, morale all gone, she was driving Don straight toward that smiling she-devil.

One fact brought a grim chuckle to Jane. If Ben had really gone out to stir Eleanor into giving a good performance, he'd lost his bet. The poor thing was simply crushed. And the business was shrinking weekly. Finally the notices went up. They were closing the first week in June.

Ben and Sam and that author would get their extra picture money, but nobody in the company knew about that. Nor did Jane. She'd have been even more unhappy if she had. Just at the thought that Ben and Sam always twisted things their way, somehow. Always came out on top.

She dropped around on Friday night of the last week but one. This was the end of May. Eleanor was offstage during much of the last act. During Donnie's big scene with Greta. It was rather painful to sit through it, there in the dressing. Knowing. You could see so clearly what was running crazily through Eleanor's mind. She was wan. Quite gone.

"Jane dear," she said, sitting at the make-up table, wearily touching up her eyes and mouth. "I want you to come out with us tonight. We'll get you back in plenty of time for the matinée."

Jane hesitated. She felt a bit tired herself, and wasn't by any means sure she was up to the strain of the complicated game you had to play with those two nowadays. But she said, "Why, thanks, dear! I'd love to!"

Eleanor was ready first. She said, "Jane dear, there's no sense in keeping you here in this stuffy place." Then, half turning toward her husband but speaking only in his general direction: "We'll wait in the car." And he replied, quite as vaguely, "All right, dear. Be right along."

They sat out there a surprisingly long time. One faintly heartening sign was that Eleanor talked. Was she coming to life? Hard to say. Come to think of it, there'd been a touch of significance in the way she'd marched Jane out of the dressing-room. She hadn't made an independent decision like that in years. Just waited on Don like a dog.

The talk finally petered out.

Eleanor, with a breathy effort at naturalness, said, "Wonder what can be keeping Don so long?" Then, "I'll step in and see."

Very good, so far. She was carrying it off. But at the stage door she faltered. Caught at the wall to steady herself, and looked back.

THERE was only one thing to do. Jane got right out of the car, saying, "I'll come along with you, dear."

So they went back across the dim stage and into the corridor beyond to Room A. The door was shut. Again Eleanor faltered. Jane, more deeply stirred than an observer would have supposed, peremptorily motioned her to open the door.

There could be no question about it. Don, leaning back against the make-up table, had Greta in his arms and was kissing her. She was clinging tight about his neck. And couldn't she cling! He heard the door, of course. Drew up and looked at them across that prettily bobbed blond head!

Something had to be done. Jane gripped Eleanor's arm. Said, in her driest tone, "We're still waiting outside, Donnie." Marched Eleanor back to the car. Helped her in.

Jane said just one thing as they settled themselves in the back seat. "If this damn' business had to happen, dear,

(*Continued on page 44*)

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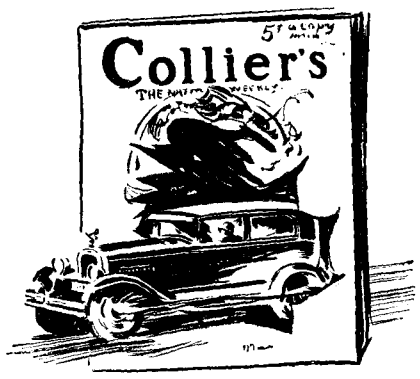

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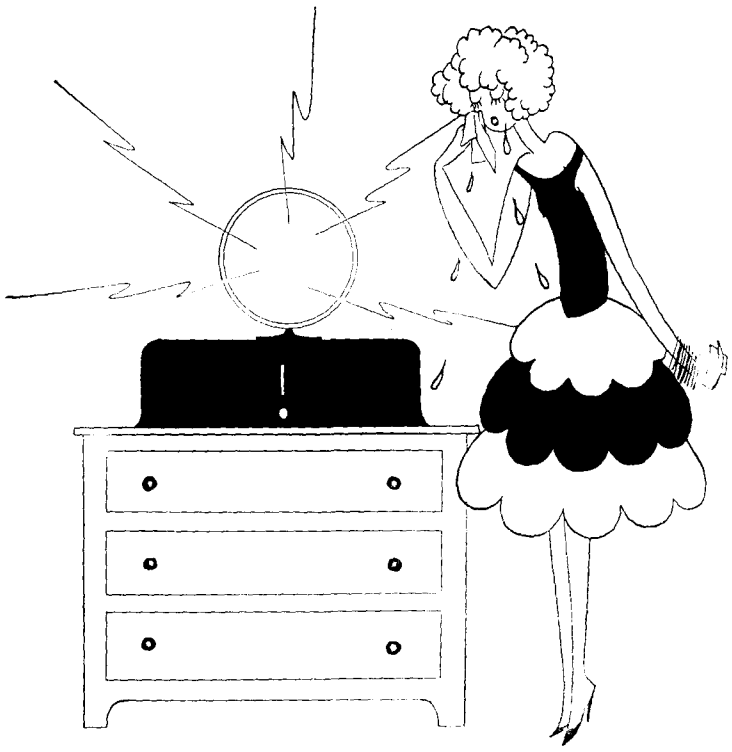

Curse You, Jack Dalton!

By JACK BINNS

JOURNALISM developed the sob sister to cater to the mood that emerged out of the Victorian era at the dawn of the present century. She flourished, and her outpourings stirred many a fluttering flapper eyelid to tears.

It looks as though radio will also develop its own sympathetic appeal—if not through a broadcasting sob sister, then at least through the medium of the tragic playlet. This is the conclusion one draws from epistles that Western fans have addressed to KOA at Denver.

One feminine listener frankly admitted she wept copiously while pathos issued from her loud speaker, and then added, "I enjoy it more at home because I need not be ashamed of my emotions." She stated she was reflecting the sentiments of all the radio playgoers in her village.

In this you will see we have the demand for tragic drama. It won't be long now before we hear little Eva fleeing across studio "ice" and other woe-stricken heroines, reincarnated from the Age of Melodrama, sobbing their way along the path that cruel Fate and equally conscienceless authors destined for them. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now!

The Ideal Now Possible

A CHAIN of cigar stores has decided to install automatic mechanical salesmen to serve customers and thank them for their purchases. In other words, the dummies have been gifted with speech through human ingenuity. If the experiment proves successful, every broadcast station owner should contract for the early delivery of such an automaton.

Its installation in the average broadcast studio would be a great step forward and might even result in the listeners actually getting more program than announcement.

Pictureless Television

ENGLAND is a queer mixture of progressivism and conservatism. One sees quite a few horse-drawn victorias holding up modern motor traffic on the narrow streets. It is the same in radio. The broadcast receivers still look like the dawn of broadcasting, yet they have a Television Society and a Television Magazine with a circulation running into hundreds of thousands.

The only thing that seems to be missing is television apparatus. Apparently the subscribers of the magazine are quite content to look at their castles in the air.

Hold Your Head

TWO of the boys who entertain the dear radio audience of southern California with wisecracking dialogue recently pulled this one:

Q. "What's good for dandruff?"

A. "Try a little Guillotine!"

The following day one of Uncle Sam's letter carriers dropped in KFI's studio with a letter that contained this plaintive plea: "I heard over your station last night that Guillotine is good for dandruff. Please advise where I can buy some, and the best method of using it."

The official historian of the Los Angeles station fails to record the answer given to the perplexed soul, but I think it is only fair that he should be told Hangman's Drops are equally good.

He Still Pursues Her

SO FAR as Hank Simmons' Show Boat is concerned it is quite fortunate that television has not yet reached a state of practical development, otherwise considerable damage might be done in many homes when the villain stalks across the stage to take his "curtain call" aboard the mythical Maybelle. As it is, one can almost hear the hisses that arise in a myriad of homes in unison with those that issue out of the loud speaker from the studio "audience."

The Columbia Chain has shown commendable initiative in developing this feature. For those of us whose recollection goes back to the era of melodrama it brings back fond memories of the time when we took our pleasures seriously enough to heave overripe vegetables and defunct eggs at the unfortunate gent who took great delight in twirling his villainous mustachios while leering triumphantly at us. Those were the days when we registered our likes and dislikes with much vehemence.

If by chance you have such a temperament do not tune in on Monday evenings to any of the chain stations that feature Hank Simmons' Show Boat because you may succumb to the wily tongue of the barker who exhorts the Mississippi Valley farmers, and then no one can tell what will happen to your happy home when your feelings are aroused as the drayma unfolds its heavy course. Anyway, the Maybelle is the C. B. Chain's answer to the prayer of those who have been loudly kicking about the sameness of programs.

The Monkey Wrench

Continued from page 42

I'm rather glad of just one thing: It was in your dressing-room and not hers. She went after him."

Eleanor didn't cry. She didn't do anything. Just sat numbly there. Jane tucked the rug about her, though it wasn't cold.

In a moment Don came out, walking with dignity. He got into the front seat, mechanically started up the motor. Then for an hour, all the way out, nobody spoke at all.

When they reached the house Jane and Eleanor went in.

It would be a relief if Eleanor would break down and cry. But she didn't. Just wore that stony look.

But Jane had hardly more than got into her room when the girl appeared. She had a suit of pretty silk pajamas over her arm and her hair brush and tooth brush in her hand. "Do you mind," she asked, hesitantly, "if I sleep in here with you?"

"Of course not, dear!"

When they came down in the morning, Don had gone. The maid said he'd caught the 9:08 train. He left a polite message about some business. There'd been a telephone call.

Eleanor ate no breakfast. She appeared to be in a desperate hurry to get in to town. The car was there in the garage. Eleanor could drive. They left before 10:30.

As they came down the long slope of the bridge and turned into Sixty-first Street Eleanor said darkly, "I'm going to ask something pretty special of you, Jane. You appear to be the only friend I've got."

"Anything, dear. You know."

"Well . . . I . . . really can't talk about it, but I think perhaps you'd better stay right with me."

"Up to matinée time, gladly, dear. If you'll give me just a few minutes. I've got one thing on my mind. I could meet you, say, at twelve. Just give me this half hour."

Eleanor knit her brows doubtfully, but dropped her at the corner of Forty-fourth and Sixth Avenue. She said, with a queer, meaning look, that they could meet at the Astor. She'd be in the north-south corridor, by the dining-room.

JANE walked rapidly over Forty-fourth Street to the Algonquin. There, from a booth, she called the Lambs. Don might be there.

Don *was* there. And he came right over. Decent of him.

She went straight to the point: "Just one thing I want to say, Donnie. It wouldn't be fair to you to fail to let you have it straight. And, believe me, I got it straight. From the merry little lady herself. It was a plant, Donnie. A cute little idea of Ben's."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, come! You know how their minds work. K. & A. They were worried about the performance. Eleanor's especially. Ben put Greta in there to work on you. Vamp you, Donnie. Can't you see? He wanted to stir Eleanor up. And he promised Greta a little extra pay if she could get away with it."

There, it was said. She watched him. He sat still, frowning.

"Well," he said at last, "well . . . thanks, Jane. You've meant to help. You'll have to forgive me if I find it a little difficult to . . . well . . ."

"I had to give it to you, Donnie. Think it over."

"I'm hardly in a position to resent . . ."

"No. You're not."

"Don't think I haven't been fighting this off, Jane . . . of course, duty, obligation, all that sort of thing, when your passions are stirred. . . ."

"Good faith, Don."

"All right. Faith, even. The sacred things." His face worked. It was pitiful. "If Eleanor'd only been a little more . . . if she's only shown a little—"

"It's said, Donnie, as far as I'm concerned." Jane couldn't go on. She'd be sniveling in a minute.

"Makes me out rather a dog, I suppose," he muttered.

"More of a plain damn' fool," said she, with a sudden flash of anger; and fled. Out to Forty-fourth Street and over to the Astor, blowing her nose most of the way. She stopped in a florist's doorway to powder her nose. Eleanor simply mustn't suspect what she'd been up to.

There Eleanor sat, in the corridor; not lounging, but stiffly, her knees and feet together, her back held away from the chair, head high. Her face appeared a little flushed, though composed enough. But her eyes were odd—somber and restless, glancing this way and that; looking at people without seeming to see very much. She held a longish parcel across her lap—a thin, round parcel. Curious. Tightly gripped in both hands. It didn't seem to weigh much. At least, it wasn't a gun.

WHEN those quite strange eyes rested on Jane her mouth twisted into a half smile that flitted quickly away. She didn't smile again. They went into the restaurant. She wouldn't surrender the parcel to the coatroom boy.

Jane tried to get her to eat a little something; pointed out that you couldn't carry through two stiff performances on nothing at all. If she didn't look out she'd flop. But it was no good. She seemed hardly to hear. . . .

This was a new Eleanor. Far, very far, from the submissive, engulfed little wife and mother of the past few years. Something quite new and adult. Something that suggested danger. What was she up to?

Jane, who had never missed a performance in her life, was tempted now toward deliberate truancy. Nothing seemed quite so important as standing by this tortured girl who didn't seem to know, sanely, what she was doing or might do. Or did she, behind the darkening eyes, know only too well? . . . you couldn't, really, of course, in perfect health, fail the show. Even if friends were dying. No, you couldn't. But she'd stick to the last possible moment. Even be a little late. That wouldn't kill 'em. Just once. Dress fast and slap on a quick make-up.

It was, in a strained way, a relief to find that Eleanor's temperament hadn't been killed. It had only slept a while. Plenty of it there. How beautiful she was! Be interesting if Donnie could see her now.

"The car's outside here," said Eleanor. The hotel doormen and the traffic officers about here knew her and Don, of course, and knew the car.

Intently, without a word, she drove to the theatre and pulled up at the curb just short of the stage-door alley. That was odd. She untied the string about that parcel; then, looking out along the sidewalk, absently wound the string into a neat little ball and slipped it into a pocket of her coat. She loosened the paper, but didn't open it. Then she unlatched the door and held it open.

There appeared to be nothing Jane could do but wait, watch, then act, at the right moment, swiftly and surely.

But when the moment came she wasn't quick enough for it. Or Eleanor was too quick. She was out of the car in a flash. And Jane, surprised, had to draw in her long legs to get them past the transmission lever and then had to squeeze through behind the wheel.

She saw Eleanor stripping off that paper. It fluttered to the sidewalk. The girl rushed forward, jostling through the crowd. She seemed to be unrolling something. Then Jane, one foot on the curb, saw that it was a whip—an old-fashioned whip with a shortish leather handle and a real lash. She must have been hunting around town for a harness shop: pretty hard to find these days. There were so few horses.

Greta Swenson was coming through the crowd toward the alley. Walking with her lissom stride. All her furs on. And some jewelry.

Eleanor, springing forward, swung the whip. Jane hurried.

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It was odd how the crowd cleared away. Eleanor lashed on in a cold fury. Swenson cowered; tried to cover her bleeding face; cried out incoherently.

It was a policeman who broke through the ring and grabbed Eleanor. One of the traffic men! When he saw who she was, he bundled her to the sedan. Gruffly he asked of Jane, "You with her?"

"Yes," said Jane.

"Get her out o' here, then, quick, for the Lord's sake!"

"I can't drive," said Jane.

"I can," said Eleanor crisply. And she did.

"You ought to be back at the theatre," was Jane's first remark. Sort of a reflex. She wasn't thinking straight.

"No," replied Eleanor. "No. But I'll let you out here, dear. As soon as I can get in to the curb."

"I can't leave you, Eleanor. Not now."

"Don't be silly!"

"But you—"

"I feel fine. Perfectly all right."

"But what on earth are you going to do?"

"The only thing I can do. Drive out home, pack a bag, and take baby up to Mother's. Be there by evening." Her mother and father lived upstate, somewhere Binghamton way.

"What about the show?"

"I'm never going back there. They've got an understudy. Here you are. Hop out! And, Jane dear, thank you ever and ever so much! Really, I'm quite all right. Got something out of my system, apparently."

In a daze Jane did as she was bid: hurried over to the theatre, slapped on that make-up, as she'd put it; went into her dance. Gus Halper told her, during the intermission, that she was working great. Funny!

And then . . . as things are so likely to turn out in this little cosmos of the theatre, where blood boils at a rather low temperature . . . nothing at all happened. Just nothing. There wasn't a word in the papers. Eleanor vanished. Don and Swenson both finished up the run of Mango. Jane sang and danced and curved those long legs comically around every night and twice on matinée days and went to parties. Business as usual. There was gossip, of course. Whispers of trouble between Eleanor and Don. Swenson was mentioned, but nobody appeared to have seen her around with Don. Nothing like that. One story went a little way, here and there, about a mysterious and bloodthirsty row between Eleanor and Swenson; but didn't get very far.

A definite bit of news came out in Variety. By leaving the company and flatly refusing to finish the run, Eleanor had given K. & A. grounds for breaking the three-year contract. Don, as a result, was out of work. He'd pick up something, of course. He didn't seem to be around. And the house on Long Island was closed.

SO THINGS stood in August. Then, one Sunday, a story was released to the effect that the couple were to appear together in a serious new American play. The producers were nobodies: two of the earnest young men who'd been reviving old costume things down in the Village. It didn't look too good. But it was puzzling. Propped up in bed, shortly after noon, sipping her breakfast coffee, Jane sleepily pondered.

The telephone rang.

A familiar voice: "Jane dear, this is Eleanor. We're over at Du Quesne's. Can't you join us?"

Du Quesne's was a French restaurant not far away. Jane said she could. Hurried into something or other and went.

There they sat, Don and Eleanor and the kid. Large as life. Smiling and happy.

"Well," said Jane straight out, "I must say I'm glad to see you both in your right minds."

"We're that, all right," said Don. He couldn't resist capturing Eleanor's hand. "You see, Jane, old thing, you told me I was a plain damn' fool. Well . . ."

"Oh, no, Donnie!" How nice they looked. Not the remotest snootiness. Just plain straightforward folks. All tanned up too. They'd been somewhere in the country. Jane's heart warmed impulsively.

"Oh, but he was!" cried Eleanor. "And so was I." They both chuckled.

"For Heaven's sake, tell me what's happened," said Jane.

"I'll tell you." This from Don, more gravely. "I went up there to find Eleanor. Went to her on my knees. Perhaps it's something to learn what an imbecile you can be. One thing I do know, it's something . . . it's a lot . . . to find out you're crazy about your wife."

"Behave yourself, Donnie!" cried Eleanor. Then: "Listen, Jane! We're going into this new play MacGregor and Sparks are putting on. They haven't any money at all, really. We've accepted a cut in salaries. But the play's good. And if those boys can just wheedle some sort of bookings out of somebody . . . not K. & A.—"

"Not if it kills us," said Don. "No K. & A. in ours!"

IT WAS early September. Shows had been opening hopefully since August 15th. Temple and Fane opened at Atlantic City on the second in the new theme play of American family life that MacGregor and Sparks were putting on. Quite a few interested folks from New York ran down there to see it.

Sam Karber bustled into his partner's office. It was the afternoon of the next day.

"He ain't back yet?" asked the nervous Sam.

"Not yet, Mr. Karber." Thus Miss McGarry, the gray-haired secretary. Ben had long since concluded that young and pretty secretaries had beaus outside, and talked.

The door opened. There he was, in overcoat and hat, with a handbag.

"Gosh!" cried Sam. "I think you have skipped the country."

Miss McGarry discreetly left the room. Sam closed the other door. His cigar bobbed about in his mouth.

"Dolly's out there, Ben. She waits two hours. Every day she is here."

"Let her wait a few more."

"She looks pretty mad. I think maybe she shoots."

"Dolly won't shoot. I've got a nice job for her."

"Where do you go? Like this?"

"Atlantic City."

"Atlantic City! When all the business waits. . . ."

"Wait a minute yourself, Sam." Ben settled himself at his desk and lit a cigar. "I gumshoed in to see the piece Temple and Fane are in. Pretty good. Handled right, there's a lot in it."

"Temple and Fane again! Temple and Fane! After they ruin us! Oh, my blood boils!"

"Oh, cheer up. We got the picture money, didn't we? We didn't lose anything. Here's the story, Sam—Fane's great. She's all back and a lot more. Going to burn the town up. Play's good too. Needs just a little fixing up. I took Sawyer with me. He puts his finger on the weak spot. Worked it out in ten minutes. Just a touch or two in the second act. Soon as I was sure of that I let the highbrow boys talk to me. They were broke. All gone. I offered 'em five thousand for the piece. Bought it for eight."

"You bought it! Temple and Fane again!"

"Sure. Only eight thousand. It's a mint, with Fane working like she is. And they're only getting eight hundred for the two. There's another three hundred a week saved in salaries."

"They'll be pretty mad," offered Sam. "Donnie knows. Swenson got drunk and talked. Kerstow found out."

"That's all right," said Ben. "They aren't going to know. It's a MacGregor and Sparks production. I put those boys on salary. And I'm going to make Joe Weinfanger give 'em the Olympic. So it won't even look like our booking. All we have to do is shake down the profits. My word, boy! Wait till you see Fane! She damn' near made me cry. What do you know about that?"

Ben tipped back. Smoked. Scowled.

"Well," he remarked, "I s'pose I'd better let Dolly blow off a little steam." He pressed a buzzer. "But don't you worry, Sam. I can handle Dolly."

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Phyllis the Unwanted

Continued from page 6

"It's interesting," said Phyllis. "It's almost like doing some beautiful work yourself."

"Sure," said Scott absently. "It's a lark and a half." But a bomb had been thrown into his facile patronage. He looked at her curiously and felt as if she had committed a breach of the social contract, for surely if a girl was classed as a non-beauty she ought to stay in that class. "Lord," he thought, "if he thinks Phyllis anything to write home about he must have been knocked silly by Estelle!"

"I should think"—Estelle curved her lips to sweetness—"I should think you would hate to do anything so—so public. . . ." She was a stupid woman, which prevented her from thinking of anything more cutting.

"Bunk!" said Scott curtly. "Don't be your idiotic self, Estelle. . . ." And he looked at her coldly for once. As if any old time Farragut couldn't get all Park Avenue to pose for him if he wanted it!

"Oh," said Estelle tolerantly, "of course he is awfully the rage, and you see his pictures everywhere, but then—"

She was so full of bitterness at a fraudulent universe that could let another woman put it over her that later, though unaccompanied by Phyllis, she could eat no lunch. Never would she forgive Phyllis. Not even when she herself was posing for Neil Farragut and Phyllis was set back in her proper place in the background and was the same old Phyllis, sweet and a corking dancer, if you like, but negligible.

"WHO was the Greek hero?" Mr. Farragut asked Phyllis between poses that afternoon.

"A broker," Phyllis answered as if she were saying Apollo. "I've known him all my life," she added defensively because she sensed that her tone gave Scott the accolade and she hoped by interpolating this commonplace to annul that effect.

"A broker—ah, yes."

If he had been condoning some disgrace of hers, he could not have been more delicate, more blank. Every ray of expression left his face, and he scrutinized his painting through a reducing glass.

After another pose and while they were in the next rest he again spoke.

"Of course you know," he said meditatively, "that he isn't worth giving a second thought to."

Phyllis stiffened. "Well, really . . ."

"He is, and it's as plain as a flapper's knee," contiuued Mr. Farragut pleasantly, "only a stuffed shirt." He had about him the air of a man whose words are patently edited by reserve.

Phyllis turned on him indignantly, trying to control herself. "You don't know a thing about him," she cried; "you never saw him before in your life."

"Once is enough," said Mr. Farragut.

"He is the most popular man I've ever known."

"Well"—with the manner of a last grudging justice—"he has nice, wavy hair."

This was incredible. A man she liked as much as she liked and respected Mr. Farragut knocking one of her friends, who had never done him a bit of harm!

"No, he isn't half good enough for you," went on the respected man imperturbably. "My advice to you is—pack him up and shelve him."

"I don't know what you mean!" remonstrated Phyllis, flushing.

"Oh, yes, you do," said Mr. Farragut, mixing color. "You think you are in love with him."

Of course this was sheer impertinence, and he knew it as well as she did.

"Really!" said Phyllis. She remembered her position as a lady and withdrew to it freezingly.

"Perfectly all right with me," said Mr. Farragut largely, "if it weren't that it wrecks you as a model."

Phyllis stared. "Why, but only this morning—" she began.

"I know," he interrupted. "You've been good so far. For lovelorn poses you're a knockout."

"Oh," said Phyllis, flushing again. She hated to see herself in this sentimental light. She had never been talked to in this way before. It was all very well to be a man that everyone was crazy to know, but did one have to be so ruthless, so utterly tactless? "There are plenty of other models," she said icily.

"You happen to be the one I want," he said shortly.

"Oh," said Phyllis once more. She was trying to think whether, after all, the fact that it was what he wanted was all that counted. Really, what with him and Scott—

"The point is," said Mr. Farragut grimly, "that we can't go on drawing sad-eyed damsels. Next time we'll have to give them a little good cheer for a change—away with dull care and all that. . . ." He looked at her beseechingly.

"Yes, I see," said Phyllis doubtfully.

"Well," said Mr. Farragut cheerfully, "forget the broker." He added Prussian blue to his mixture with the air of a man who is delighted to know that he has straightened matters out.

"But—" began Phyllis coldly.

He looked up and grinned at her—a grin so vivid and charming that it burned down every barrier that stood between them. For Phyllis to continue the false sentence that she had started would be to deny truth and cover herself with a silly camouflage of lies.

"I can't forget him," she found herself saying simply. It surprised her to be talking this way, for she had not yet learned the psychological fact that many a person will disclose his heart to a stranger who would not tell a word of trouble to someone he loved.

"I get you," he said, understanding her but not sympathizing. "But in a world where any girl can have first call on any bachelor, why don't you spike him?"

Phyllis regarded his stupidity with pitying eyes. "He doesn't know I'm alive," she said bleakly.

"Huh," said Mr. Farragut, starting briskly to lay on his color. "He wears blinders—that's what's the matter with him."

"Blinders?"

"Yes," said Mr. Farragut over his shoulder. "But there's hope for him with me around. Even the blind can be taught to see." He leaned back. "That's a nice color, isn't it?" Then in the same breath. "I'm not criticizing you. You've been doing splendid work."

"I'm sorry I can't do better." She looked appealingly at the back of his brown head, wanting for a second to clutch at the vividness of him as if he were something warm and strong and light in a foggy night.

"You're all right," he assured her. "A bit batty, of course," he added hastily.

And for him the subject was closed. He carefully washed in some color, holding his breath. He had already forgotten her; she was, palpably, only a piece of furniture in the presence of the creative instinct. At any minute he might get up and lay his cigarette on her head as if she were an ash tray. She slipped out without good-by, an exit that would, had he been conscious of it, have met with his entire approval. He did like women that got through their work and then dissolved, soundless, into space.

PHYLLIS took a taxi, for it was raining, and as she looked across the city, that was like fairyland in gray mist, she thought that she could not bear to go through life unless she could share such things with Scott.

She looked peevishly at the inordinate loveliness of the tall topless buildings fading into the fog as if their being so touchingly beautiful were the last impertinence on the part of an intractable universe. The fog wept about her; she wept with it.

She and Neil Farragut worked on for a fortnight and finished their second painting, and Phyllis knew then that never before had she looked at anything more definitely, completely beautiful.

"To be able to draw like that is like being God!" she said to the painter, meaning it thoroughly.

"The values aren't so worse," said Mr. Farragut in his careless way. "But I thought I could get that shadow tone better." And Phyllis wanted to slap him—he was never satisfied. The painting had everything, even a moon. You could feel the young June breeze on your face, smell the flowers in the garden, hear the music that was played far off.

She hated to leave that pictured garden to go home. At home she was unhappy. Here, in the midst of this work, she forgot it. But if she stayed longer he would begin telling her that she had to look brighter for that next picture. So she went away, and that night he called her on the telephone. She was playing contract bridge with Estelle and Scott and a man named Watrous.

"I've a bit of competition," he announced, "for your broker."

"Yes?" said Phyllis, betraying no interest, for she felt none.

"Quite so," murmured Mr. Farragut. "A lad has appeared in the offing who thinks that you belong to the small and select group of those who rate a salute of twenty-one guns. He's crazy to meet you. Says he won't go back to Duluth until he has."

"Who is he anyhow?" demanded Phyllis, going to the heart of the matter.

"He's not quite coherent," he explained, with his winning candor, "but to hear him tell it he's your future husband."

"I see!" said Phyllis after a moment's pause. "So *that's* who he is!"

THE voice on the Manhattan end appeared to come closer to the mouthpiece.

"Miss Lanier," it coaxed, "accept this egg, will you, and put us both out of our misery?"

Phyllis did not deign to answer.

"I say," Neil Farragut was saying, "I can't get a lick of work done while this cuckoo holds down my model stand and begs to see you. Let me ship him out to New Rochelle to you!"

A faint edge came into Phyllis' voice. "This isn't funny any longer," she said. "I'm hanging up."

"Then you will let me send him out?"

"No, I will not."

In Mr. Farragut's dictionary was no such word as fail. He was a specialist in persuasion.

"He came into the studio, and he's gone nuts over the girl in the moonlight picture. Says she's his ideal and all that sort of tosh."

"I don't want to see him," said Phyllis resolutely to the telephone.

And then the financial aspect of the situation enforced itself on Mr. Farragut's attention.

"Not only that, it's doggoned unbusinesslike. Did I tell you that he owns about ninety per cent of Duluth?"

"No, you didn't, but that's all right," answered Phyllis. "I don't care much for Duluth."

"We'll let that side of it rest, then. But the point at issue is—here, for the Lord's sake! What are you doing?"

"Nothing," returned Phyllis agreeably. "Just hanging up."

"You are!" pronounced Mr. Farragut bitterly. "Well, let me tell you something about *that*. This bozo is no lion on the social trail, but if you hang up I'll put him in my car with his keepers and march him out to New Rochelle!"

"Oh!" sighed Phyllis, with a little gesture of throwing the telephone into the air. "Have it your own silly way, then! Bring him out."

The telephone wire seemed to laugh.

"Wise as well as beautiful," said Mr. Farragut. "We'll be there before you know it."

(*To be continued next week*)

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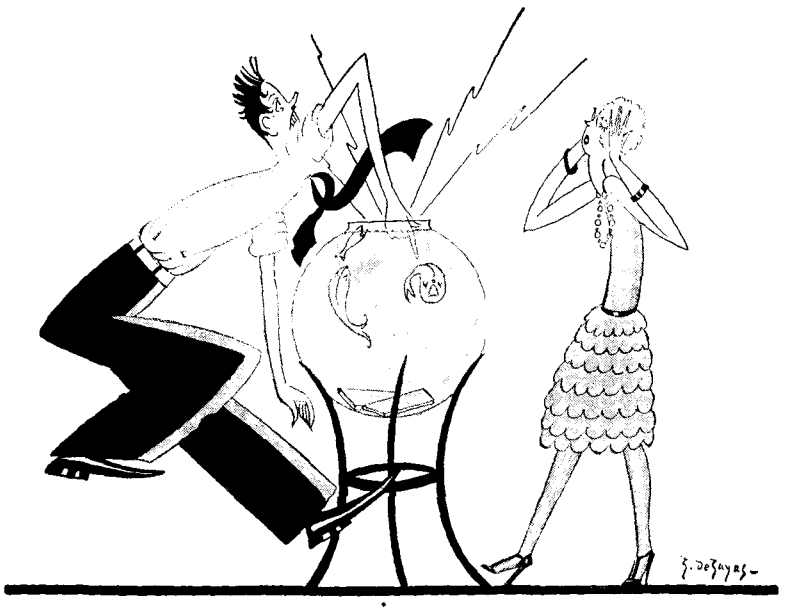

Hearing Inaudible Sounds

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON
DIRECTOR SCIENCE SERVICE

ADD two silences and make a sound. This paradox is quite possible in musical mathematics and is easily understood by anyone who has been monkeying with a radio. For he has often been bothered by the shrieking of ghost stations broadcasting wave lengths not authorized by the Federal Commission. Such interference arouses his wrath, and he calls it by a hard word, "heterodyning."

It comes from the clash of two radio waves which differ in frequency to such a degree that the difference gives birth to a new note, or "beat."

Now, the human ear is, like any radio set, capable of receiving only a limited range of waves. You may hear about ten octaves, or, say, from 16 vibrations a second to 16,000. Another man may hear an octave higher, to 32,000 vibrations a second. But above the reach of either of you may be other air waves of the same sort.

During the war considerable experimenting was carried on at the front in the production of inaudible sound waves, with the object of detecting or deceiving the enemy, and since the war the research has continued with very remarkable results.

By setting quartz plates in pulsation by powerful alternating currents it has been found possible to produce these "ultrasonic" waves with a frequency as high as 600,000 vibrations a second.

Such sounds are too high-pitched to be heard, but they may be felt most painfully, even fatally. If the throbbing quartz plate lies at the bottom of a beaker in a layer of oil under water, and you stick your finger into the water, you will get an acute pain. What would happen if you left your finger in a while nobody knows, for nobody has dared try it. Small fishes and frogs put into the water are speedily killed. Pond weeds are torn to pieces.

Hearing by Subtraction

IF YOU hold a long glass thread between your fingers and stick the end of it into the glass of water, the skin of your fingers will be seared by those silent sounds.

But while you cannot hear the waves given off by one apparatus of this sort, you may hear the waves given off by two of them. This is not due, as you might suppose, to the magnification of the sound by doubling its power. On the contrary, it is due to the subtraction of the sounds, not to their addition.

Suppose one piece of apparatus is vibrating at the rate of 40,000 a second and the other at the rate of 40,256 a second. Either alone is inaudible, but if you put the two side by side and listen with a delicate instrument at some point between you will hear a sound resulting from the interference or heterodyning of the two frequencies, which in this case would be a note of 256 vibrations, our old familiar "middle C."

Sweeten The Sugar Maple

IF YOU go into a grove of sugar maples when the sap is running and take separate samples from the taps of different trees and analyze them, you will find that they vary widely in sweetness. The sap of some will run as high as 8 per cent in sugar, others as low as 2 per cent or less, averaging perhaps 3 per cent.

That means that if all the trees were as good as the best of them the owner would be getting four times as much sugar out of them and making more than four times as much money.

If a dairyman finds that one of his cows is giving only a fourth as much butter fat as the rest, he sells her off (*caveat emptor*, as the lawyers say, and which I understand to mean let the buyer pay for the milk analysis). But it takes longer to raise trees than cows and we have not got into the way of breeding them for the greatest profit.

Yet there is no reason why we shouldn't. When a crazy German chemist named Marggraff first got the notion that sugar might be made from beets, he could only extract 1.5 per cent out of them. But a century of rigid eugenics applied to seed selection has raised the sugar content of beets in Germany to 17.5 per cent, and some beets carry as much as 22 per cent.

I don't know if it is possible to educate the maple tree, as has been done with the beet root, up to the point of yielding ten times as much as it wanted to in the first place, but I'm sure it is worth trying. Grafting could bring the average up to the best of the present even if seed selection could raise it no higher.

The present tendency is the wrong way. The maple sap seems to be getting watery. The average yield between 1917 and 1920 was two and a third pounds of sugar per tree, but in the succeeding period, 1921 to 1925, it was only two pounds. The total output of maple sugar, including that sold in syrup, was 52,000,000 pounds in 1918, and had fallen to 35,000,000 in 1926.

It is our patriotic duty to preserve our native American source of sweetness against the invading cane and beet. These last but a single summer but a maple tree will live a century.

Method by which one Sundstrand salesman demonstrates its simplicity. With ten minutes' practice you can do the same.

Only one hand . . .

Simple ten-key keyboard . . . easily remembered . . . makes it the quickest machine for business calculations

THE ten numeral keys of the Sundstrand are arranged in the most natural position for quick development of the touch system. In ten minutes the most inexperienced operator has memorized their location. You can cover all ten keys with one hand, so that absolute control is right at your finger tips. No complicated series of banks and columns. No danger of errors due to incorrect column selection. You strike the keys in the order that you would write down the figures with a pencil and the machine automatically places them in the right columns.

The machine operation is all controlled by one hand—the other hand is free to follow the work. It's all so simple and so easy that you do not have to take your eyes from books or papers from which you are taking the figures. Hence you can do the work with a Sundstrand far quicker than with any other machine.

What you can do with the Sundstrand is astonishing . . . positively uncanny. It not only adds, subtracts directly and multiplies faster than you ever believed it could be done . . . but it literally *carries in its head* the most involved calculations. You can figure debits and credits in the same operation and at the end get the total of the difference between the two. The Sundstrand Credit Balance Feature enables you to subtract credits in excess of debits and get the answer—directly.

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New Blade Fallacy?

Men by the million miss the joy of velvet smooth shaves every day. They are blinded by the idea that a new blade shaves smoothly because it's new. They use a new blade every few days, thoughtlessly believing that they are getting the best shaves possible — but they are NOT.

The maker of fine razors would like to get his blades to you in perfect shaving condition — if he could. But tempered steel is sensitive to weather conditions and the finishing touches must be put on the blade by stropping *just before the shave.*

This is interesting

Fine razors have edges of tiny invisible teeth. Temperature changes, jolts and handling get these teeth out of alignment. That's why a blade pulls. Stropping smoothes them into line and restores a keen cutting edge.

A few turns on Twinplex puts an edge on a NEW blade that is a marvel for smooth shaving. And it's so easy to strop with Twinplex. No fussing—no reversing blade. Just slip blade in and turn—strops both edges at once and reverses blade at every turn, just as a barber does. You can't fail.

30 seconds a day will keep one blade marvelously keen, for weeks of the smoothest shaves you've ever known. Shaving is also easier and quicker with Twinplex, for a keen blade is a quick, safe shaver.

You can now buy a Twinplex at any dealer's for as little as $2.50. It pays for itself in a few months and saves more than its cost each year thereafter. Other attractive Twinplex models at $3.50 and $5.00.

Send for the DULL HOUSE and FREE NEW blade stropped

Clever little Dull House solves the problem of disposing of old blades safely. Send 10¢ for it and we will also send you, FREE, one brand NEW blade stropped on Twinplex, and specially packed to protect it. You will get from it a new idea of what a real shave is. Name your razor.

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1611 Locust Street, Saint Louis
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Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER, QUICKER SHAVES

Why Smith Gets My Vote

Continued from page 9

Then he can work out his own problems and keep his self-respect as an independent individual.

To a thorough-going Democrat this keeping men independent is much more important than making a few men rich. He is less interested in getting things done than in getting more and more people to do things and profit by them. And here he is in direct conflict with the Republican theory of the strong top. The Democrat doesn't believe that you get your best results in the long run from the top. Moreover, he believes that you will only get big things done, in the long run, as the bottom consents.

The failure of the Eighteenth Amendment under its present interpretative clause is a painful example of an attempt to centralize the control of an appetite in the federal government. Here is a country peopled with nearly 110,000,000 men and women of all sorts of traditions, customs, and views—a people jealous of its local authority. The federal government attempts to tell this people what they cannot drink, and a substantial and ever-increasing number of them thumb their noses at the government.

Smith's Conclusions

WHAT are we going to do about it? The present leader of the Democratic party, its candidate for the Presidency, is one of the few, the very few, men in high public office who have had the daring to recognize the facts, to frame a policy, and put it down clearly and frankly. This he did five years ago.

The Republican Assembly of the state had passed a bill repealing the article in the state's Penal Law which put the provisions of the Volstead Act on the state's statute books. This article was known as the Mullan-Gage Law. Should he veto or approve its repeal? A nice political predicament! He spent a month of study and thought, and approved the Republican repeal. And when he did it he sent a memorandum which states, with reasons, just what he thinks should be done in our present intolerable situation—a situation which is threatening our hardly won achievements in national temperance.

Here are certain of his conclusions then, and they are his conclusions today:

(1) "The Eighteenth Amendment is the law of the land, and no one suggests, least of all the legislature of the state or myself, that it should be violated."

(2) "The repeal of the Mullan-Gage Law will not and cannot by any possible stretch of the imagination bring back into existence the SALOON, WHICH IS AND OUGHT TO BE A DEFUNCT INSTITUTION IN THIS COUNTRY, and any attempt at its reëstablishment by a misconstruction of the executive attitude on this bill will be forcefully and vigorously suppressed."

(3) "The definition of an intoxicating beverage contained in the Volstead Act is not an honest or a common-sense one. . . . It seems to me that common sense, backed up by good medical opinion, can find a more scientific definition of what constitutes an intoxicating beverage. Such a definition should be adopted by Congress as a proper and reasonable amendment of the Volstead Act and a maximum alcoholic content should be prescribed by Congress which would limit all states to the traffic in liquors which are in fact nonintoxicating within the meaning of the Eighteenth Amendment. Subject to that limitation, each state should thereafter be left free to determine for itself what should constitute an intoxicating beverage."

(4) "A state has no right or power to enact any law that in any way infringes upon a constitutional act of Congress, but . . . the federal government has no right to impose upon the state any obligation to pass any statute affirmatively embodying any federal statute. . . . The preservation of American democracy requires the maintenance of that balance between state and nation which is guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, and that the reassertion of that principle is today of vital consequence to the preservation of the democratic form of government guaranteed to us by the Constitution."

That was his official formal statement. To a friend he said:

"I believe in enforcing the law, and I believe in personal liberty. I could have made a better-looking case by vetoing the repeal and talking about enforcement, but in my heart I believe the degree to which personal liberty is being interfered with in this matter is unwise, and I am going to take a position consistent with what I believe in my heart."

This loyalty to personal liberty of all men, low and high, has been a distinguishing mark of real democracy from the beginning. It was the thorny path by which you developed self-directing citizens. It forced the separation of church and state, gave us the guarantee of the Constitution that we were free to think as we would in religion, to belong to the church of our choice without any man's interference.

Religious freedom has had its battle—still unfinished. The Democratic party struck a bold blow for that freedom this year in nominating a Catholic for the Presidency. And the country has so backed that blow that the opposition to the Democratic nominee on religious grounds is forced to speak in whispers.

Men are following "what they believe in their hearts" in this matter. How silly are their whispered fears of a national government packed with Catholics if Governor Smith is our next President!

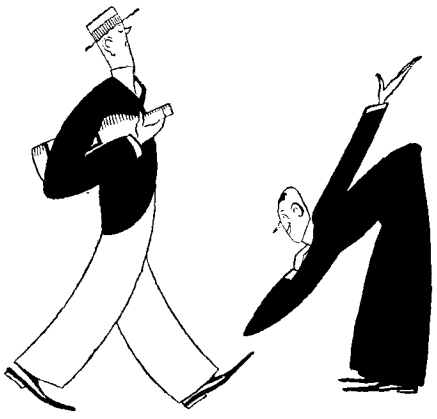
Tammany? Tammany is not a Catholic organization, not an organization of Catholic citizens; contrary to the fixed notion of popular enmity and indicative of Tammany's character, six of its twelve sachems are Protestants. What has Governor Smith done in New York State? Take his cabinet of today. Of the thirteen department heads appointed by him nine are Protestants, three are Catholics and one is Hebrew—for the sole reason that he is seeking efficiency in government, not influence in his church. Nobody knows better than the intelligent Catholics of the country that he will continue this policy if elected to the Presidency. No, religious freedom is not threatened by the Democratic party today. It believes too heartily in the ability of men and women to think for themselves.

Still more important, it believes that what we get of good and evil in a democracy comes from the bottom. It is the brooding mass, growing unconsciously through the years, that throws up pregnant ideas and the leaders fitted to handle them. Neither ever came from a centralized, stabilized, standardized top.

Democracy Eternally Right

PERHAPS fortunes would pile up less rapidly under Democratic than under Republican ideas, but we should get in the end a greater division of whatever is worth while in our development. We would have too a more stable state because more people would be working on their own in it, giving a broader foundation. It would be a state less subject to revolutionary attack because its aim would be to arouse self-directed effort in individuals. Such a state would be a far better guarantee for world peace than a state built on privilege, whose aim is to shut the nation's door as far as possible to outside products.

No, it is the trend, not the candidate alone, by which men must decide how to cast their votes this coming fall. The belief of one party is in power at the top, the belief of the other party is in the mass below. It all comes down to how much faith we have in the mass. For myself, I feel with Governor Smith that democracy is so eternally right that Almighty God is our strength.



Tom Masson Says

The "Welcome" on the doormat rises up affectionately to greet the honorable guest who brings his own booze.

Judging by the beds in some summer resorts, the sign should read: "Room and a board."

If you want to be played for a sucker by total strangers, be too pleasant, act too pleasant, look too pleasant.

Some girls think they can learn to write shorthand with a lipstick.

The longest hole in golf: the one in your pocketbook.

In some minds the parking space is all there is.

Optimist: visitor who looks forward to finding a book worth reading in a guest chamber.

The habits of a Presidential candidate must have become as painful to him as if he had the whole country for a wife.

Well, boys, a good many of us are getting back from our wives' vacations.

You may have noticed that woman still keeps the man unemancipated.

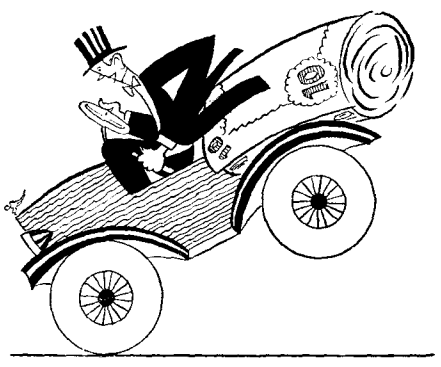
Now that Mary Pickford has cropped hers, about the only curls that have come to stay belong to the corkscrew.

The meek man who used to button his wife up the back is now learning how to give her a haircut.

According to the distinguished antologist Auguste Forel, there are 4,500 species of ants, not including local varieties. He must have been on a church picnic.

In case the next war finds us unprepared, it is a comfort to know that we can call on our gunmen for arms and ammunition.

Wanted: four-wheel brakes for bank rolls.



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The Main Guy

Continued from page 22

I do not know what kind of agreement Hickey made with old man Rutledge. I was waiting outside the big top when they emerged at dusk. I was much impressed with the massive build and strength of the veteran circus owner that showed in every move of his body. His sleeves were rolled back, and the bulging muscles were black with hair. As a little boy I had been told that meant power. He wore a brown shirt and gray flannel pants stuffed into high boots; around his waist a wide leather belt with a heavy silver clasp and buckle; the butt of a revolver showed from a holster that swung high at his side.

No Comfort or Business

HIS eyes were remarkable, surface cold and blue with no depth; the rest of his face, except a predatory nose, was lost in a mass of rough beard.

Hickey was laughing at some jest between them, and Rutledge joined in after sending out a stream of tobacco juice that just missed me.

When we were alone Hickey told me that he'd informed Rutledge that he had a scheme of his own to extract money from the Jaspers.

I had been trying on my own hook to think of ways for raising trouble with the show, but I could see my ideas wouldn't do. The rough crew of canvasbacks appeared to have been hired half for working and half for fighting qualities.

Anyway, we had got this far. We were on the show, paying for our own meals and riding from town to town on horseback.

The weather we ran into was terrible, both for comfort and business; the country seemed a succession of puddles and mud holes. Aside from the long night rides, we led a lazy life, and I was only kept on tiptoes by the worry reflected on Hickey's face.

Scheme as we would, we got no break. And the stake Bramley had given us was dwindling. There'd be little or nothing left for us soon.

Well, son, I've often wondered, in later years, if the boss hostler looked back to his perfect triumph—the rare one of luck and opportunity taken advantage of that turned the trick?

All of us have some precious moment of victory that we remember with a fierce joy. Mine came years afterward when I had a little wagon circus of my own which had to be put on the rails—or drop out of the game. Railroad show competition, then, was killing the wagon shows.

Well, I had five box cars—but I needed another for my equipment and didn't have the money to purchase it. One morning, long before dawn, a handy man and I, with brushes and buckets of paint, crept down to the railroad depot in a certain town and seized upon an empty box car near our loaded ones.

By morning it was painted blue and white, like my own, with the name of my "Circus and Menagerie" in big letters along both sides!

We had it coupled to our train, unquestioned, and the triumph I tasted as the engine pulled us away still lingers after all these years!

Maybe the same is true of Hickey. I remember that black, rainy day in Darneytown when our break came against Rutledge.

There was the devil to pay on the lot, in that long interval between the afternoon and evening performance, when most of the show folks had left it to go to town.

After the show the wind had increased to a cyclone, and Hickey told me to stick with him. There was a wild, eager look in his eyes that meant something.

Suddenly there was a roar for help from the big top, and everyone except us ran to stop the possibility of a blowdown—for the canvas was lifting in the air and the poles creaked as if in pain. The heavens grew dark as pitch, and sheets of rain came blindingly down.

And now Hickey got his inspiration and we took our long desperate chance!

We got our horses, led them squealing with fright to the pole of the ticket wagon, and secured the end of the pole with rope to the pommels of our saddles.

Then away we galloped, none noting, none heeding, in the peril of a blowdown and the cover of the storm.

We didn't stop until we had dragged the ticket wagon four miles from the lot and had hidden it securely in deep underbrush fully twenty paces from the roadway.

"Rutledge don't bank his money," he cried shrilly to me. "We've got him on the hip now. He's got his gold in that ticket wagon—and money is God to him."

Then we went back to defy Rutledge. It seemed like venturing into a lion's den.

But I didn't know, in my youthfulness, the power of money to those who cared for or sought naught else!

I stood beside Hickey—and we brazened it out with the main guy.

Hickey put the situation coldly and baldly: The ticket wagon had been jostled away in the storm; and if Rutledge posted a cash bond the next morning at a local bank to stop hindering Bramley's tour into Southern territory we would be glad to disclose its whereabouts.

Rutledge's hands were trembling, and deep within his beard he was biting his lips to hold his murderous rage in check. I reckon he knew he was licked, so far as wreaking any personal vengeance on us at that moment was concerned.

"Suppose I get the authorities to help you tell me where that wagon is?" he ventured in almost icy tones.

Hickey's laugh was one of genuine amusement.

"Save your breath, Main Guy! Me and this lad is scare-proof! You know as well as I do that the authorities don't give a damn for you or your troubles in a fight with a rival circus owner. All us circus men is beyond the pale, Rutledge—oh, hell, it ain't for me to be giving the likes of you first-primer lessons! You're hipped this time!"

A Hard-boiled Circus Man

THE fire behind Rutledge's cold eyes—like a flame frozen in ice cakes—made me glad that there was some moral restraint on his natural instincts, or I guess Hickey and I would never have left that tent alive. As it was, however, we not only left it—but slept well that night! In the morning we met Rutledge in a small-town bank where he posted the cash bond Hickey required. Then we led the old bandit to his money wagon—

But to tell the truth, son, I had an uncomfortable prickle along my spine until Hickey and I had ridden well on our way back to tell our own main guy, Bramley, that he was free now to take his show throughout the Southland without fear of dynamite or other dirty work.

Yes, Hickey divided what was left of that $1,200 with me. I got $300, I remember. And shortly afterward I drew my first month's salary with the show.

I was a hard-boiled, full-fledged circus man now, started on the road that was eventually to take me to the top. But I never grew less sensitive to the colorful life of the lot. It never became dull routine for me. Or I guess I'd never have got my own big top.

Any career's like love, I reckon, son. Ardent courtship. Passionate love. Honeymoon. And then the honey begins to cloud the moon a mite! But if you're in the right tent that first love settles into a lasting, sturdy affection. So it was betwixt me and the show game. But I never again knew the fresh thrill of my first ten weeks with a circus.

Well, so long, son. Show's over. No concert! THE END

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and a lonely road

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The Make-Believe Wife

Continued from page 24

and deliciously warm, with the sunshine slanting in through high windows. A waiter nodded to her request for a window table, and she followed him.

Two men were breakfasting together at the next window; or, rather, were talking together in low tones while they awaited their breakfast. Beatrice looked at them, left her guide, went to their table, and looked down at them.

"Hugh—" she said, in a faltering voice.

After that a great many things happened rapidly; Beatrice clung to Hugh's arm and watched them from the weary depth of a divine content. The strange man, who had been writing things on a card, relating to a red-headed young lady, with a pigskin suitcase, pocketed a check, beamed with satisfaction, and remained to eat both breakfasts.

Hugh guided Beatrice out to the hotel entrance—and suddenly fascinating New York was fascinating again, the shops glittering and gay, the omnibuses tempting, and the crowd friendly—and they had a third taxi, and were at the Chatham before he would let her say a word or would even look at her.

And here they had their own enormous old room, with its three great windows into Forty-ninth Street, and boys were running to and fro, with flowers and newspapers and trays again, and presently, just as the clock struck nine and the wind died down and the sun burst out over the city in full glorious force, there was delicious hot coffee and grapefruit and rolls waiting, and they were alone.

Hugh put his arms about her then, and said, in a whisper:

"My God, my God! I have you back again. I have you back again!"

Beatrice began to cry for sheer happiness, and buried her face on his shoulder, and Hugh took his fine big soft pocket handkerchief and gently wiped the tears away. There were tears in his own eyes.

"Hugh, I have to tell you! I'm so sorry—"

"Oh, Beatrice—Beatrice—don't. It was all my stupidity."

"No, no, it was mine!"

"Well, let's have breakfast," he said, with a shaky laugh, "and then we can talk."

She sat down, and it was as if the last few troubled months had been wiped away, and they two were on their first happy visit to the city again.

"I'm so happy!" Beatrice breathed, closing her eyes.

"You can imagine what I am."

"Hugh, were you on that train? The train that makes up in North Underhill and leaves at four."

"No, but I thought you might be on it."

"But how—" The miracle of it! The miracle of security after even this short taste of desolation. "How could you possibly guess that, Hugh?"

"I telephoned Mother—I came in just after you left, by the way, and met poor Nelly coming downstairs almost frantic. So I telephoned Mother, and of course you weren't there. Nelly called two or three big hotels, and I changed as fast as I could—"

"And made what train?"

"No train. Noon drove me. Or, rather I drove Noon."

HIS face grew grave at the recollection, and she drew a deep breath.

"One hundred and thirty miles since four o'clock this morning, Hugh?"

"It wasn't the distance. But what I was thinking—what I was fearing! What an awful sensation, Bee! Black night, and rain, and you somewhere—somewhere in the world. The feeling that any minute might be the minute you needed me—the feeling that even while I was asking at one place for you, you might be within a few feet of me, walking away!"

"I know," she said in a whisper. "I know."

"We got into the city at about eight, and I telephoned the Chatham—no news. I couldn't think of any other hotel you'd be likely to go to so I got in touch with an agency—a detective—and put him on the search. His very first question," Hugh said, marveling, "was whether you had ever been to the city before and where you had stayed."

"So you would have traced me, anyway!" she exclaimed, glad that it was so.

"Oh, yes!" But his face was serious still. "There are a good many things that might have happened to you first, Bee," he said.

"I know," she said again meekly.

SHE had finished her breakfast, and now she went to one of the big deep chairs and wheeled another near to it, with a touch of her foot, and beckoned to him.

"Come here and sit down, Hugh; I have to talk to you."

"And I to you," he said, joining her. "And first," said Hugh, holding her hands in his own—"first you must promise me never, never to do this again! Another time just come to me frankly and tell me what's wrong, Bee—I'll help you—I'll do anything! Only don't make me suffer again as I did last night."

"I promise you!" she said in a whisper, salt tears on her face.

"I blame myself for this entirely," Hugh said again presently. "You couldn't see how things were drifting—I could. You never suspected how—how that poor boy was feeling. But I knew!"

"No, it's true," she said, widening her honest childish blue eyes upon him. "I didn't know, Hugh. I thought it was all fooling. And I had no idea how deep it went!"

"Not with yourself either, Bee?"

Her candid look met his with unalarmed surprise.

"Not with myself? How do you mean?"

"I mean," he said steadily, "that I want you to be happy."

Beatrice could only stare at him in simple bewilderment.

"You surely don't think—you can't think that I'm in love with Bert?" she finally stammered, the color flooding her cheeks.

"Would it be so strange, Bee?" Hugh asked, smiling.

"Yes, it would. It would be extraordinary!" she exclaimed promptly, indignantly. And, forcing herself to look at him, with her cheeks burning, she added, "You don't believe that—that nonsense that I talked when I was angry last night, Hugh?"

"No, no, I knew that that meant nothing, Bee," he hastened to assure her. "But—shall I tell you what I've been thinking for weeks and weeks now?" he asked.

"If you like—" she began cautiously, suspicion still in her eyes.

"I've been thinking this, Bee: that you were only a little girl when I married you, and that I—who loved you more than anything on earth—had been the one to hurt you most."

"Everyone says that I was a little girl!" Beatrice said, a little resentfully. "I wasn't such a little girl. I was twenty. My father's mother married when she was fifteen, and had thirteen children, and nobody seemed to think she was such a little girl—"

"You were a little girl, just the same," Hugh said, with his wistful, watching smile.

"I was very stupid," she conceded gloomily. "I never knew—I never suspected—how Bert felt until a few weeks ago, a night out at Spy Lake, Hugh, if you remember? You were dozing, and Bert came below the porch—"

"I remember it perfectly!"

"Well, that was the night that I—knew. But it didn't seem so bad to me, Hugh," she rushed on eagerly, "because it was perfectly safe for Bert to—to care for me, because—" She stopped short.

"Because what?" he asked, watching her.

"Well, because, after all, I am married," Beatrice protested stoutly. "I was sorry—I was even cross at him, Hugh. But I felt that it was perfectly *safe!*"

"AND then when did you begin to feel that it *wasn't* perfectly safe?" Hugh said in his kindest, most natural voice.

Her eyes widened again.

"When did I feel that it wasn't!"

"Yes."

"For Bert?"

"Well, and for you—"

"But—but it was always safe for Bert as long as I knew—as long as *I* didn't care!" she stammered.

"Yes. But then when did you begin to feel that even for you it wasn't safe, Bee?"

"Why, but—but I never did feel that it wasn't!" Beatrice exclaimed. "That—that ought to be negative enough!" she stammered with a nervous laugh.

Much Adieu About Nothing

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Hugh was too deeply concerned to concede it more than an anxious smile.

"You never—were troubled—by what you felt for Bert?"

"No! No! I can't seem to make that clear to you," Beatrice complained, speaking patiently at first, and then with sudden heat.

"Well, it's what I *want* to think, dear." Hugh laughed briefly, without enjoyment. "It's what I *want* to think, God knows!" he said, fervently. "But—but, then, you didn't have tea with Bert at the Arms? Last week—whenever it was—"

"Yesterday!" Beatrice supplied. They stared at each other a moment.

"Was that only yesterday?"

"That's all!" She answered the question. "Yes, I did, Hugh. And I telephoned him at your mother's to be sure that he came to the Lamberts' horrible party," Beatrice admitted. "But it was because—"

SHE stopped short, and looked at him a moment, a puzzled expression on her face, as if she did not quite know how to proceed. Then she suddenly left her chair, and went to the big davenport that faced the green ferns in the fireplace. "Hugh, come here," she directed, patting the seat beside her.

When he was seated there she took his hands. Her earnest face was close to his own.

"Hugh, here's something you don't seem to understand," she said. "I'm—I'm married to *you*— I'm *your* wife. I adore *you*."

He laughed a little shamefacedly and his kind eyes filled with tears.

"Bee, you mustn't talk to me that way, my dear. You'll break me all up!"

"I never thought of any other man's admiring me, and it wouldn't have made any difference if I had!" Beatrice pursued steadily. "You talk about my being a child! Well, I *was* young, I was inexperienced, I never had been deeply in love, or thought of myself as particularly—what shall I say?" She floundered, half laughing and half vexed. "I hate the word sex; I hate the word passion—but you know what I mean?" she finished.

"I do know what you mean!" Hugh agreed. "It is one of the things that make me—" He paused, and shrugged eloquently. "It is one of the things that make you the wonderful person you are!" he said humbly.

"This summer," Beatrice went on, narrowing her eyes, staring into space, "suddenly I woke up. I realized that I was a woman, and that there were a lot of things in the world that I had sort of—well, taken for granted, that I had to lose or to hold. I just—" She looked at him innocently. "I just—came alive," she explained youthfully.

"And did Bert have something to do with that, Bee?" Hugh, listening attentively, asked presently, in a silence.

"Oh, yes, it was because of Bert!" she answered unexpectedly, unhesitatingly.

"I see."

"I don't know that you do," Beatrice said, with a speculative look. "But, anyway, it was because Bert liked me so much—" she was continuing, when suddenly a more animated look came into her eyes, and she interrupted herself. "And why *shouldn't* he like me?" she demanded with spirit. "I was right there under his feet all the time; I was his stepmother; you were most anxious—you *know* that, Hugh," she broke off to say accusingly—"you were most anxious to have him like me and to have me like him; you would have been heartbroken if we hadn't liked each other—" Her argumentative, reproachful tone was irresistible. Hugh burst into the sort of laughter with which, a few hours ago, he might have fancied himself done forever.

Beatrice looked at him, still injured, her reluctant, answering smile only faintly sympathetic.

"I went out of my way to make Bert Challoner like me!" she said, aggrieved.

"I didn't see it," Hugh explained, sobered and repentant. "I only saw that he admired you tremendously and that it was making a man of him. I only remembered that I am twice your age and that he was your natural companion—your playmate—"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake stop talking as if I was trotting about in a romper, with a sand shovel, Hugh! If you'd *listen* to me—" Beatrice pleaded.

"Go on, dear!"

"Well, the time came when I did see that Bert had got"—she dismissed it superbly, with a shrug—"had got a sort of boyish crush on me," Beatrice continued. "At first I was going to tell you because I thought it might please you—" She hesitated, eying him squarely.

"*Please* me!" Hugh said faintly.

"I thought it might. If I had a daughter by a first marriage, and she got a terrible case on you, I'd be perfectly delighted!" Beatrice said firmly.

"It's impossible for you to conceive of jealousy—" Hugh murmured, as if to himself.

"Yes, and it's impossible for you to conceive of not being jealous!" she retorted. "But, anyway, when I did see that Bert liked me, and that I had a sort of—well, influence over him," Beatrice pursued, modestly, "then I thought of something I could do for you. I thought, 'The one thing Hugh wants in this world is to have Bert happy and busy!' And I began to talk to him about pulling himself together and amounting to something—"

"I saw it!"

"Well," she conceded more moderately, "I thought I did. And then the great—the great surprise came—" Beatrice finished, eying him with a sort of quiet childish triumph infinitely charming.

"What great surprise?" Hugh asked, elevating his eyebrows.

"This is what we were going to tell you at Mrs. Lambert's if you hadn't gone so—so crazy, Hugh," she upbraided him. "And perhaps if Aileen hadn't been there," she finished, with a faint, thoughtful frown.

"And what is it?"

"Why, that Bert tried for the Kreutzmann Memorial Prize himself!" she announced momentously.

"Bert—*what!*" Hugh said feebly.

"Bert himself—all alone, drew plans for the Kreutzmann!" Beatrice said triumphantly.

"How do you mean?" Bert's father asked sharply.

"Well—well," her words began to tumble out eagerly. "He talked to me about it—oh, months ago. He's done plans. And he has some really wonderful ideas in them, too, Hugh!" Beatrice said enthusiastically, reading aright the skeptical look in the older man's eyes.

"Bert!" Hugh said again stupidly.

"Yes!" She was youthfully elate. "Hugh, didn't you ever guess?" she demanded.

"Guess! Good Heavens!"

"I say that Bert did it all alone," Beatrice amended, suddenly serious. "He didn't—quite. Young Fairfax—who was with you in the business for a while, and then went into exterior decorating—helped him. They weren't any such plans as yours, Hugh," she hastened to say. "But really—really they were remarkably good! And much cheaper, Hugh."

"BUT money wasn't a consideration," he reminded her, with the artist's quick, jealous sensitiveness.

"I know it wasn't. But it can't help influencing the committee, don't you think?"

"I suppose so." But he was not thinking of what he said. There was the dawning of a fond, proud, amazed smile in his eyes.

"And now do you see why I hid your plans, Hugh?" she asked.

"No," he answered, still bewildered, looking at her patiently.

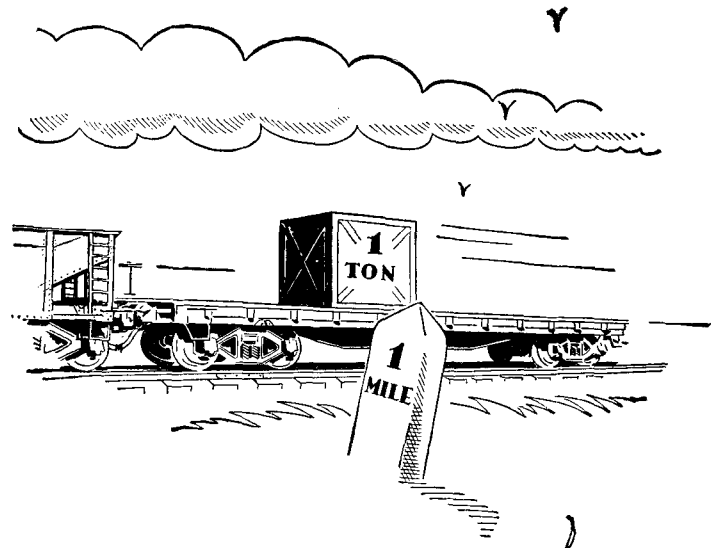
"Why, because I'm your wife, and because your happiness is the one thing in the world I care about," Bee said. "And I believed that Bert's plans would have no chance against your plans!"

"But—my dear child—my dear child," Hugh stammered. "You couldn't destroy all the plans that were to be sent in! Why, almost five hundred firms, all over the world, are competing for this prize!"

"I know it," she agreed calmly. "But none of them will be as good as yours!"

Hugh smiled, but it was a shaky smile, and he put his hand over his

(*Continued on page 52*)



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Published in the interest of railroad development. No. 146

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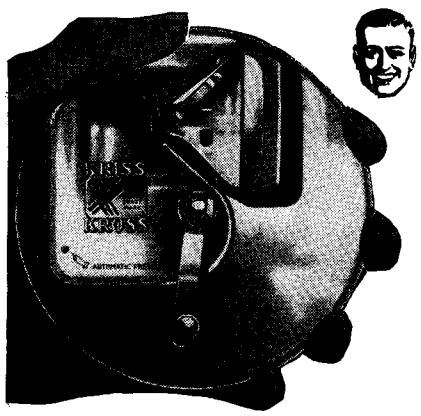

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The Make-Believe Wife

Continued from page 51

eyes suddenly, as though the pleasant big room, with its twinkling breakfast table and its flowers and sunshiny windows hurt him.

"You—you little idiot!" he said thickly.

"I know I am!" she assented, a little timidly, not quite sure of his feeling. "But—but I did it suddenly, Hugh, on an impulse—just looking at them, and thinking how wonderful they were!"

"I see!" Hugh said.

"It would—it would make you happier to have Bert get it, wouldn't it?" Beatrice asked, encouraged. "It would mean work for him, Hugh, and success, and that he was proud of himself—"

"I see—" Hugh said vaguely, looking at her.

"You've said over and over that you didn't care a rap about it!" Beatrice reminded him, faintly anxious.

Instead of answering he narrowed his eyes on her penitently.

"Bee, I've been such a fool!" he said.

"We've all been fools, more or less," she conceded. "But, Hugh, I couldn't be humble—I couldn't be patient—last night, with Aileen smiling at me so triumphantly," she pleaded.

"No, no. I see that. I was wrong!"

"I was an idiot ever to think that stealing your plans would get us anywhere!" she said. "But, then, last night, Hugh, when you were so cold, so cruel to me," Beatrice went on, "something just seemed to snap in my head—I went crazy. I hadn't failed you, I *hadn't* done anything wrong, and to have you suspect me—to have you think—"

She was getting excited again.

"I'm so sorry, Bee!" he said simply.

For a minute she was silent, her fingers tight in his, her shoulder against his, and her eyes averted.

"Hugh, something happened to me in that room last night," she began again suddenly. "Something that took my soul right out of me, and twisted it, and put it back again—one great enormous ache. . . .

"I came alive—" she said, in the silence.

"There, in that study," her voice went on presently. "I knew what you meant to me. I was—suddenly, Hugh—jealous. More jealous than you'd ever been, I think! I hated Bert because he was your son, because you'd adored him from the first moment of his life. I loathed Aileen because she is one of your oldest friends—because she was Alice's friend. I thought of Alice, and it suffocated me."

SHE had twisted about to face him; her face was tragic.

"Bee, my dear—my dearest!" he said. "Can you conceive of anything so absurd, so fantastic as that you should be jealous of me!"

"I am, though," she said decisively. "In that one moment—whatever it was, Hugh, I knew that I was—that I am—your wife," she said timidly, feeling her way with words, trying to make him understand. "I realized then that I had been cheated, either because I was so much younger than you, Hugh, or because of some lack in me," she said, "cheated out of all the pangs of—of true loving: the anxiety and jealousy and suspicion. And I knew then that never again could I take it all for granted—as I've been taking it for granted all this year—my big room, that is your room too, and my name, and my place always beside you—"

"Why, Bee! Why, my dearest!" he stammered, as she was stopped by tears.

"Do you—do you understand me?"

They looked at each other.

"I think I understand that you are trying to tell me—that you love me, Bee," he said, clearing his throat.

"In a new way. As a wife. Not as a very much spoiled baby."

"Have it that way, then," he agreed, after a long look that brought the color to her sensitive face.

"And—" She glanced about the room. "We are on our honeymoon," she stated.

Hugh did not answer. He leaned forward, and put his elbows on his knees and locked his fingers tightly across his eyes.

Beatrice stood up and touched her lips to his dark hair.

"So that," she said, "is that."

"And we don't care who wins the Kreutzmann, Bee?" Hugh asked, looking up.

"We don't care about anything but each other and having tea upstairs in my sitting-room and going down to the lake and dining with your mother on Sundays! Oh, but listen—" Beatrice broke off suddenly. "Today's the day! We didn't look! The awards were to be in the paper today! The Kreutzmann Memorial, Hugh," she added as he looked at her, and her sudden change of mood, blankly. "The judges were to send a sealed decision to the papers last night! I forgot it."

"THIS is the day sure enough!" Hugh agreed. They were tearing wildly through the papers now.

Beatrice found it first.

"Hugh Challoner, he's got it!" she gasped.

"Bert?"

"Bert! Oh, Hugh, he's got it! It says you, it says Beatrice and A. Houston Challoner of the firm of Challoner, Fairfax & Flint," Beatrice went on, in a puzzled voice, "but it must mean Bert, for your plans didn't go in!"

"Let me see—" Hugh was reading it with her. "Well, by golly, that's right!" he said, in what was strange emotion

Locker-Room Golf

Well, there's one thing about writing jingles about golf that, alas, isn't always true about one's game. The more the lads keep at it the better they get. Here are some rather deft entries that earned Collier's Gold Luck Pieces:

Presidents, princes, policemen, plumbers,
Dignified dukes and dapper drummers,
Mothers, sweethearts, sisters, wives,
Patter daily of putts and drives.

M. L. Spencer,
Santa Rosa, Cal.

Lord, suffer me to play a round
So low that even I
In talking of it afterward
Shall have no need to lie.

James A. Walsh,
Columbus, Ohio.

My "birdies" come in cages,
I see "eagles" at the zoo.
I've dreamed of them for ages—
Guess I'll *buy* a few.

William H. Judd,
Minneapolis, Minn.

I'd go over Niagara
In a barrel
If I could play golf
Like Johnny Farrell.

Bob Swain,
Milwaukee, Wis

Hoof-and-mouth disease, it's named,
For golf is why they all are maimed.
They walk all day in any weather
And talk all night when they're together.

Madeline F. Goodale,
Dorchester, Mass.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty golfer
Swear to beat the band!

Kenneth M. Elrod,
Los Angeles, Cal.

My swing is smooth and rhythmic, the ball sails fast and true.
A "brassie" from the fairway and I'm on the green in two.
I sink a "twenty-footer" for a birdie three and then
A sweet voice calls, "Get up at once, it's after half past ten."

E. L. Dahl,
Farmville, Va.

I practice and practice from morning till night.
On golf I am terribly keen.
And though I'm by no means tiring of life
I long to "fall dead on the green."

Mary Gardner,
New London, Conn.

Here lies the body
Of Jonathan Deer.
He hollered "Fore!"
But his wife didn't hear.

Don Arneson,
Sauk Center, Minn.

A gent I
Thoroughly deplore
Is he who helps
Me keep my score.

Ron M. Fuller,
U. S. S. Wyoming
(c/o Postmaster N. Y. C.).

Send along your golf jingles. Who knows but what they may register as well as these. And then think of all the fun you'll have displaying your gold luck piece to your little playmates in the clubhouse! Address Jingles in the Rough, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City

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nd excitement and inelegance for Hugh.

"It means that Bert—" Beatrice suggested.

"I suppose"—Hugh said, looking off ne paper—"I suppose we shall come to ne end of these revelations some day, ut it seems unlikely. You see, Bee, ; may mean me. My plans *did* go ı."

Beatrice let go her hold on the paper, nd sat down. Her perfectly expressionss face was turned toward him.

"Your plans—?" she stammered.

"Yes. Let me explain: about three eeks ago—some time after I had found he plans—Philo Applewhite called at ıy office. Applewhite, you know, is one f the judges in the contest. Philo's a ery old friend of mine; we studied toether at the Beaux Arts. I had told im a long time ago that I intended to ry for the prize, and he came to find ut why I had not competed. I told im the whole story, although then I hought it was Bert who had— Perhaps was bitter, I don't know. At any rate, 'hilo insisted on taking my plans along vith him. He asked me if I would swear o the fact they had been completed by he specified date; I told him I had ıot touched them since the day they vere found to be missing; that was in arly August, as I remember, five days efore they had to be sent in. Philo eemed a good deal upset about what I ıad told him, and while assuring me hat nothing would be repeated he gave ne to understand that he would explain o his colleagues, the other judges in he contest, that some unusual circumtances had prevented me from getting ny plans in by the stated date."

"Hugh, and you never told me!"

"I DIDN'T think they had a chance, my dear—that the judges would give hem the slightest consideration, but vidently"—his voice could not supress a note of pride and satisfaction ıs he looked again at the paper—"they lid," he finished simply.

"And do you mean—do you mean—" Her face was white. She made a gesture of her shoulder toward the paper. "That you've won?" she gasped.

"It—it looks like it, dear."

She was on her feet, her arms about him."

"Oh, Hugh Hugh, I'm so proud of you!" she sobbed, bursting into tears. "I'm so proud of you!"

"But—but you just thought Bert won," he protested bewilderedly, "and you didn't care!"

"Oh, Bert!" She laughed, and wiped her eyes and choked again. "It's over—the Kreutzmann contest—" she said, in an awed whisper. "And you've won! Hugh, can you believe it?"

"No, I really can't, and that—that we're happy again," he admitted with his artless, kind smile.

"And now, what do we do, Hugh? Can't we—go home, and see your mother, and have them all congratulate you?" Beatrice asked, childishly blowing her nose and wiping her eyes again and looking at him expectantly.

"Congratulate us. Yes. We'll go home now." Hugh came over to her chair and knelt down and put his arms about her, and she rested her hand on his shoulder, so that their eyes were close together. "Never, never to make you unhappy any more!" he said earnestly, humbly.

The blue eyes smiled with Beatrice's new wisdom.

"Oh, yes, you'll make me unhappy again," she said, "and jealous and anxious and furious! We'll worry over children some day, Hugh, and I'll have pneumonia, and you'll have typhoid fever. I'll like people you don't like and you'll like— Aileen" she submitted with a sudden sparkle of mischief.

"Never!"

"But that"—she laid her fragrant cheek against his; her voice was rich with content—"that's marriage, darling," she said, wearily, exquisitely, dreamily.

"That's heaven!" Hugh added slowly.

At about seven o'clock that night it was raining again in North Underhill, and Bert, coming quietly in at the side door of the old Challoner house—the door that opened into the pantry hall—was spattered and damp with rain.

He saw Nelly there, fixing violets and primroses in silver bowls.

"Any news?" Bert asked.

"There's all the news in the world," said Nelly placidly. "They got home at six, five minutes after you was here before, and anything like the laughing and running around there was in it you never see. They'd stopped at your grandmother's, and they'd had time to buy these—" Nelly indicated the flowers that were making the whole room smell sweet.

"Home, eh?" Bert said blankly.

"I asked Mrs. Challoner was she tired," Nelly went on inexorably, "and she just went off in a gale! 'What would tire me?' she said. 'Well,' I says, 'dancing all night at the Lamberts' ball for a senator,' I says, 'and streeling off into the rain at four o'clock in the morning—maybe that would tire you,' I says, 'and maybe not!' 'Oh, no,' she says, as quiet as you are this minute, Mr. Bert. 'I went down to the city,' she says. 'And Mr. Challoner and Noon came down and brought me home!'"

Nelly gave a laugh of triumph and relish. Her comparison had been an apt one, and Bert remained perfectly quiet, deadly, palely quiet, watching her. She put some snipped stems of primroses into a pail, and wiped the crystal bowls one by one with a white cloth, glad only of an audience, not noting him at all.

"However, she wanted dinner upstairs, and Emma built them a good fire, for it's going to snow, if you ask me, and the paper said, 'Heavy storms with wind and possible snow,'" Nelly resumed. "So she fixed herself all up there on her couch, like she loves to do, and they had this lamp on and that one out, and then that one on and the other off, until you'd die at them! And then nothing would do but Mr. Challoner had his jacket she gave him for his birthday on, and his slippers, and him in his chair, and her brushing her hair all over her head, like one of them Eyetalian dolls—and all this while the greatest laughing going on—mind you—"

"What—what did she wear, Nelly?"

"That white woolly thing and the silk cover he give her—would you hand me that vase, Mr. Bert? They're going to have dinner up there," said Nelly, "but will you be here? For maybe—"

"No, I'll not be here. You see, I've got a new job, Nelly."

"I heard you saying something about it."

"It's in Boston, you know."

"For Heaven's sake! Wouldn't you think they'd hold their heads up, and not loop over like string?" Nelly muttered, of the flowers.

"I'm dining with my grandmother tonight," Bert pursued, "and off tomorrow morning."

"Well, it isn't Europe, anyway," Nelly said politely.

"No. I couldn't go—to Europe," Bert answered. She did not hear him. She called Emma to help her carry the vases upstairs.

BERT went out the side door again. He stopped, in the wet autumn garden, and looked up at the line of lighted windows overhead among the thinning branches. His father's room, and then the square dim light of Hugh's dressing-room, and then six glowing corner windows in a row, all in Beatrice's upstairs sitting-room. Inside were firelight and lamplight; Hugh deep in his leather chair, weary and happy and waiting for dinner, and Beatrice—radiant, wrapped in woolly white, her bare feet showing under the light silk cover—Beatrice brushing her mass of silky copper curls into an aureole, like that of an Italian doll—

Bert stood in the wet garden a long, long time. The rain was cold and light and sparse—already turning to sleet. It was pattering audibly on the packed wet leaves under the old trees; suddenly all the lights bloomed into radiance, up and down the decorous streets, unfriendly, wintry lights tonight, twinkling through sleet.

After a while he turned up his collar, and turned toward his grandmother's house, a few blocks away, and began to walk rapidly, his head sunk between his shoulders. THE END

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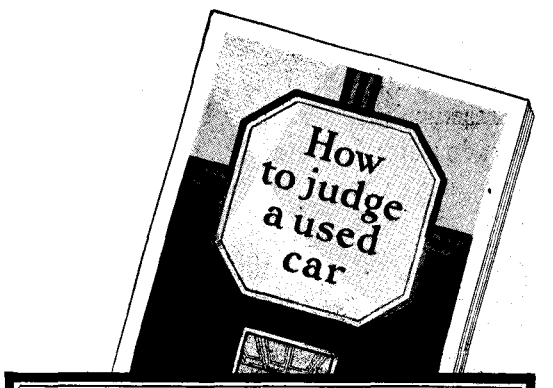

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The Bamberg Saga

Continued from page 7

Court. Mom Bamberg saw him leave with tears in her eyes, but Hymie assured her that he would be back soon. He was back, at noon, triumphant. Mom greeted her first-born with open arms, but Sophie faced him like a little tyrant. He boasted of how Counselor Krumnitzer had squared the case and how the judge had thrown the complaint of the owner of the tools into the "lemon grove."

The panorama rolled on. She moved from the window and dropped heavily, helplessly, into a chair. There was the ice-cream stick-up. She thought of that. She remembered Hymie coming home in the night with a canvas bag loaded with jingling metal. Then the cops coming in again. Her tears. Hymie convicted of sticking up the collector for an ice-cream company. Hymie assured her everything would come out O. K., and, sure enough, the day he was sentenced he came home jubilant, with the news that Counselor Krumnitzer had drawn him a suspended sentence.

THERE was an interim of a year, perhaps, during which Hymie went along in a quiet way. Occasionally, she remembered, Counselor Krumnitzer made midnight calls at the house, sometimes in the company of other men. On one occasion he brought Scratch Moran, and the trio talked for an hour in the dining-room. She felt that there could be no evil in these meetings. Counselor Krumnitzer was there.

She remembered too the night Sophie rushed into her bedroom, in great agitation, to tell her that she had caught Bennie and Solly hiding in the hallway listening to one of Hymie's three-cornered whispered conferences in the dining-room. Sophie had listened too. She caught only drifts of the big powwow, a word here and there about "big jobs" . . . "a police chase and a scatter" . . . "shooting" . . . "squaring things."

Sophie had battled with Hymie more than once, threatening each time to see the police herself and turn him in. And to this the arrogant, cocksure Hymie repeated his old boast—that Sam Krumnitzer would take care of him and she could go ahead and squeal if she liked. Mom Bamberg heard Sophie make this threat once and upbraided her for such an unsisterly thought. Bennie and Solly chimed in too and, taking up their brother's cause, viciously abused their sister.

"This Lawyer Krumnitzer," Sophie shot at her brothers—Mom Bamberg now recalled her daughter's words as if they had been spoken only yesterday—"he's your friend. Yes, he is! He gets you off when you are guilty—but wait." A babble of "Shut ups" had drowned Sophie's words and, beaten, she retreated into her room.

Sophie had her worst battle with the boys when she hauled a black metal box from under Hymie's bed. Into this she had seen Hymie drop handfuls of glittering things, a brace of wrist watches and odd pieces of jewelry. Sophie tried to pry the lock open, and the noise of her pounding brought Bennie and Solly into the room.

"Keep your nose out of that," he shouted and, lunging at Sophie, jolted her hands from the box and pushed her out of the door. This was Sophie's last battle with her brothers.

Then the final crash. Mom Bamberg's hands covered her face. The last, tragic chapter in the panorama unfolded itself: Hymie bursting into the dining-room, fighting for breath . . . Bennie and Solly following him within a few minutes, panting, their faces ashen! The window raised and three revolvers tossed across a neighboring roof! Sacks of small coins, nickels mostly, dumped in heaps upon the table. Three pairs of grimy hands scooping the heaps of wealth into a leather bag. A hurried exit of her three boys with the heavy leather bag. The return of Hymie to phone Counselor Krumnitzer. A whispered message, then Hymie's departure.

The newspapers in the morning . . . flashing headlines about the subway holdup during the night . . . the killing of the brave ticket agent by a nervous young bandit who had wantonly emptied the chamber of his automatic into the body of the helpless man in the ticket cage.

Then a few hours later, Mom Bamberg now recalled, the phone call from Mr. Krumnitzer inquiring if the family had any money for the defense of its three sons. Mrs. Bamberg was greatly agitated. Sophie answered the phone. She asked Mr. Krumnitzer why her brothers' old friends had not come to the front for them now.

Then the trial . . . the verdicts of guilty . . . first-degree murder for Hymie . . . holdup with guns for Bennie and Solly. The death sentence for Hymie and forty years each for Bennie and Solly. . . . Bennie and Solly taken to Dannemora Prison the day Hymie went into the death house.

The execution of Hymie last night—this brought Mom Bamberg down to the present moment. And there, on the sidewalk, was the boy with the morning paper shrieking the cry of Counselor Krumnitzer that her boy died innocent. Mom Bamberg's grief suddenly gave way to convulsive anger. Hymie innocent? A lie.

Mom Bamberg's anger flamed afresh. In the afternoon a prison coffin would be borne into the flat, and Hymie Bamberg would be back where he started. Suddenly a vengeful thought flashed into her confused and feverish brain. She was seized with an impulse to send the coffin down to Counselor Krumnitzer's office. Across the face of the pine box she was minded to scrawl in great letters, which his eyes could not escape, words that would have run something like this: "This boy I brought into the world for a good boy. You made him this and now you can have him."

But the gruesome thought died as suddenly as it had been born. Mom Bamberg fell upon a couch, face downward, in a swoon.

IT WAS in the following October that Sophie Bamberg saw an almost endless parade of automobiles passing through Hester Street. Red and white banners fluttered from the backs and sides of the machines begging people to vote for Samuel Krumnitzer for judge of the Sixth District Police Court. There were faces in the cars which she recognized. One was the evil phiz of Scratch Moran the fence.

She was standing at the window just home from her job in a big law office downtown. At the sight of Counselor Krumnitzer's name she thought of the black tool box under Hymie's bed, where it had been left untouched. She left the window, got the box and pried it open. It was half filled with things she had seen Hymie put into it—wrist watches, bracelets, rings.

IN THE morning she took these things and walked to Scratch Moran's place around the corner. He was glad to get them, no questions were asked, and he shelled out one hundred dollars. From Scratch's place she went to the district headquarters of Judge Pulkin, the present incumbent, against whom Counselor Krumnitzer was running. She went into a little back room with the judge and shut the door. Then she offered Pulkin the one-hundred-dollar bill Scratch had paid her.

"This is to help you beat that Krumnitzer," she explained. "It's for your campaign fund on one condition—that you use it to pay for printing this note in the newspapers."

Sophie handed Judge Pulkin the note. It read:

Voters of the Sixth District:
Do you want a mouthpiece for thieves on the bench? If not reëlect Judge Pulkin to the Police Court.
TWO HEARTBROKEN VICTIMS OF A MOUTHPIECE.

Judge Pulkin asked whether the note was not dangerous.

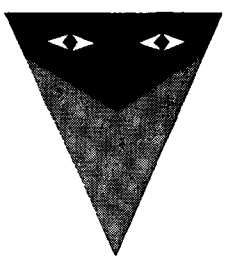
"It might be libelous," he suggested.

"No," said Sophie, "don't worry; Counselor Krumnitzer will never even dare to reply to it."

The note was published at the very moment that Counselor Krumnitzer looked like a winner. Nor did he reply to it, or even mention it, for he knew who the heartbroken victims were and how much deeper they could go into his shady affairs if they were pressed. He took an unexpected licking.

Simmie the Shoemaker, in making up his account of the money spent by the trust for their attorney-general's candidacy, carefully avoided mention of the note, nor did he ever question Counselor Krumnitzer about it. He knew Counselor Krumnitzer to be a man easily roused to anger.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM



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Giant Killer

Continued from page 28

of the old-timers of the outlaw days were left, but they had been scattered among three new battalions and the ranks filled up with the best men of the whole army, so that the Mighty Men were still a picked corps of shock troops. A polyglot corps; alongside the Hebrews served soldiers of fortune from Philistia and Tyre and Egypt, and Hittites from the petty states that survived far to the north as the wreckage of a great empire.

And back of the regular army was a passably trained national militia. They did not need, like Saul, to depend on impromptu volunteers. All in all, it looked like an easy victory. All that was needed was to strike their enemies in detail before they could join forces, so they struck at Ammon first.

THEY swept across Jordan and through Gilead, the finest army Joab had ever commanded, the finest army Israel had ever sent out; they crossed the Ammonite frontier. But the enemy fell back, declining battle—back to Rabbah, their capital. A strong city on a hill, protected on two sides by steep slopes, with trenches before the wall where the hill rose gently; sheltered by massive walls, the houses clustered on the slope, tier below tier, clear down to the green meadows along the river. Here great springs bubbled out of the hillside; but they were not open to reckless adventures like the spring of Jerusalem; they were built over and fortified in the City of Waters. Joab regarded the Ammonite capital with professional admiration; to take it would require months of siege work and plenty of hard fighting.

And within the walls the Ammonite army was still intact; and the Syrians now were only a day's march away.

"I am growing rusty," he complained to Abishai. "They have outgeneraled me. We must fight them both together—and the Ammonites at least can always retreat into the city if they get the worst of it. . . . Well, what strategy has lost tactics can sometimes recover. The Syrians are the men we have to beat. I'll take the regulars and turn on the Syrians; you and the militia can handle the Ammonites as they come out. If we can finish the Syrians tomorrow, we can take our time with Ammon. Let us be strong for our people and our God; and may Yahweh do what seems good to Him. Our army no longer needs to be sure that He is with us, to keep on fighting."

The Syrians came down in the morning, with chariots and cavalry, but men who had beaten Philistine chariots and cavalry were not worried about that. They were not even worried when they heard the yells of the Ammonites, swarming out of the city behind them. The militia could hold the Ammonites. . . . So the chariots and cavalry swept across broken ground, full of hidden pits and thorn-bush entanglements, and their remnant broke against the squares, and the Syrians fled before Joab. And when the children of Ammon saw that the Syrians had fled, they too fled before Abishai and shut themselves up in the city.

"We'll have to leave that till next year," Joab decided when he returned from the pursuit and reconnoitered the city with Abishai. "It's too late in the season to begin a siege such as this one will be. And the Syrians have had enough—they're sending embassies to Jerusalem already to find out how much indemnity the King will want. I imagine the Ammonites wish now that they could buy their way out too."

"They never can," Abishai observed. And then: "What did you bring back all these chariots for? Going to start a chariot corps?"

Joab shook his head.

"No, we saved a hundred out of the plunder in case the King might want them for parades. I don't know what we'd do with chariots in our hilly country. Though there's a young officer who's been talking to me about the need of cavalry. Uriah the Hittite. Commander of the 2d Battalion of the Mighty Men."

"Oh, yes, I know him. So he thinks he knows more about it than you do?"

Joab laughed.

"Now, Abishai, you and I don't know it all; the way we were outgeneraled at the beginning of this campaign is proof of that. This Uriah is a good officer, and it's always a good sign when the young men are anxious to make suggestions."

But Uriah was persistent. He came to the general again on the march homeward, brisk and clean-cut, throbbing with eager earnestness.

"I know Israel hasn't needed cavalry till now, sir," he admitted. "But now that we're out of the hills, expanding into the plains—"

"Personally," said Joab, "I think we've expanded far enough. We'll have our hands full holding down the conquered provinces. . . . However, that's the King's business, not mine." For a glance at Uriah's downcast face reminded him how he had felt when he was a young officer, full of bright ideas to which nobody paid any attention. "So, if you like," he offered, "I'll mention your idea to the King."

Uriah's face lighted up.

"Would you, sir? I'd be tremendously grateful." He laughed nervously. "If anything of mine should be of service to our lord the King—well, sir, it would the the finest thing that could happen. . . . We Hittites were a great nation once, sir. My people were nobles in Carchemish—but our day is over. Nothing but quarrels and decay. So I decided to throw it all over and come to a country with a future, to a nation that serves a strong God and a great king. . . . I don't know if you can understand that, sir—"

"Oh, I understand," said Joab dryly. "I have been young."

THE young man with his fortune to make, eager to join something that offered the hope of a fortune—so he, too, once upon a time, had started for Babylon; so, later, he had almost turned Philistine. . . . "So you took your girl and came down from Carchemish?" he suggested.

Uriah smiled shyly.

"No, sir. I married a girl from Judah. Bathsheba, the daughter of Eliam. Perhaps you remember him—he was killed in the Edomite war."

"Eliam? Oh, yes, indeed. A good officer. So you married his daughter?"

"Yes, sir. And—and everything I may ever become I'll owe to her."

"Well," said Joab, "you'll probably be glad to get back to her. . . . You live in Jerusalem, don't you? Well, take a couple of weeks' leave when we get home." And, as Uriah began to thank him: "No, no—you've earned it. I've had my eye on you all year, Uriah; you have a future. . . . And I'll mention your idea to the King."

Afterward he was rather puzzled by his sudden benevolence; he liked Uriah—young men might have worse faults than an excess of enthusiasm—but it went deeper than that. More than enthusiasm—it was the fiery zeal of the naturalized immigrant; and Joab appreciated that better than anyone else in the kingdom. For the army was full of naturalized immigrants—ambitious, hard-working men, the flower of the army; men who had lost faith in their own gods and their own peoples, and come to serve Yahweh and David. For them, more truly than for the Hebrews themselves, Israel was the Promised Land. . . . And when Joab remembered from what hopeless beginnings they had come to this, he felt that to have shared in that upbuilding was worth an occasional interlude of boredom.

So when he had explained the plan of next year's campaign to the King—a campaign in which they could sit down and take Rabbah at their leisure—he

(*Continued on page 56*)

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Giant Killer

Continued from page 55

brought up Uriah's suggestion about the cavalry.

"What do you think about it?" asked David dubiously.

Joab shrugged.

"Costly and unnecessary—unless, of course, you want to make further conquest in the East, on the plains."

"No more conquests," said David. "With Ammon, we'll have enough." His narrowed eyes studied Joab, and the general wondered if the King were afraid—afraid of wars of conquest that would require a larger army and might make that army too loyal to its conquering general.

"Quite right," Joab agreed. "I only mentioned it because I don't like to discourage young men from making suggestions for the good of the service. If I may tell him we're thinking it over—then in the spring we go to war again and he won't have time to remember it."

"Good!" said David. "Ask him to send me a memorandum. My secretaries have a most useful talent for mislaying memoranda."

"AND the general said all that to you?" Bathsheba demanded, sitting up in bed. "We must ask him to dinner!"

"Ask him to dinner?" her husband gasped. "I wouldn't dare!"

"Oh, nonsense! How do you ever expect to get on in your business if you don't take advantage of your contacts? If only you had a little more initiative—"

"But, darling," he protested, "I couldn't! Joab is a prince and a great man in Israel."

"His family is no better than mine. My grandfather Ahithophel stands as well in Giloh as his grandfather Jesse stood in Bethlehem."

"Oh, yes," said Uriah hastily. It seemed to him that the fact that Jesse's son, Joab's uncle, was king might make some difference, but he had been taught that the supreme excellence of all Judean families, and especially of his wife's family, was something that a mere Hittite could never understand, no matter who his people might be up in Carchemish. "But I know the general only in a professional way, dear. If he invited us—"

"He won't invite us," said Bathsheba. "He never gives dinners and never goes out anywhere except to the King's or his brother's. Everybody knows that."

"Then he certainly wouldn't come here," said Uriah, turning over with a yawn. He wasn't sleepy, but rather than this sort of thing— His wife lay down beside him; her arm crept about his neck, smooth and warm.

"Now listen, dear! You work hard and you're dreadfully clever—everybody knows that—but you need more than that if you ever expect to get anywhere. If Grandfather would only come up to court, we might have some influence, but he won't. So we mustn't let this chance slip. All the things we've dreamed of doing together—" She sighed. "They haven't come true as soon as we hoped, have they? And yet you work so hard, poor boy—"

"We couldn't afford the sort of dinner the King or Prince Abishai can give him: cooks from Damascus and Tyre—"

"We wouldn't need to, darling. We'd just be ourselves. Just a simple home dinner, with some of the old Judean dishes he probably never gets any more. I'll cook those myself. If only you can get him to come—"

So the next day Uriah approached the general, diffident and uneasy; and when Joab grasped the fact that he was being invited to dinner he was more than amazed; he was touched. Between the people he hated and despised and the people who hated and feared him no man but the King and Abishai had dared to ask him to dinner in years. And he liked Uriah; with a little more seasoning, very much what he would have wanted his son to be—

"Why, yes, Uriah, I'd be delighted. But don't go to any trouble over me," he added kindly.

Uriah gulped down his amazed delight.

"Just an old-fashioned Judean home dinner, sir. But we'll be very happy if you'd honor us—"

It might look like an old-fashioned home dinner to Joab, but it looked like quite an occasion to Uriah. Bathsheba had bought a new lamp stand of twisted bronze and a new Damascus rug and a new gown—a shimmering green gown cut well away from her beautiful shoulders. She was exquisite that night in the green gown and a necklace of amber beads, and silvered sandals laced about her trim ankles with green ribbons; her brows and long lashes deftly blackened, lips and cheeks rouged with such astute care that her husband wasn't permitted to kiss her. A wife to be proud of! Uriah realized that, and sighed his gratitude to Yahweh.

Joab thought she was a wife to be proud of too.

He was a little uneasy at this venture into the company of young people after all these years. But this slim amber-eyed girl was so utterly natural; she blended so deftly the poise of a hostess with the deference due a great prince, a modern smartness in costume and manner with the simple old-fashioned Judean hospitality. "If I'd happened to meet a woman like this," thought Joab, "when I was still young enough—"

She was so unassuming too; mention of her family came about quite accidentally, and she didn't pretend any acquaintance with the royal family; she had met the Princess Tirzah, but didn't suppose Her Highness would remember her. (Tirzah was not, strictly speaking a princess, but it never enraged her to be called one.) Yet behind it all one could see that Bathsheba felt that a granddaughter of Ahithophel of Giloh had no reason to be abashed before anyone; and Joab, nauseated by the flatteries that were coming into fashion at court, reflected gratefully that blood will tell.

It was an excellent dinner, with wine of a good Judean vintage; and if Uriah seemed a little nervous and overeager, that was natural in a young man entertaining his chief. Bathsheba's poise and tact stood out all the more brilliantly. And though she talked little, what she said indicated that she understood what the men were talking about—shop talk; the last campaign and the next one. Joab felt moved to compliment her on knowing so much about military affairs.

"I was a soldier's daughter," said Bathsheba. "And I am a soldier's wife." No ostentation about it, just a simple dignity.

"Good soldiers, both of them," said Joab. "You'll be a general some day, Uriah." He sighed. "And then you'll look back to your really great days, when you were a young officer making your fortune, with a beautiful young wife in a pretty little house— The golden age, my boy! The golden age."

Bathsheba inclined her head in smiling acknowledgment.

"Thank you, General! It *is* a nice little house, isn't it? Only five minutes' walk from Zion, and convenient for my marketing. Small, of course—but we've never had children." For an instant her amber eyes were shadowed and wistful. "And we've tried to make it a home—haven't we, dear?"

Her eyes turned to her husband with a trusting, comradely affection shot through with a gleam of ardent tenderness—a glance that brought to Joab a sudden blazing illumination of all that he had missed by having had no time for women. . . . A glance that made Uriah forget, for the moment, that the lamp stand and the Damascus rug would have to come out of next month's salary.

"TIRZAH," said her brother-in-law a week later, "I wish you'd give me some advice. I'm having a couple of young people in to dinner. They're rather nice, but not very well off, and I don't want to make a display that might

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ıtrast too much with their circumnces at home. So—"

'Wait a moment," said Tirzah. "You? king somebody to dinner?"

'Well," said Joab with a shrug, "I've ıed with them—"

'You? Dining out? Joab! What on th has happened to you?"

'Not a thing," he said lightly, a litannoyed by her assumption that he ıld never behave like other people less something had happened to him. ve just realized that I've been bored d that boredom isn't necessary. And, ppening to know some nice young ople—"

"Who are they?" Tirzah interrupted. ıd when he began to tell her about iah: "Never mind that," she said patiently. "Who's his wife?"

"Her name's Bathsheba. She comes quite a good family in southwestern dah. She says she's met you, but you ıuldn't remember her."

"Oh, I remember her. Eyes that she ows how to use under long black shes. She doesn't say much, but every nute she's in the room you wonder ıat she's thinking about. Yes. . . . ell, Joab, I think for a dinner like that u should have some woman of your mily acting as hostess. When is it? . Day after tomorrow? Oh, dear! ı dining in the palace that night with ɔigail, and you can't break an engageent with a king's wife."

"Then I'll have to do without you," id Joab; and if Tirzah could see his lief, he didn't care. She needn't think e could rule him as she ruled her husınd. . . . Her eyes were fixed on him, en and apprehensive.

"There's something very strange ɔout this," she said. "You, after all ese years—"

"Look here, Tirzah, I'm not a half-own boy, and I don't know of any atute or ordinance in Israel forbidng me to dine with young people if I ıppen to feel like it. I've just waked ɔ to what I've been missing, being so reoccupied with my work all these ears. . . . You're quite right, Tirzah; ought to have married. When I see a air of young married lovers working ɔgether, building up something for ach other, sharing good luck and bad—don't know anything in the world ıore beautiful than that."

"True," said Tirzah. "You've had plenty of opportunity to see Abishai and me doing that, but I never noticed you getting excited about it. . . . Joab, just how did you come to meet this woman?"

"Why, her husband asked me to dinner, I tell you. A delightful dinner too, in a cozy little house, very tastefully furnished; they made me feel more at home than I've felt anywhere in years. . . . Except here, of course," he added hastily.

"Evidently," said Tirzah. "Yes. She's a clever woman, isn't she?"

"What? Oh, yes, the sort of woman who'll be an immense help to her husband."

"FROM what I've seen of her," Tirzah remarked, "I should say she's the sort of woman who'll be an immense help to herself. . . . Very effective, aren't they, those eyes looking up from under long black lashes?"

"I didn't notice them." Joab felt himself turning warm and red. "Now, look here, Tirzah! Don't be a fool! This girl's almost young enough to be my daughter."

"I've seen other men of your age begin by feeling fatherly."

"But don't be a fool, I tell you! Of ccurse I like her—I like them both. Uriah's a little too earnest, but that will wear off. She has the tact and insight to manage him—and she's desperately in love with him."

"She told you so, I presume?"

"She didn't need to. Anybody can see it. They're devoted to each other."

"And he's a battalion commander," said Tirzah. "And you are second only to the King. . . . I tell you, Joab, that woman is looking for trouble."

Joab wanted to shake his sister-in-law; the first time he wanted to shake a woman in twenty years.

"Why, Tirzah, this is the most fantastic, preposterous— She's in love with her husband, and I'm only interested in her as I'm interested in him—as I'm interested in any ambitious, talented, agreeable young people. Besides"—he was rather stern—"do you think I'd take another man's wife? The wife of one of my own officers at that!"

"Oh, I didn't think *you'd* take *her*," said Tirzah.

(*To be continued next week*)

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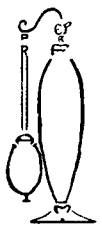

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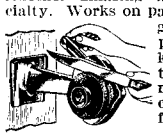

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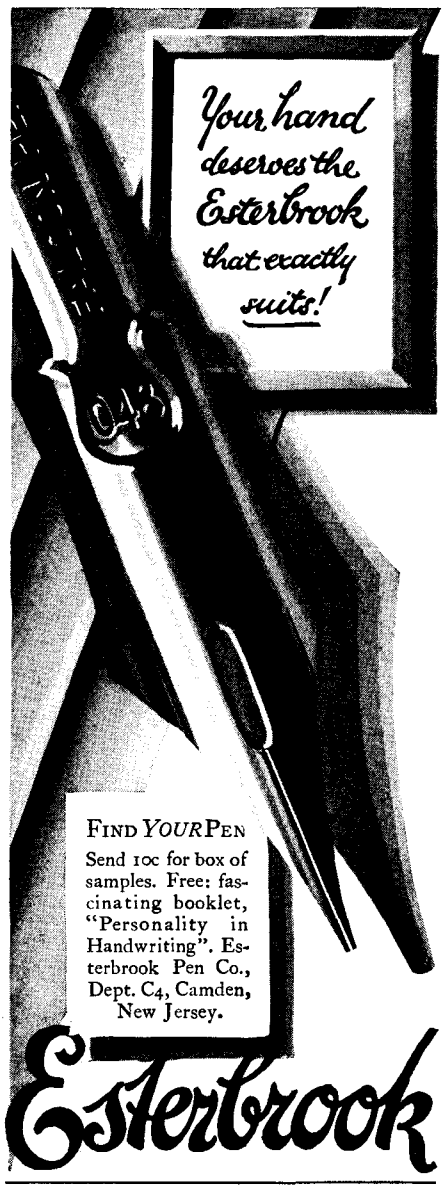
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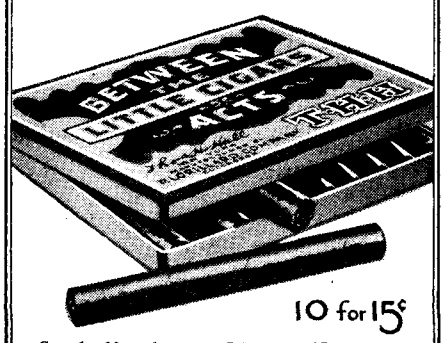

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Comedy

Continued from page 11

"Sir," said the duke, with that formality which the situation demanded, "I have come to broach the subject of an alliance between the families of Jenkins and Colli."

"I kind of figgered something was in the wind," said Mr. Jenkins. He sighed. "Rome's a devil of a ways from Grand Rapids," he said.

"Am I to gather," asked the duke, "that the subject is one with which I may proceed?"

"We may as well get down to brass tacks," said Mr. Jenkins. "I'll tell you just how it is. You see, Mother kind of goes in for society, and she cuts quite a swath in Grand Rapids. It's what she likes, and we can afford it." He paused. "I don't suppose you've got any folding beds in any of your places. But if you had, I'd be the man that made 'em. . . . Uh-huh. I guess I've never got far enough away from folding beds.

"But to get back to what we were talkin' about. Mother got her heart set on a title for Lucille. Well, I was against it. I read quite a bit of history."

"I understand perfectly," said the duke. "I have read history myself."

"And I kept on being against it," said Mr. Jenkins, "till we got acquainted and real friendly with you."

"I am gratified," said the duke.

"So when things began to move I wired our ambassador in Rome for the low-down on you, and he said you were genuine, all-wool and a yard wide," said Mr. Jenkins. "I'd hate for Lucille to get stuck with an imitation."

"I can think," said His Grace, "of nothing less futile than a spurious duke."

"I've always been able to pick men pretty good," said Mr. Jenkins. "That's why my organization's what it is. Well, I looked you over pretty careful, and leaving the duke business out of it, I come to the conclusion I'd hire you and put you in a confidential position. You get the idea?"

"I fancy so," said the duke.

"I'd hate to have Lucille marry any man I wouldn't be willing to give a job to," said Mr. Jenkins simply.

"Naturally," said the duke, but he wondered uneasily if an alliance with the Jenkins family would necessitate accepting the Italian agency for folding beds.

"What I know about these international marriages," said Mr. Jenkins, "I've got out of the newspapers, so I may go wrong some place. I'm just trying to do right—by Lucille and by you." At that moment the duke admired the man who might become his father-in-law.

"My understanding of it is," said Mr. Jenkins, "that there has to be a cash consideration. I mean that one of these fashionable marriages is kind of a business deal in its first stages and that you dukes and earls and what not always put a money value on your title.

STILL the duke waited, genuinely curious and genuinely sympathetic with this thin, shrewd, honorable man from an alien land who was striving in the only way he understood—which was the open and simple way—to bring about his wife's desire and his daughter's happiness.

"So I've laid awake on it—just like I did when I bought out the Unique Folding Bed Company—to work out an offer that wouldn't be *more* than the thing was worth—and that wouldn't be *less*.

"Mind," said Mr. Jenkins, "I'm not offering you a figure to *marry* my daughter." He was rather admirable and clothed in a fine dignity as he said this. "I guess nobody'd have to be hired to marry her!" He was striving to express himself, but it was not easy. "But if she wants to marry you and you want to marry her, I'm more than willing to pay for the fixin's that go with it."

"I think I understand," said the duke.

"So," said Mr. Jenkins, "I arrived at the figure of a million dollars."

"That," said the duke, "would be something like twenty million lire."

"Probably," said Mr. Jenkins.

The duke considered the matter. He was rich, notably rich even for a duke, and could well afford to pamper himself to the extent of a wife without a dot. Indeed the dot had not occurred to him until Mr. Jenkins alluded to it. Something within him craved the gesture of refusing this great sum of money, but a regard for Mr. Jenkins made him hesitate. The self-respect of this shrewd man was involved, and his pleasure. The duke was able to perceive the delight Mr. Jenkins would find in being able to afford a duke for his daughter and in purchasing one for her grandly. So his grace made a gesture which was rather finer than the refusal, because no one but himself ever would know it to be a gesture and because it was so purely altruistic. Also he saw the humor of altruistically accepting a gift of twenty million lire!

"That," he said, "will be eminently satisfactory."

Mr. Jenkins extended his hand. "I guess," he said, "I can trust her to you."

"And I," said the duke, "hope you may never be brought to regard this transaction as the first of your business failures."

"Lucille's out on the terrace," said Mr. Jenkins.

LUCILLE was, indeed, on the terrace, and not in ignorance that she was about to exercise the privilege of accepting—or rejecting—a proposal of marriage from a duke. Her greeting was without affectation.

"I have," said the duke, "but now come from your father bearing his permission to present to you a petition which lies very close to my desires."

"In Grand Rapids," she said, "we go about it quite differently. But, then, we have no peerage in Michigan."

"Before I ask you to be my wife," said the duke with a simplicity which equaled that of her father, "I would be assured that the answer you give me will be your own."

"I have not," she said, "been coerced, if that is what you mean."

He nodded. "I am forty-eight years of age," he said.

"Very young men," she said, "have never interested me."

He lifted her hand. "Will you—" he commenced, but she interrupted him.

"Have you not omitted something?" she asked.

He lifted his brows and looked at her gravely without taking her meaning. Then something in her eyes gave him the answer.

"Love!" he said in a low voice, and paused. "One has come," he said, "in this incomprehensible day, to disassociate love and marriage. One marries for reasons; one loves because—one loves."

"Is there," she asked, "outside of story books, such a thing as love?"

"If there is," he said, "I think it is born with marriage, having for parents the esteem and trust which move persons of right thinking to enter that state. Marriage is a matter of gravity which should be undertaken only by those with eyes clear to see and with reason unclouded—unclouded by that surge of emotion, perhaps veritable, perhaps spurious, which so frequently drives the young into each other's arms."

"Then," she asked, "marriage is not the culmination of romance?"

"Romance! Ah, romance! Romance is but the attempt upon the part of actors on the stage to enhance their rôles. In the end the audience always hisses."

"You are cynical," she said.

He shook his head emphatically. "I am only a seeker after gold who declines to accept gilded lead."

She nodded. "You may complete your question," she said.

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"Will you," he asked, "be my wife?"

"Yes," she said without hesitation. "I think it will be for the best."

Very gently he raised her fingers to his lips.

THE days which followed were gracious days for Lucille; if they did no more, they confirmed her judgment that she had chosen sanely and that a lifetime spent by the side of the Duca dei Colli would be fine and clement, jeweled with those courtesies which only a great gentleman knows how to bestow, and rich in charming companionship.

Nor was the duke dissatisfied with the transaction as the greater intimacy of the new relation allowed to unfold the character of his betrothed. He found in her a depth of sincerity, a sense of honor as tender as his own, and a hatred of injustice and of cruelty which was passionate in its intensity.

On walks he found himself forever intervening between beaten donkeys and masters not consciously cruel; he saw her in a fury which was close to tears upon the occasion of the overzealous correction of a small boy by his peasant father. Such things were intolerable to her, as were all injustices, little and big. And because of these things his affection for her grew and his respect increased.

"It may well be," he wrote to Signor Canneregio, "that the old tree of the Colli may yet bear a fruit equipped to cope with the uncertain future. I am content. I am even hopeful."

And further he wrote, "My future wife is so scrupulous of her word as almost to be unfeminine. She is incapable of subterfuge. She is of a terrifying honesty. And the saints assail whoever is harsh to human or animal in her presence. She becomes veritably a fury."

Then the duke was required to pay a visit of inspection to his sulphur mines, which lay about Caltanisetta. Upon his return, a week later, he discovered a new guest at the hotel in the person of George Brown of Grand Rapids, Mich., a very young man who was not in the least of the aristocracy, for his father was not even a folding-bed king nor a period-furniture baron. He was, indeed, an exceedingly lowly person who worked for wages and who had been so unwise as to squander all his savings upon a romantic quest.

The duke was not acquainted with the nature of the quest, though Lucille was not so ignorant. In fact, she was very well informed, and by no less an authority than George Brown himself, who had enlightened her by word of mouth within an hour after his arrival.

IT MAY be said parenthetically that Mrs. Jenkins treated the young man abominably.

"You had not," said George to Lucille, "been gone a month when I realized your dad's filthy money was an inconsequential detail and that I'd been making a high-class ass of myself."

"Dad's money is clean," said Lucille, "and I've never seen you make an ass of yourself. As a matter of fact, you always impressed me as being fairly intelligent."

"If," said George, "I'd had the brains of a fishworm I would have told you I loved you and asked you to marry me a year ago. But I couldn't stomach the cash."

"Oh," said Lucille, quite taken by surprise, and very solicitous, for he was greatly in earnest.

"So," he said, "I took what I'd saved up for the parlor furniture and dishes and came by the first boat. I love you so very much that I'm even willing to go through life with people pointing me out sneeringly as the lucky cuss who married a wad of money. And that's that, and please, will you marry me and come back to Grand Rapids about your business?"

"No," said Lucille, and then, "you see, I'm engaged."

His face made her very sympathetic, so that she did not put him in his place when he demanded, "One of these damn' titles?"

"My husband to be," she said, "is the Duca dei Colli!"

"Do you love him?" he demanded again, "or is this one of those things?"

"That," she said, "is a question one does not answer."

"Which," he said miserably, "answers it completely. Oh, my dear," he said, "don't go through with this thing. It sounds fine, and all that, and if you loved him I'd pack and git. Truly I would. I'd pull my freight—"

"George," she said, "even if I loved you—which I do not—it would be no use. I've passed my word. The Duca dei Colli is a very great gentleman. Oh, I don't mean his title or his family or his birth, but the duke himself—and *he* has given his word. It is mutual, you see. So, just as nothing could induce him to break a pledge, nothing could compel me. . . . And I'm frightfully sorry, George, and I think you'd better start right back for Grand Rapids."

"I shan't go," he said, "so long as I have a nickel, or can beg a meal and a night's lodging. Not until I've done what a man can do to save you from this—this mess."

The Duca dei Colli continued to absent himself for ten days, but not one of them passed without the arrival of some token of his affection or some proof of his thoughtfulness for Lucille. And she, confident in her loyalty and out of a troublesome sympathy for George's grief and disappointment, did what she could to make pleasant his stay in Sicily. She rode donkey-back with him to Mola; showed him the lava fields and Randazzo and the fishermen's painted boats at Catania. All very graciously and impersonally; nor did she neglect to take her future husband fully into her confidence.

"I am only astonished," he replied, "that the entire marriageable male population of Grand Rapids fails to appear upon the same embassy."

ON THE night before the duke's return the Barbers' Orchestra played where masked and buskined actors had intoned the lines of Sophocles or enacted the comedies of Aristophanes. Behind them arose broken columns and crumbling arches, through which might be seen the moon at its full, and in its magical light the distant, luminous cone of Etna. Soft music of stringed instruments and the ineffable beauty of such a night as calls the Little People from their caves to dance—and on the southern breeze the scent of lemons, wafted faintly!

They sat, Lucille and George, in the shadows of the ancient amphitheatre, upon a rock which had been hewn before the Wise Men followed the Star. And the enchantment of the night was upon them so that they were not themselves—or, perhaps, so that they were indeed themselves as they had never been before. George could feel the trembling of her arm as it touched his side.

"Are you cold?" he whispered.

"No! . . . No! . . ." she answered, and he turned to look at her face, upturned in the moonlight.

"My dear," he whispered again—for on such a night one dared no louder speech—"you do love me! After all and in spite of all—you love me!"

"Why, oh, why," she asked, "did you come too late?"

"It is not too late," he said.

"He is good, and he is gentle, and he is very honorable," she said, and she was speaking more to herself than to George. "I do not know if he loves me, but that does not matter. He trusts me, and I have given my word."

"Nothing matters, nothing is right, but our love," he said.

"He comes back tomorrow," she said. "I shall beg him to marry me very quickly."

"Lucille! . . ."

"Please," she said, and her voice was firm now and sure of itself, "Take me back to the hotel. I think I want to be alone and cry."

THREE men watched Lucille Jenkins' mobile face, and each of them with a distinctly different emotion. The occasion was a dinner which the Duca dei Colli was giving in his lighted gardens upon his return, at which the guests were his fiancée, her parents, and their young friend from Grand Rapids.

(*Continued on page 60*)

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Collier's Radio Hour

Comedy

Continued from page 59

George Brown kept his eyes upon her face hungrily, despairingly, and one might say that his dominating emotion, as it must be in such a case, was selfishness. Mr. Jenkins studied his daughter shrewdly and with the apprehensions of an honorable business man. The duke scrutinized her more covertly, but not the less attentively, but one could not guess at his emotions. He was interrogating her expressions because she had given him reason to do so.

"Can't we," she had pleaded, "be married very, very soon?"

She had smiled up at him, but there were shadowy depths underneath her smile. Of these he was aware, but what they contained was hidden from him.

And so he too scanned her face and spared, now and then, a glance for the unhappy face of George Brown, which might have striven to conceal but only revealed the more clearly his boyish, poignant grief.

Once or twice, perhaps three times, he saw the eyes of the boy meet and hold the eyes of the girl, and speak to each other from out those subconscious depths which are beyond the reach of will or loyalty or even of the most scrupulous honor. After this the duke looked no more, for he had seen enough.

As they parted at the end of the evening Lucille lingered a moment. "Soon!" she whispered.

He took both her hands and held them tenderly as one might hold the most fragile of flowers. "Perhaps one man in a million," he said, "is permitted to see once in a lifetime a thing of supreme beauty."

It was a saying which she did not understand.

Then, after a brief pause, he said, "It shall be very soon, indeed. I will arrange tomorrow with your parents to claim the fulfillment of your promise—and I hope their requirements and your wishes will be in agreement."

"My promise!" she said softly.

"Your promise," he repeated after her. "Promises are the bills payable of the soul. . . . Good night, my little one."

IF THE duke's light was not extinguished until dawn was in the east, he carried no ravages of a vigil when, in mid-morning, he stopped beside Turridu, his gardener.

"Perhaps," he said to the man who grubbed among the flowers, "you find enjoyment in comedy."

"Comedy," said Turridu, weighing his words, "is a thing of excellence."

"But, perhaps," suggested the duke, "your preference is for tragedy?"

Turridu considered, as such a weighty matter deserved. "I persuade myself," said he, "that to laugh is a better thing than to cry."

"You confirm," said the duke, "my own matured opinion." He paused. "Your mother, perhaps, has more dresses than one?"

"Three," said Turridu with pride, and proceeded to describe one in detail.

"And would she," asked the duke, "trust you with the lesser one—in the cause of laughter?"

"My mother," said Turridu, "pampers me in all things."

"She is not," said the duke, "of inconsiderable person."

"Ah," said Turridu with pride, extending his arms to illustrate circumference.

"It is well," said the duke; "there will be room within for yourself and the better part of a featherbed—and many feathers soften the weight of blows."

"This," said Turridu, "makes itself no comedy but a farce."

"In which," said the duke, "the laughter comes from one's very bowels. . . . And will you say to the Donna Carmela, your mother, that there will be a new dress, of a color to be selected by her alone, and of fine material."

Then, after further talk, in which the details of the comedy—or the farce—were made plain, the duke retired to th house. But Turridu stared after hin waggling his head. "One almost," h said, "persuades himself the master i eccentric!"

On that afternoon the Duca dei Col walked in the garden of the convent- where little children are taught th art of making lace attractive to th purses of rich Americans—with Lu cille, and behind them at a little dis tance strolled Mr. and Mrs. Jenkin The walks of this garden are not popu lous. Tall cacti and flowering shrub and verdure of a nature almost trop cal screen the graveled ways from in quisitive eyes. As the duke progressec with Lucille upon his arm, along one o the more secluded walks, he met, at on and the same time, a woman of remark able girth, of undoubted age, with colored handkerchief about her heac so that her hair was invisible, and puddle of unquestionably muddy wate

THE ancient woman trod weightily i the pool so that its contents flew, soil ing not only the duke's shoes but als his admirable trousers and the stock ings of his fiancée. It was a smal thing but not without its consequences

The duke uttered a word in a voice o rage. That suave dignity which becam him so well swept itself away befor his anger, and furiously he fell upon th woman with raucous words and furiou blows. She squealed and covered he face while the duke belabored her in dustriously with fists and cane, an then, crying out to the saints, she fel upon the ground so that it was handie for him to kick than to strike. On would have said that he was in a fur almost insane; that, once his inhibitio had been removed, he went beyond th limit of what was natural to an en raged man unless he loved inflictin pain for its own bitter sake. Ther was about his conduct a deliberatio and a calculated cruelty which wer not pleasant to see.

Then he felt his arm clutched, fel a tiny fist battering between his shoul der blades, and was conscious of a voic become shrill and of a sudden weighte with scorn and loathing.

"Oh," cried Lucille, striving to drag him away from his victim, "you brute Oh, shame! Shame! . . . Leave her be Don't dare touch her again!"

"Ah," he said, with a sudden returr of suavity, "I fear I forgot myself. I crave your pardon."

"Forgot yourself!" Her voice cut as acid upon copper. "I think you became your true self for a little while. And I might never have known until it was too late! Oh! Oh! To *live* a lie is unspeakably worse than to tell a lie. And I saw! I saw that you *loved* beating her. You—you did it *eagerly*." She stopped a moment, and her voice quavered and broke. "And," she said with definite finality, "I trusted and respected and honored you!"

"My child. . . . My child! . . ." entreated the duke.

But she turned away from him to her parents, who had come to a stop on the edge of the spectacle. "Oh! Take me away! Take me away quickly, please."

So, between her father and mother, white, straight of lip, and with scornful eyes, she walked slowly away. He watched her until the meandering path carried her beyond the range of his eyes, and then he stooped to help the stout old woman to her feet.

"Now, Turridu," he said, "it is time for the laughter!"

IT WAS quite dark when Mr. Jenkins made his surreptitious way out of the Timeo and slunk through byways to the entrance to the villa of the Duca dei Colli. Before ringing the bell he peered cautiously about to establish the certainty that he was unobserved.

He gave his name to the servant, and presently was ushered into the library where the duke received him with some trace of hesitancy. Mr. Jenkins was embarrassed.

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"Duke," he said, "it didn't seem like I could sleep sound unless I got to talk to you before I went to bed. I can't ever sleep good when I got something on my mind."

"Indeed," said the duke.

"What I come to say, Duke, is this: I didn't get to where I got in the furniture business in Grand Rapids without havin' my eyes open most of the time. No, siree, bob. You got to be wide-awake and up and comin'."

"Doubtless," said the duke.

"Er—what I noticed," went on Mr. Jenkins with some awkwardness, "was that the old woman you beat up wasn't an old woman but a young man. Uh-huh. He forgot to stay in the treble clef. Yeah. And other things."

The duke waited.

"And I been watchin' you and Lucille. So what I come to say is—as one man to another, you understand—that I ain't bamboozled any. I mean, Duke, that you're what I call an upstandin' *man.* Mebby some day, after a long time, I'll want to tell Lucille. Er—and I want to say I think it was a doggone fine thing you did, Duke, and I'm mighty glad I had a chance to meet the kind of a man that would do it. And that's all. I just wanted to let you know. And if ever there's anything in Grand Rapids, Mich., you want, just let me know."

THE duke stood silent, touching his lip with his finger, but his eyes were warm. He held out his hand.

"Mr. Jenkins," he said presently, "if gentlemen cannot understand each other, I should despair of the world."

"Well," said Mr. Jenkins, "I don't go in much for bein' a gentleman. I just try to get along. That's all. Just try to get along. So good night—and I'd have been proud for you to be my son-in-law."

"Thank you, Mr. Jenkins," said the duke.

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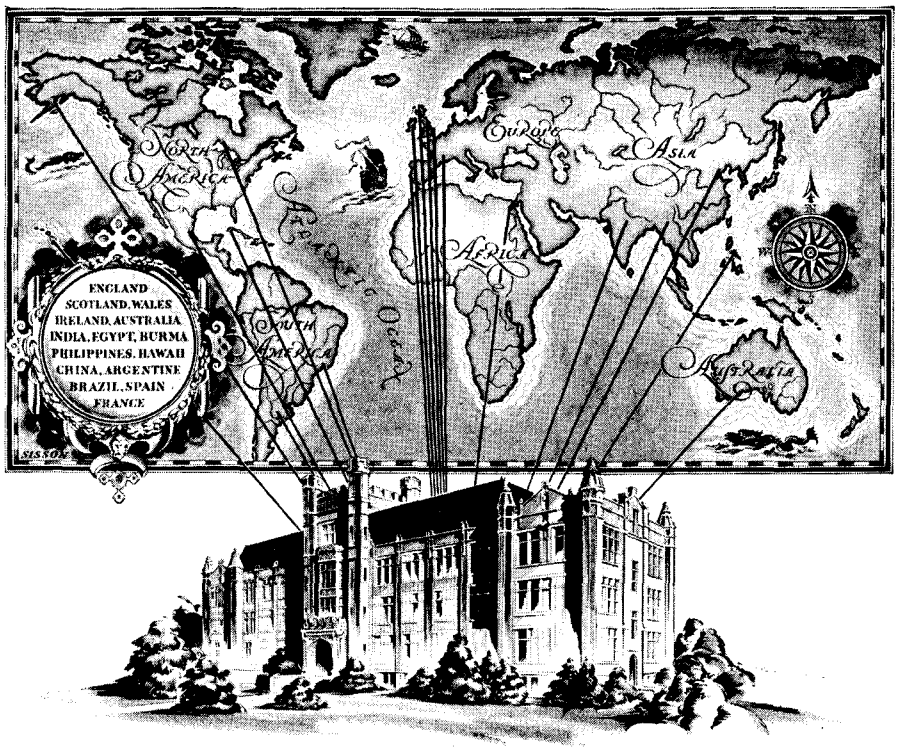

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China	5,500
Spain	9,000
Hawaii	2,500
France	800
Argentina and Chile	25,000
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
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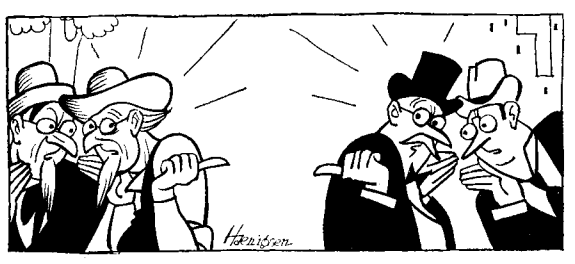
Don't Kid Yourself

THE city vote will play a larger part in the November election than ever before.

Until the last census, the rural population exceeded the urban. The city vote is now much the larger.

This change is very important. It may not determine the choice between Hoover and Smith, but it will influence



our selection of Presidents during years to come.

We are at an historic parting of the ways. Calvin Coolidge is the country lawyer, the spokesman of a section which once ruled America but which now is peopled by a retreating minority.

Both Republican and Democrat are in their separate ways the products of cities. Hoover is the cosmopolitan, at home anywhere, and Smith is the New Yorker, urbane and adaptable.

This rise of the cities and the submergence of the country seems menacing to those who shut their minds and cling sentimentally to old traditions.

City people have always been regarded as more wicked than their country cousins. Straight through our history runs that belief. Only a short while back, the late Fred Upham, treasurer of the Republican National Committee, and a Chicagoan, said to a Senate inquiry that the countryman was the best American.

Moonshine, pure and simple. You can find virtue and crime, intelligence and stupidity, urbanity or provincialism in the city or in the country, and in about equal proportions.

There is just as much honesty or fanaticism in Philadelphia or Los Angeles as in the backwoods of Alabama or Kansas.

The only thing which ever made a farmer different from any other man was his life of isolation and isolation has gone.

We are the same people whether we follow a plow, ride a tractor, or sit in an office studying charts and writing memoranda.

We are the same people but we make ourselves a lot of trouble by pretending otherwise.

The comfortable Easterner regards the Western farmer as a bolshevik kind of person. The Western farmer thinks that the Philadelphia Republican or the Tammany Democrat wears horns and walks on cloven hooves. All nonsense.

The chief difference between the work of a road supervisor in Arkansas and the city engineer of San Francisco is a decimal point. The country man deals in thousands and the big city fellow in millions, but their problems and their morals are the same.

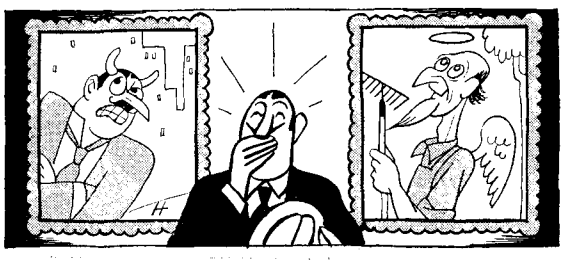
But even though there is no fundamental cleavage between city and country folk, there are differences enough to separate both city and country people into political camps, opposed by fundamental principles.

Here, as everywhere else, the chief division is between those who believe in government for the few and those who are on the side of the many.

Reed Smoot is the leader of an agricultural state but he has yielded to none in conservatism. The La Follettes have been the spokesmen for a commonwealth largely industrial but they have been radicals.

You can find servants of privilege in Chicago or Wyoming. You can find corrupt politicians in Jersey City or Indianapolis or in the most distant rural district. Human nature is weak or strong everywhere and at every time.

The present election presents new issues and it has evoked new forces in our political life. The issues are vital and deep-seated. We can best render a judgment by clearing our minds of prejudice so that we may weigh more reasonably the two parties.



Long Live the King!

THE hunt for Mr. Tunney's successor is now in full cry. Grantland Rice canvasses the possibilities in this issue. All of those he mentions are gentlemen, of course, but most of them practice the manly art because they like it.

Wherein they differ widely from Mr. Tunney and a sigh of relief escapes noisily from the devotees of the "game" who pay their money to see someone "take it on the chin."

And Mr. Tunney was never as popular as a twenty-four-karat conquering hero should be.

He was a shipping clerk years ago. He served in the marines, the most romantically appealing branch of the military. He rose to the top through hard work and application.

He came closer to being an Alger hero in real life than any of his various predecessors.

But Alger heroes don't belong in the prize-fight business.

They are likely to be modest and restrained and these qualities do not bring the fans to their feet in ecstasy. Alger heroes are always merciful and more than likely to permit a blindly groping Heeney to get his bearings. The crowd boos and deplores such weakness.

Well, Mr. Tunney has abdicated, and the next king may swagger and stick out his jaw and not put on so many airs.

The last "gate" was barely more than $600,000, so you can see where this squeamishness was leading us. A year or two more of it and our heavyweight champion wouldn't earn any more than the President of the United States.

More Babies

THE infant death rate in this country has decreased from 100 to the thousand to 65 to the thousand now.

This means that one out of every three babies doomed in 1915 is now saved. That's progress.

But why is the infant death rate 82 to the thousand in Baltimore and only 9 to the thousand in Alameda, California? Location does not explain it, for the rate in Los Angeles is 67, and Boston's rate of 76 compares to the same conclusion with the 20 of Summit, N. J.

The size of the city gives no clue, for the average of larger cities is 63 against the 68 of the smaller cities.

The explanation is in the fact that wherever the infant mortality is low, resolute health authorities and enlightened public opinion deserve the credit.

Reducing the rate has been accomplished by following a system so well established that a high-rate community has no excuse acceptable to the leadership of this enlightened age.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN ENDLESS CHAIN OF INGOT IRON SHEETS IN THE ARMCO MILLS

Reducing the loss from rust-fire

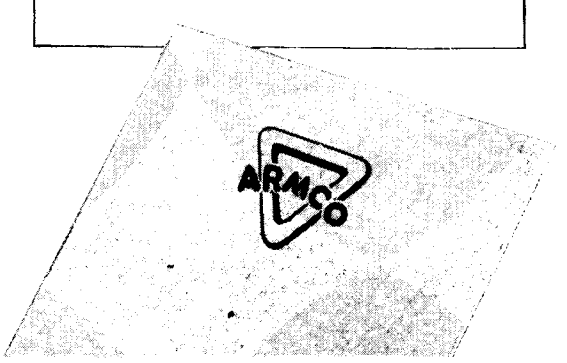
UST is the warning of a fire that shows no flame—a fire that is destroying costly buildings and equipment in thousands of busy plants. The damage it does runs millions every year.

et more and more of America's biggest industries educing this needless loss by specifying *Armco* iron for all sheet metal work. For they know *Armco* ingot iron gives unequalled long-time serv- ven under the most trying conditions, because practically free from the impurities that hasten n steels and other irons.

) meet the growing demand for this rust-resisting new manufacturing methods have been worked 1 the Armco mills. These important develop- s mark a new era in the iron and steel industry; have increased the production of *Armco* ingot by thousands of tons.

you would reduce repair costs and depreciation uildings, tanks, railroad cars, handling equip- , stacks, culverts, etc., see that *Armco* ingot iron is used. You'll also save on construction, too, because this iron is unusually ductile and easy to work. The Armco Triangle stamped on every sheet identifies the purest iron made.

ARMCO
INGOT IRON
RESISTS RUST



***And in the* HOME** Home owners and builders, too, are saving the cost and annoyance of frequent repairs. They are insisting on *Armco* ingot iron for gutters, downspouts, flashing, metal lath . . . and other metal parts about a house. When you build or repair, look for the sheet metal shop that displays the Armco sign.

AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Executive Offices: MIDDLETOWN, OHIO
Export—The Armco International Corp.
Cable Address: "Armco—Middletown"

RUST-FIRE! *The only difference between rusting and burning is time—both are oxidation. You can feel and see the fire produced by rapid burning. But when metal rusts, the process is too slow to see. Rust is the evidence of this fire.*

ADE BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SPECIAL ANALYSIS IRON AND STEEL SHEETS

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Frigidaire Corporation, the world's largest makers of electric refrigerators

PRESENT

THE NEW FRIGIDAIRE

BEAUTIFUL -- POWERFUL -- INCREDIBLY QUIET

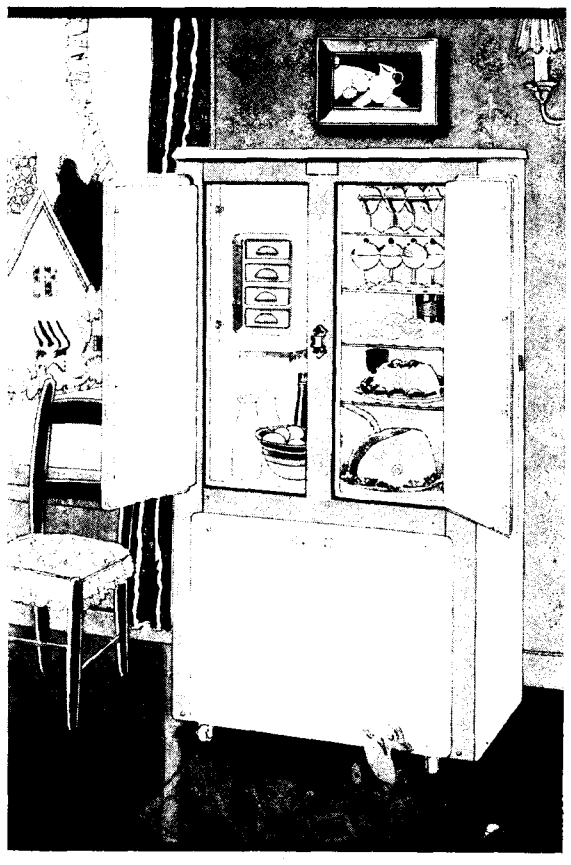
In the past twelve years, more Frigidaires have been manufactured, sold, and installed than all other electric refrigerators combined.

Surplus power . . . rapid ice freezing . . . beauty and convenience of design . . . greater value at low prices . . . proven dependability . . . these have established an overwhelming preference.

And now, as the logical outgrowth of twelve years of dependable service, twelve years of constant refinement and improvement, Frigidaire engineers present the New Frigidaire, *with these outstanding advantages:* **1.** Quiet . . . for a lifetime. **2.** Powered to freeze ice quickly . . . always. **3.** Practical beauty . . . concealed mechanism. **4.** Conveniences designed by domestic science experts. **5.** Complete simplicity and mechanical refinement. **6.** Low first cost . . . low operating cost.

Incredibly quiet operation . . . greater cabinet beauty and convenience developed through a careful study of modern kit decoration and practice . . . greater re erating power built into a new and radi improved compressor . . . this is the I Frigidaire. Here is a powerful, dependa automatic refrigerator which is truly q and truly beautiful. A *new* automatic re erator perfected by mechanical, electri and chemical engineers, working with p tically unlimited facilities for research experiment.

The New Frigidaire is now on displa Frigidaire show rooms in every part of country. See these features for yourself today. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Oh



The New Frigidaire, incredibly quiet and powerful, has a wide variety of new models of every size, capacity and price. This beautiful Tu-Tone model, the AP-9, is finished in white and glacier gray porcelain enamel.

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